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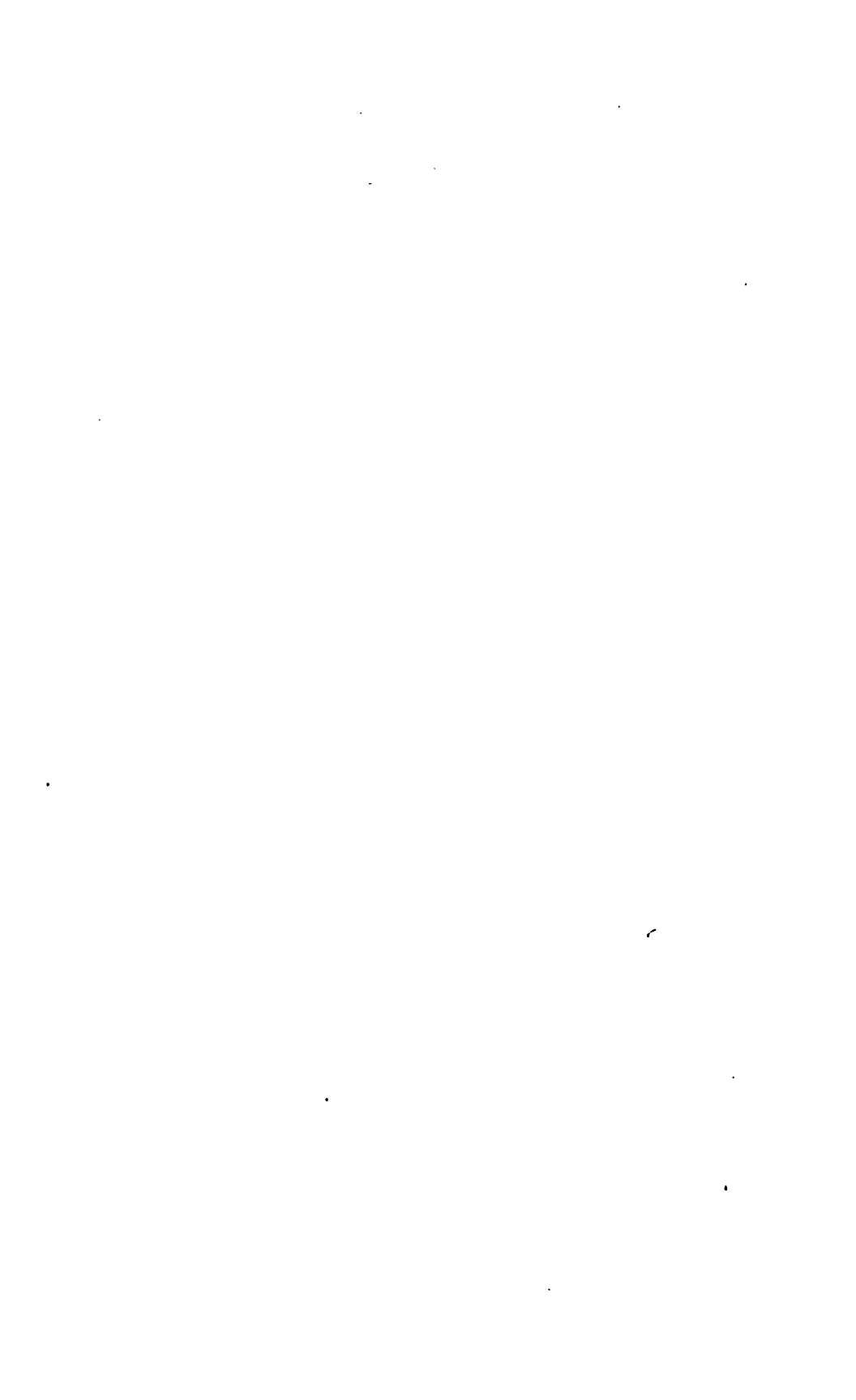
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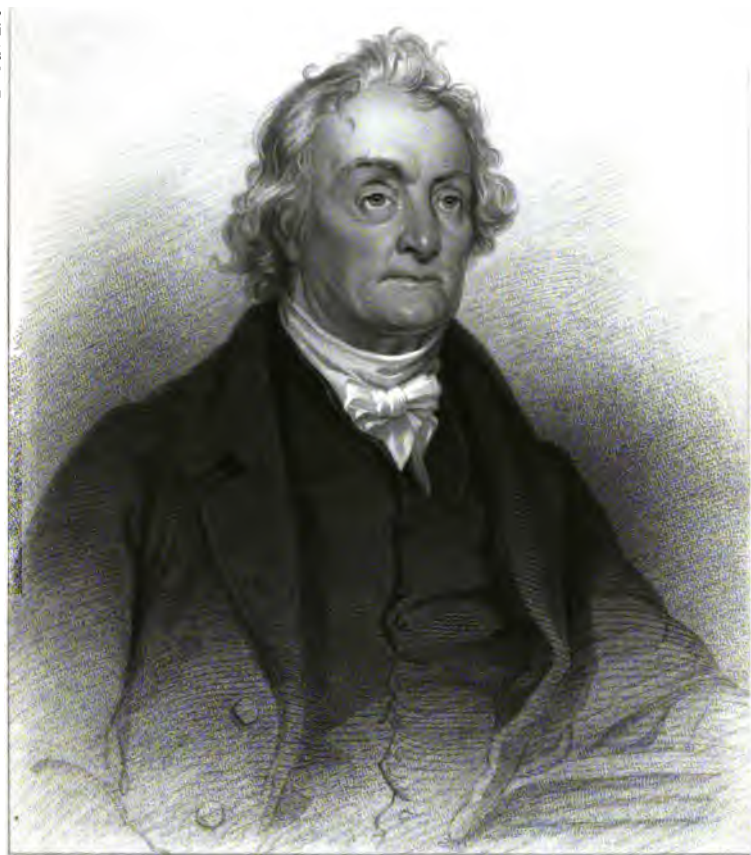
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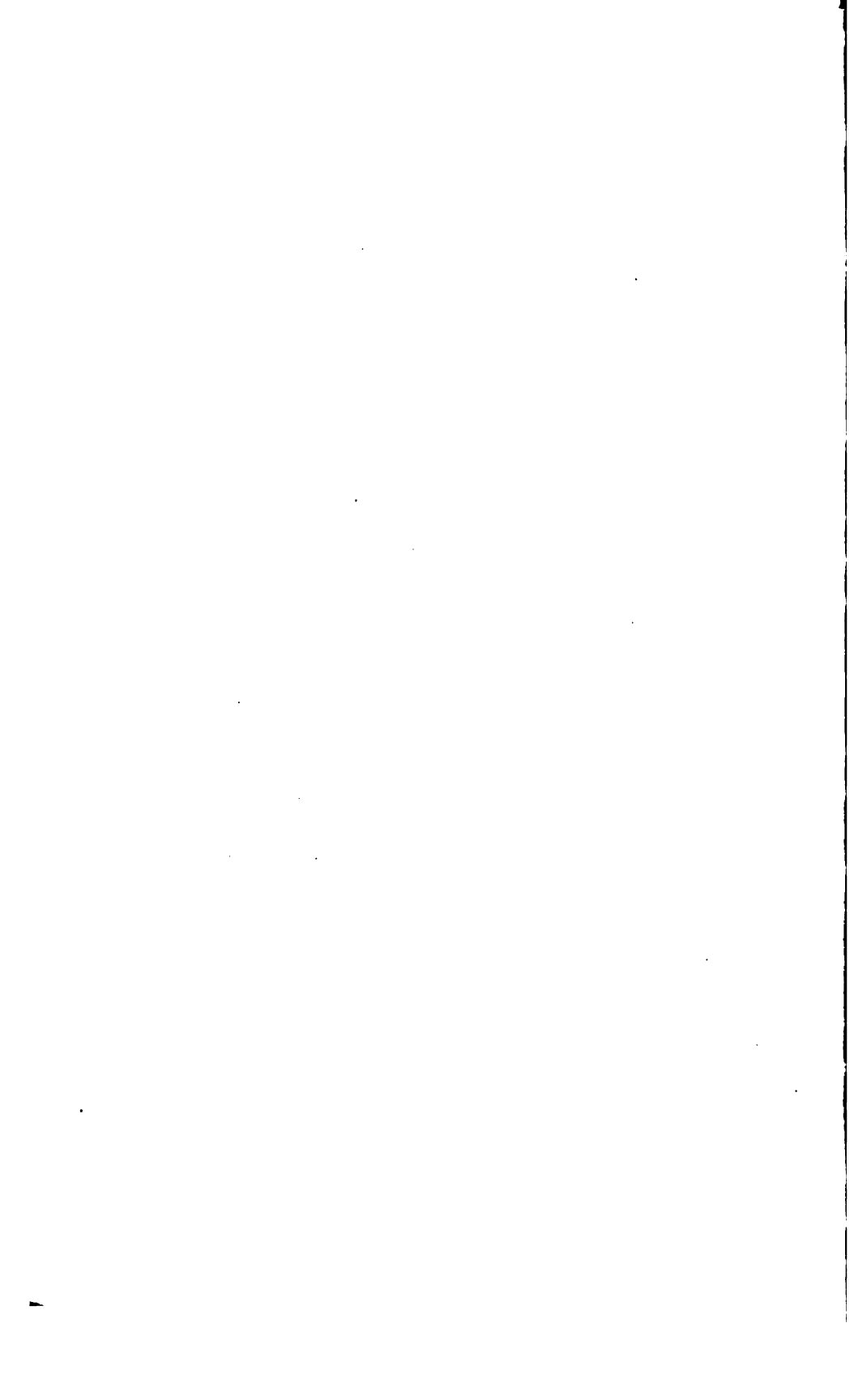


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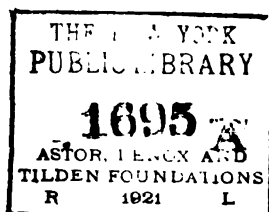
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DIVISION IX.  
HERIOT—WOOD.

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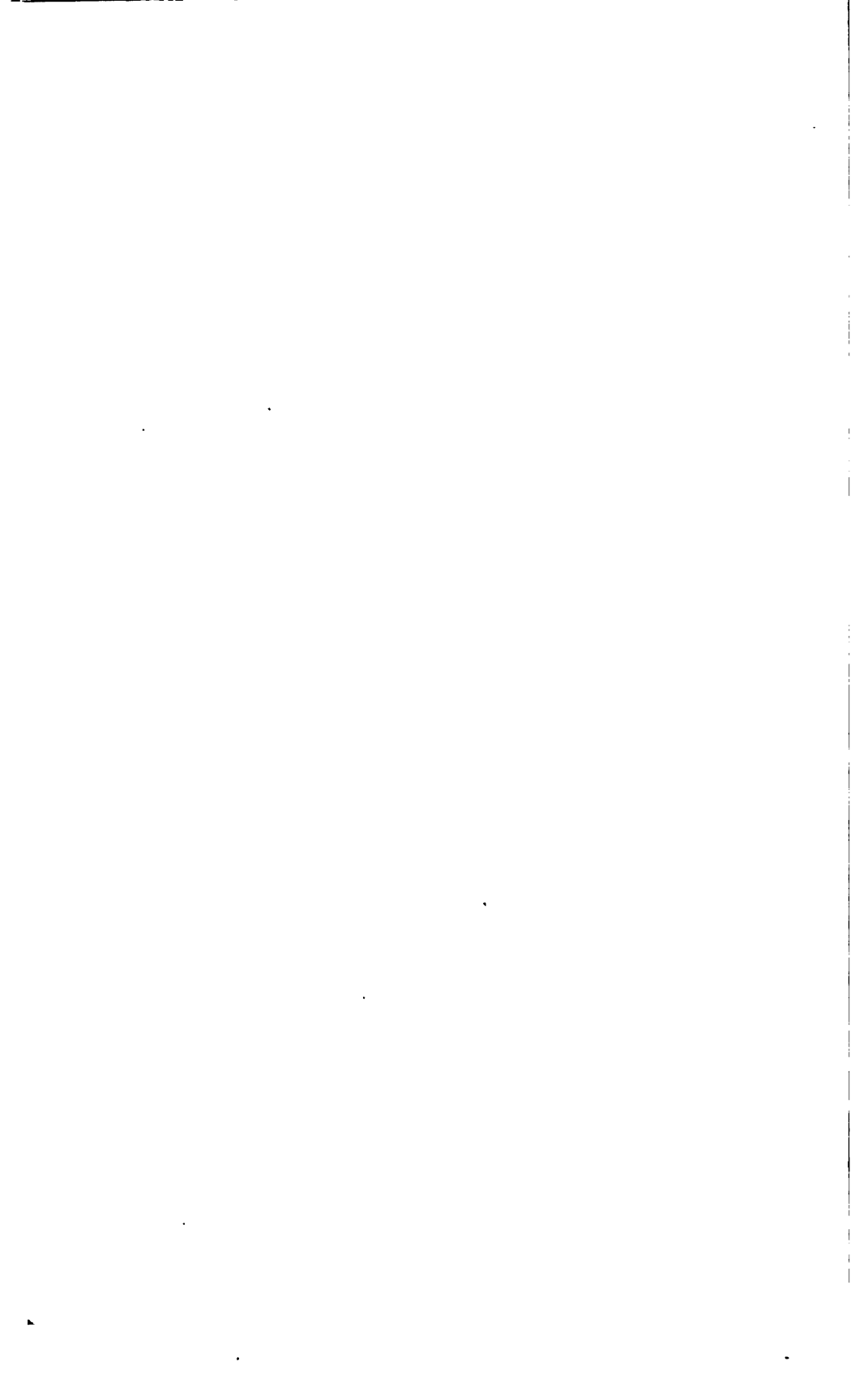
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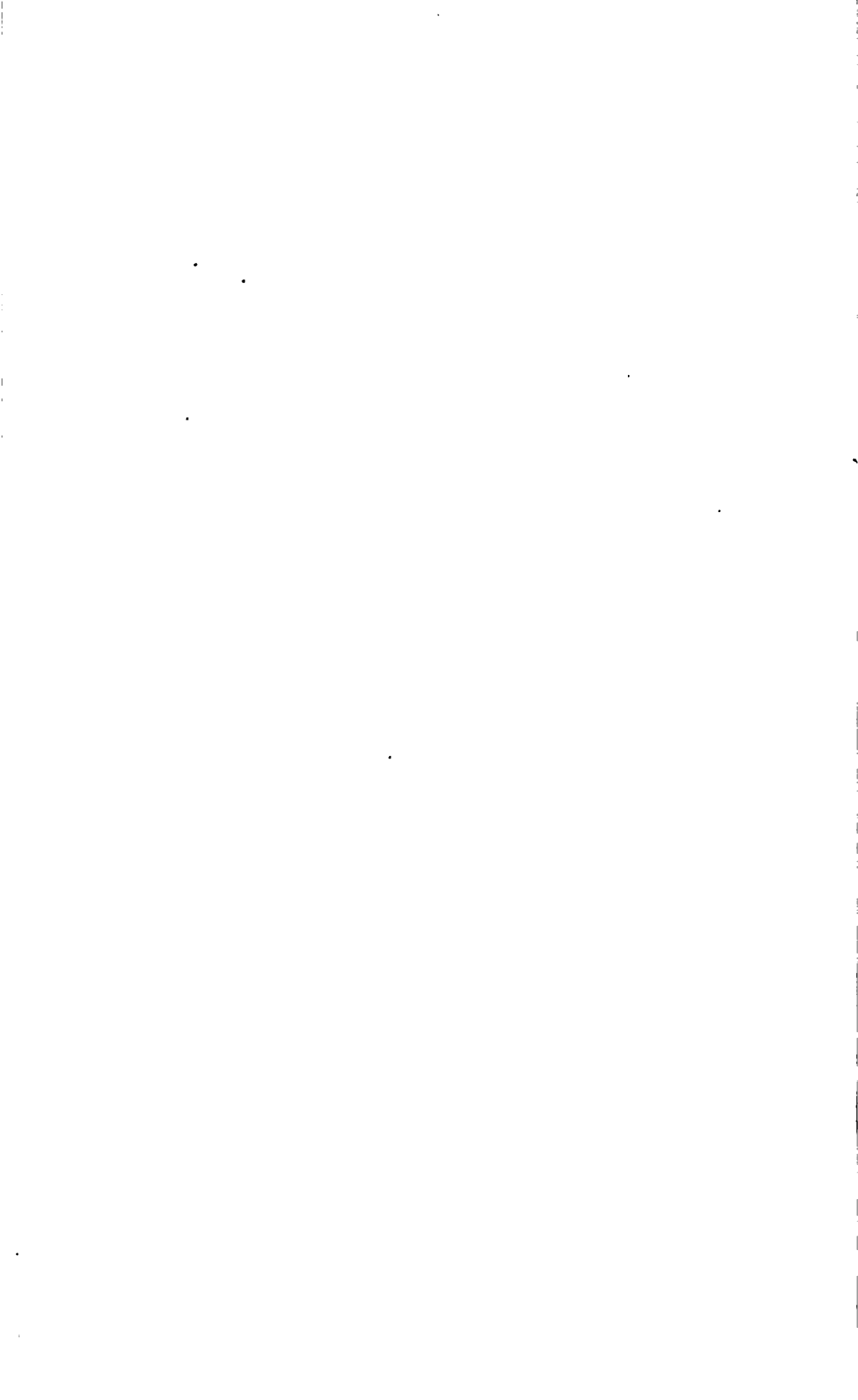
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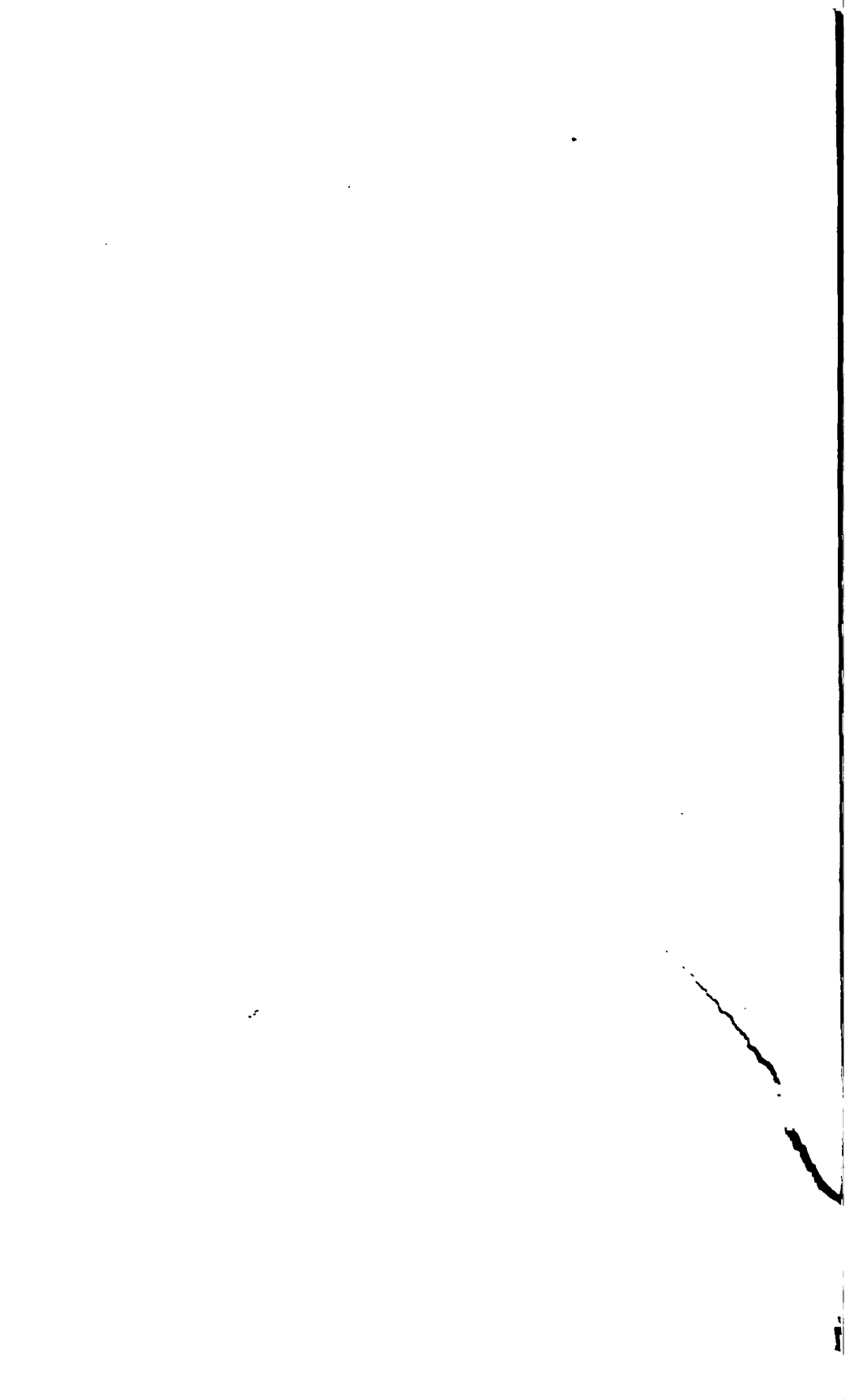
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See Page 100

See Page 100

JOHN WILLUGHBY MORDAUNT, ESQ.  
OF FULLINGHAM  
ONE OF THE LORDS OF THE TREASURY

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attendants, and Mary surrendered to her subjects. She, indeed, continued to love him to the last; but they never met again.

Brief though the rest of Bothwell's history is, it reads the most solemn of warnings to princes and politicians. One month only he had held the empty title of king, for which he had sinned so deeply; and now, not even the poor shelter of the monk's cell or anchorite's cave over the whole wide land was ready to receive him. Almost alone, he hastened to his sea-girt castle of Dunbar, intending there to await the change of events, which he hoped would end in his restoration; but Mary, no longer a queen, was a helpless prisoner in the hands of those who were busied in framing a new government, while a price was set upon his own head. Thus finding that at any hour he might be plucked from his place of strength, he fled with three ships to the Orkneys; but such was the barrenness of these islands, that he was obliged to have recourse to piracy for the subsistence of himself and his followers. And even this miserable shift soon failed, for a naval squadron was sent against him, under the command of Kirkcaldy of Grange, who captured two of the vessels, and obliged the third, with the pirate-king on board, to take to flight. But his ship, one of the largest in the Scottish navy, struck upon a sandbank; and when he took to shelter in a pinnace, he was driven by a storm to the coast of Norway, and there taken by a Danish man-of-war. He was asked for his papers, but having none, he was arrested as a pirate, and carried to Denmark. There it was not long before he was recognized as the notorious Bothwell of Scotland; upon which Frederic II., the Danish king, instead of surrendering him to the Scottish regency or Elizabeth of England, threw him into close prison in the castle of Malmoe, where he languished ten years in misery and privation, mingled with attacks of insanity, until death at last threw open the gate of his dungeon. Never was the avenging Nemesis of the Greek drama more terribly realized, or poetical justice more completely fulfilled.

HERIOT, JOHN.—This talented and industrious writer in miscellaneous literature, was the son of the sheriff-clerk in East Lothian, and was born at Haddington, on the 22d of April, 1760. He belonged to a literary family, his elder brother George having been the author of a poem on the West Indies, and Travels in Canada. At the age of twelve, the subject of this memoir was sent to the High School of Edinburgh, from which, after having studied the usual course, he was transferred to the University of Edinburgh. But whatever might have been the profession for which he was educated, the plan was frustrated by domestic misfortune, and the consequent dispersion of his father's family. This event obliged him, in 1778, to repair to London, and afterwards to betake himself to the naval service, by enlisting in the marines. In this capacity he first served in the Vengeance, afterwards in the Preston, and finally in the Elizabeth. During these changes, his experience of a nautical life was chiefly confined to cruises upon the coast of Africa and the West Indies; but in the Elizabeth, commanded by Captain Maitland, he saw more active service, both at Port Royal, and in the engagement of the British fleet, commanded by Sir George B. Rodney, and that of France under de Guichen, on the 17th of April, 1780. On this occasion the action was indecisive; for although the French line was broken, many of the British captains hung back, from their political dislike to Rodney, because he was a Tory, so that he was fully seconded by only five or six ships. Of these the Elizabeth, in which Heriot served as a subaltern officer of marines, was one; and in the unequal contest, in which his

ship bore up against two of the enemy, he was among the wounded. During the same year, having exchanged into the *Brune* frigate of thirty-two guns, he was exposed off the coast of Barbadoes to that tremendous hurricane of the 10th of October, 1780, by which the island was so fearfully devastated, and nearly reduced to ruin. So imminent was the danger to which the *Brune* was exposed on this occasion, that Heriot ever afterwards commemorated the return of that day as one of solemn festival and devout gratitude. After continuing in the service till the peace of 1783, Mr. Heriot, in consequence of the general reduction, retired with the rank and half-pay of a first lieutenant, after he had been afloat five years.

On coming ashore, Heriot found that his life was to be commenced anew. Upon this occasion, his first proceeding was one of such filial piety as to insure him both long life and success in whatever career he might select; he mortgaged his half-pay that he might assist his parents in their reduced circumstances, although he thereby left himself wholly destitute. Having learned no regular occupation before he went to sea, and having now neither time nor means for such a purpose, he proceeded to turn such scholarship and experience as he had acquired to their best account, by becoming author; and for several years his life was that precarious scramble to which authorship is often doomed before it attains its proper footing. Among his attempts in this way, he wrote a poem entitled "*Sorrows of the Heart*," and two novels, one of which, entitled "*The Half-pay Officer*," contained an account of several adventures in which he had been personally engaged; and from the profits of these works he contrived to subsist nearly two years. His next occupation was that of journalism, and he was employed in the "*The Oracle*," until a misunderstanding with the proprietor occurred, when he removed his services into "*The World*," of which he became sole editor. This "*World*," however, was so completely a falling one, that no literary Atlas could have propped it up; and in a short time he was glad to escape from the burden. Still it was fortunate that while journalism was now obtaining that ascendancy which the keen and public discussion of great political questions had occasioned, Heriot, by practice, had become an able journalist. His support was therefore worth having; and being a staunch Conservative, and opposed to the over-liberal opinions which the French revolution had engendered in Britain, it was natural that the officers of government should secure the services of such an efficient advocate. Accordingly, one of the secretaries of the Treasury, who admired his talents, proposed that he should start a daily paper, while two other influential government functionaries engaged to support it with funds from their own pockets. Thus assisted, Mr. Heriot, on the 1st of October, 1792, issued the first number of "*The Sun*," a daily paper, that soon outstripped its contemporaries in the rapidity and wideness of its circulation. Animated by this success, he also started, on the 1st of January, 1793, a daily morning paper called "*The True Briton*," and continued to edit both journals with great success until 1806, when he was relieved from this oppressive double labour, by being appointed a commissioner of the Lottery. Even while employed in superintending his two daily newspapers, he gave, in 1798, a proof of his indefatigable industry and application, by publishing an interesting account of the battle of the Nile, drawn up from the minutes of an officer of rank in the squadron, which passed through several editions.

After this, the career of Mr. Heriot was one of honour, profit, and comfort. In 1809 he was appointed deputy-paymaster to the troops in the Windward

and Leeward Islands, where he resided till 1816, and discharged the duties of the office so much to the satisfaction of the Duke of York, that at his return to England he was appointed comptroller of Chelsea Hospital. In this tranquil situation he remained till his death, which occurred on the 29th of July, 1833.

HEUGH, Rev. HUGH, D.D.—This estimable divine was born at Stirling, on the 12th of August, 1782. He was the ninth child of the Rev. John Heugh, minister of a Secession congregation in Stirling. In his education he was so fortunate as to have for his teacher Dr. Doig, who presided over the Grammar-School of Stirling, and was one of the most accomplished scholars of his day. After having made considerable proficiency in classical learning under this able preceptor, Mr. Heugh, who, from his earliest years, had selected the ministerial office as his future destination, repaired at the age of fifteen to the University of Edinburgh, and after undergoing the prescribed course of study, was licensed as a preacher by the General Associate or Antiburgher Presbytery of Stirling, on the 22d of February, 1804. His youth and timidity at the outset, on one occasion at least, had nearly marred his prospects. Having preached in a church at Lealie, at that time unprovided with a minister, and being obliged to deliver his discourse *memoriter*, without which compliance he would not have been allowed to enter the pulpit, his recollection suddenly failed; he was at once brought to a dead stop, and no remedy remained but to give out a psalm, while he refreshed his memory during the interval of singing. This disaster sealed his fate so far as that vacancy was concerned; and though his father, fifty years before, had received a call to the same church, the son was rejected. Two years of preaching overcame this timidity, and made him so acceptable to his auditories, that three different congregations presented calls to him to be their minister. Of these calls, that from Stirling, where he was invited to become the colleague of his aged father, was preferred; and accordingly he was ordained to this charge by the General Associate Presbytery of Stirling, on the 14th of August, 1806.

The life of a country minister is seldom one of public interest. Let him be as talented as he may, he is confined within a particular locality, and fixed to a particular routine of duty; and thus it often happens, that the very men from whom society receives its prevailing impress, live unnoticed and die without record. Such was the case of Mr. Heugh while labouring at Stirling; and to the common eye he was nothing more than a diligent, pains-taking, Dissenting minister, instant in his daily occupations, and anxious for the spiritual interests of his flock. But in his diary there is ample evidence to be found that his exertions and struggles were to the full as heroic as those which insure distinction to the best men of every-day life. His twofold aim, of which he never lost sight, was self-improvement, and the improvement of his people, the former closely connected with, and stimulated by the latter; and the result was his own advance in wisdom, eloquence, efficiency, and spiritual-mindedness, accompanied with the increasing attachment of his people, and their growth in religious wisdom and piety. While thus employed, he was married, in 1809, to Isabella Clarkson, only daughter of a minister of his own religious denomination; and on the following year his father died, leaving him sole minister of the congregation. The important charge which had thus devolved upon him only doubled his diligence, and increased his acceptability among his flock; while his diary at this period is filled with notices of his daily and hourly labours, and his earnest desire to be continually doing good. In this way the life of

Mr. Heugh went onward for years, alternated by two visits to London upon ministerial duties, in which he showed himself a sharp observer of public characters and the signs of the times, and by his earnest labours to promote that union between the two bodies of the Secession, which was afterwards happily accomplished.

As Mr. Heugh had now attained a distinction that placed him in the foremost rank of the religious community to which he belonged, the town of Stirling, venerable though it be from its ancient historical remembrances, was thought too limited a sphere for his exertions; and accordingly, in 1819, an attempt was made to secure his services for the populous and growing city of Glasgow. This was done by a call from the newly-formed congregation of Regent Street, Glasgow. But this call, and another from the same congregation, which followed soon after, was refused; his people in Stirling had become so endeared to his affections, that he could not reconcile himself to the pain of parting, or the uncertainties of a new career. Bent, however, upon what they considered a point of most vital interest, by securing him for their minister, the congregation of Regent Street made a third call; and the Secession Synod, overcome by this determined perseverance, agreed, though with reluctance, to transfer their valued brother to the great mercantile metropolis of Scotland. Accordingly, he was inducted into his new charge on the 9th of October, 1821. But how to part from his old congregation, among whom he had officiated so long—among whom, indeed, he had been born! "The feelings of tenderness," he said in his farewell discourse from the pulpit, "which this crisis awakens, I dare not attempt to express; but these may well be allowed to give place to this most solemn and paramount consideration—the responsibilities incurred both by you and by me for the opportunities which are now over. Eight hundred Sabbaths have well nigh elapsed since my ministry in this place began. What have you and I been doing on so many days of the Son of Man?" His personal adieus from house to house were also of the most painful description. "I enter no house," he writes, "connected with the congregation, in which tears are not shed; and the looks, and language, and grasp of the hand—of some of the poor especially—altogether overcome me. . . . It is, indeed, a sort of living death." "Never," he added a few days afterwards, "have I passed through such a scene, and I often start and ask myself, is it real? But I must yield myself to the necessity. I have now no control over arrangements which were made without any agency of mine. Over these arrangements the Lord of the church has presided, and his grace is sufficient for me, and his strength can be made perfect in my weakness." In these feelings he tore himself from Stirling, and commenced his labours in a new field.

The transition of this affectionate-hearted pastor from Stirling to Glasgow was, in the first instance at least, anything but a change to greater ease and comfort; and at the commencement, Mr. Heugh had large demands upon his secular prudence, as well as Christian liberality. In the communion to which he belonged, there still lingered in Glasgow some of those old prejudices which had disappeared from other parts of the country. It was not allowed, for instance, for a family to pass from one pastoral superintendence to another, unless they removed their residence within an imaginary boundary line belonging to that other congregation, which had been fixed by the church courts. Then, too, in public worship there were certain trifles insisted upon as stiffly and keenly as if they had formed part of the creed or the decalogue. Thus, a



gown and bands, however becoming in the eyes of the younger portion of the congregation, as proper clerical distinctions in the performance of the duties of the pulpit, were, in the judgment of the older members, an utter abomination, as the badges of Erastianism, Prelacy, or even downright Popery. Psalmody also had of late been somewhat attended to (and verily there was need!); and not only was the slavish practice of reading the psalm line by line, while singing, beginning to be discontinued, but new tunes were introduced, in which the last line, or part of the line, of each verse, was repeated. This was astounding to the orthodox: it was like the introduction of the Liturgy itself in the days of Charles I.; and although no joint-stools flew on the occasion, it was only, perhaps, because such modes of church controversy could no longer be available. These prejudices, so silly, and worse than silly, were even tolerated and connived at by not a few of the Secession ministers, who were afraid, by a more manly course of action, to thin their congregations and lessen their influence. Such was one of the inevitable consequences of the Voluntary system, by which Dissenterism will be hampered to the end. It speaks not a little for the intrepid disinterestedness of Mr. Heugh, that in spite of these obstacles he held onward in his own course, both in gown-wearing and psalmody, as well as in the more important dogma of territorial distinction, to which some of the most distinguished leaders of his own party were obstinately wedded. Another duty, in which he was worthy of the highest commendation, consisted in the faithful diligence of his pulpit preparations. On being transferred from one charge to another, it is natural for a minister to draw upon his old stock of sermons, while few think of blaming him for such a convenient substitution. But Mr. Heugh could not be thus satisfied. Although he brought with him to Glasgow about two thousand discourses, which he had written during the fifteen years of his past ministry, scarcely more than twenty of these were delivered during the quarter of a century over which the rest of his labours extended. Combined with all this diligence, he possessed the true spirit of an orator, in never rising to address an audience without a certain degree of anxious diffidence and tremor. "I scarcely ever enter a pulpit," he said, "without a temporary hectic." Such a preacher can never be dull or uninteresting; independently of feeling the sacred nature of his message, he is keenly sensitive to the propriety and effectiveness of its delivery. Accordingly, his hearers were in the habit of remarking the singular *equality* of his pulpit labours, where every sermon was essentially a good one. All this was nothing more than the result of that careful preparation that would not permit him either to trust to extemporaneous oratory, or delay the study of his subject to the last. In 1831, he enjoyed one of the earlier drops of that thunder-shower of Doctors' caps which has lately crossed the Atlantic, and descended upon our island—whether to fertilize or impoverish our literary spirit, time will reveal. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by the college of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Such distinctions he seems to have estimated at their real worth—and nothing more. "Considering all things," he said, "they are of vastly little value; a mere tinsel shoulder-knot—neither helmet, sword, nor shield, much less brawny arm or valorous soul."

Such was the character and such were the labours of Dr. Heugh in Glasgow—an earnest, diligent, pains-taking minister, and eloquent instructor in the truths of the gospel, while every year added to the affection of his flock and the esteem of the public at large. Of his share in the ecclesiastical controversies

of the day, and his visits to England and the Continent, important though they were to himself, it is unnecessary to speak in a short biographical sketch. He died at Glasgow, on the 10th of June, 1846, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

HOGG, JAMES.—This delightful poet of nature's own rearing, who, of all our national bards under similar circumstances, ranks nearest to Burns, was born in Ettrick Forest, on the 25th of January, 1772. Whence he derived his most unpoetical of names it is not easy to determine, unless we are to suppose that it was the name of some honoured follower of the Conqueror, subsequently fattened into its present form by the rich fruits of the conquest, or finally by a profitable emigration into Scotland in the days, it may be, of Malcolm Canmore. But upon this dangerous question we have no particular wish to enter. At all events, we know that James Hogg was fully sensible of this grunting incongruity in connection with the tuneful avocation of minstrel, and therefore chose for himself the name of the Ettrick Shepherd as the more fitting appellation. Whatever may have been the good fortune of his earliest ancestors in Scotland, we well know that none of it descended to himself; for his predecessors had been shepherds as far back as he could trace them. His father, who followed the same humble calling, had been so successful in it as to save some money, which he invested in a farming speculation soon after James was born. The young poet, who was the second of four sons, was therefore sent to school, and would probably have received the usual amount of education bestowed upon the children of our Scottish peasantry, had it not been for a reverse of fortune, by which his father was stripped of all his earnings. This happened when James was only six years old; and he was taken from school in consequence of his parents and their children being "turned out of doors," as he informs us, "without a farthing in the world." After a resting-place had been found, James was obliged to enter into service at the early age of seven. His occupation was to herd a few cows, upon a half-year's wage of a ewe lamb and a pair of new shoes. In this lonely occupation, with nothing but his cows for companions, the imaginative boy could find no better amusement than to run races against time, or rather against himself. For this purpose he was wont to strip like a regular athlete, until his clothes were lost piece by piece, so that he was reduced to primitive nakedness; and it was only by a diligent search of the other servants that the lost articles were found. After a year spent in this kind of servitude, he was sent once more to school. Hitherto his education had advanced so far as reading in the "Shorter Catechism" and the Proverbs of Solomon; but now he was transferred into a higher class, where the Bible itself was the text-book of lessons. He also learned writing, after a fashion, in a large coarse hand, where every letter was nearly an inch in length. A quarter of a year spent in this way completed his education; all that was afterwards to be done depended upon his own efforts.

Having thus received a more limited tuition than usually happens to the children even of the poorest in our country, Hogg was again obliged to return to the occupation of a cow-herd, the lowest grade of rural employment; and after serving in this capacity for several years, under different masters, he was raised to the more honourable office of a shepherd. But long before he attained this promotion, and while still a mere boy, the first stirrings of the poetical spirit came upon him; and like almost every poet, past, present, and to come, his inspirations were awoke by female beauty, tenderness, and worth. He had already found the being who afterwards was, in all likelihood, the "bonny Kil-

meny," who bewitched the world, as well as the animating muse of his first rugged efforts in song. That episode, so important in a poet's life, we give in his own tender and truthful language :—"When only eight years of age, I was sent out to a height called Broad-heads, with a rosy-cheeked maiden, to herd a flock of new-weaned lambs, and I had my mischievous cows to herd besides. But as she had no dog, and I had an excellent one, I was ordered to keep close by her. Never was a master's order better obeyed. Day after day I herded the cows and the lambs both, and Betty had nothing to do but to sit and sew. Then we dined together every day at a well near to the Shiel-sike-head, and after dinner I laid my head down on her lap, covered her bare feet with my plaid, and pretended to fall sound asleep. One day I heard her say to herself, 'Puir little laddie! he's jist tired to death;' and then I wept till I was afraid she would feel the warm tears trickling on her knee. I wished my master, who was a handsome young man, would fall in love with her and marry her, wondering how he could be so blind and stupid as not to do it. But I thought if I were he I would know well what to do."

From love to music was but a step in one of such a temperament, and when Hogg had reached the age of fourteen he laid out five shillings, which he had saved from his wages, in the purchase of an old violin. This new charm of existence occupied him so wholly that all his leisure was devoted to it; and as his only spare hours were taken from sleep, while his only dormitory was a stable or a cow-house, his desperate attempts in music had commonly no better auditory than that which was wont to gather around the harping of Orpheus. He ever after retained his love of music, and by dint of perseverance became a tolerable violinist. However trivial, or even ridiculous, such a pursuit may be in common life, it is no frivolous matter in that of a poet. It indicates that the soul of harmony is within him, and that whether he learns to fiddle well or not, he will turn it to the best account in that music of words which forms so necessary an adjunct in poetry. Who does not recognize this fact in the singular melody which characterizes the Ettrick Shepherd's versification? No sounds can be sweeter, and no notes more appropriate, than those which embody "Kilmeny" and the Abbot M'Kinnon, in the "Queen's Wake." The first of these poems, as illustrative of the mere music of language, independently of its poetical merits, has never been surpassed.

In the meantime the education of the future poet went on, and that, too, so oddly as to give most uncertain promise of his future destination. He had already committed the Psalms of David in metre to memory; but though he liked their rhymes, he seems to have understood nothing else than the short measure into which they are rendered. In his eighteenth year, "The Life and Adventures of Sir William Wallace," modernized by Hamilton of Gilbertfield, and forming the choice epic of our Scottish peasantry, fell into his hands, and also the equally popular pastoral of the "Gentle Shepherd." But partly from having almost forgotten the art of reading, which he had learned so imperfectly, and partly from his scanty reading having been hitherto limited to English, the Scottish dialect, in which "Wallace" and the "Gentle Shepherd" are written, was so new and so puzzling, that Hogg struggled on from line to line at a snail's pace. But what was more ominous still was his dislike at their versification, so that he felt as if he would have relished them better had they been written in prose. His love of reading having been noticed by his employers, books were lent him, chiefly of a theological character, and newspapers; through the

last of which he was wont to wade, from the title at the beginning to the names of printer and publisher at the end, without stint or omission.

At length, when he had reached his twenty-fourth year, Hogg commenced the life of a poet in earnest. He had now read much, although very miscellaneously; and his imprisoned ideas, after struggling for a vent, burst forth in the language of song. His first attempts were of a humble description, being chiefly ballads and songs, intended to be sung by the lasses of the district; while the name of "Jamie the poeter," by which they soon learned to distinguish him, was the "muses' meed" with which he rested satisfied for the present. It was easy, indeed, for him to compose verses: they sprang up in his mind as rapidly as prose does with ordinary mortals; but to embody them in form to the eye, so that others might read and learn them—here was the crowning difficulty. We have already noticed his very scanty education in penmanship, and from want of occupation it had slumbered since his boyhood until now, that it was urgently called into full exercise. His writing, at the best, was a sort of laborious printing, letter by letter; while his model was the Italian alphabet, for want of a more concise character. To add to his difficulties, his chief opportunities for writing were derived from the chance intervals that occurred in the management of his unruly flock. Armed with a few sheets of paper, stitched together, in his pocket, and a phial, instead of an ink-horn, dangling from his button-hole, he used to sally to the hill-side with his sheep; and as soon as a season for writing occurred, he stripped off coat and waistcoat, like one preparing for a desperate deed, and squared his elbows for the feat. In this way his earliest poems were committed to paper. One advantage of this slow and toilsome process was that it afforded sufficient time for reflection and correction; so that his MS., however uncouth, was not defiled with those many erasures and alterations that so sorely trouble the author, as well as perplex the printers. The word once down was as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. The habit thus established was of immense service to Hogg when he acquired greater facility in penmanship, and to this, perhaps, we may attribute the ready accuracy he afterwards acquired, both in prose and verse, and the numerous productions which he was enabled to give to the world in the midst of his other avocations.

It was now full time that Hogg should have higher models than Ettrick ballads, and better judges than the rude peasantry of the district. Accordingly, after he had harped and preluded for a twelvemonth, he was so fortunate as to hear of Robert Burns, who had died only a year before. His informant was a "half-daft man," who recited to him the whole of "Tam O'Shanter," and told him that its author was the sweetest poet that ever was born; that he was now dead, and had left a place that would never be filled. Hogg, who was so delighted with "Tam O'Shanter" that he quickly learned every line by heart, had now full proof that there was still higher poetry than his own, and a better poet than himself; and his whole enthusiasm thenceforth was to become the rival, or at least the worthy successor of Robert Burns. And why not? For had he not been born, of all days in the year, upon the 25th of January, the very birthday of Robert Burns? And was he not, in a great measure, an uneducated and self-taught man, even as Burns was? And, moreover, was not his own occupation of herding sheep every whit as poetical as following the plough, if not even more so? All this was such proof demonstrative, that he never afterwards seems to have lost sight of the hope that the Ettrick Shepherd would at last

become as famed as the Ayrshire ploughman. In other individuals such soaring ambition is not only kept a secret from the world, but as much as possible from their own hearts also ; but with James Hogg there never was such concealment. He uttered what he felt, so that those who loved were often compelled to laugh at him, and reckon him not only the simplest of poets, but the most vain-glorious of poetical simpletons. For this, however, he cared very little, while he felt within himself that new-born ardent enthusiasm which, he judged, would carry him far, even though it should fall short of the mark. And in this he was right ; for if he did not become wholly a Burns, he still distanced others as far as he was himself distanced by his prototype.

The first publication of Hogg was a song, and nothing more—but it was such a song as the best of our poets would not have been ashamed of. Such was the general suffrage, by the high popularity which this patriotic lay, called “Donald M'Donald,” attained, and continued to hold for years. It appeared in 1800, in consequence of Napoleon's threatened invasion ; and, while it denounced all manner of calamity and disaster upon the intruder—which, luckily, were not brought to the test—it kindled, wherever it was sung, such an ardent spirit of patriotism as Alcæus himself would have longed to second.

In the following year he made a still more intrepid plunge into authorship. Having come to Edinburgh with a flock of sheep for sale, and being incumbered with several days of interval, he resolved to spend the time in writing out such of his compositions as he could most readily remember, and publishing them in the form of a poetical pamphlet. He transcribed them accordingly, placed them in the hands of a publisher, and then retired to the Forest ; where his production afterwards followed him, unrevised and uncorrected, with not a few blunders gratuitously added by the printer. This was but a sorry commencement ; and like many poets after their first work appears, his lucubrations seemed in his own eyes so inferior in the form of a published book, that he wished them cancelled and annihilated. But the press had clutched them, and their recal was too late.

Soon after this commencement, Hogg, impatient of the narrow circumstances within which he was hampered, and conscious that he was fitted for something better, resolved to amend his fortunes, by migrating either to the Highlands or the Hebrides, and finding occupation as the superintendent of an extensive sheep-farm. But, strongly recommended though he was, especially by Sir Walter, then Mr. Scott, who had thus early recognized a kindred genius in the Shepherd, the attempt was unsuccessful ; and poor Hogg, on returning home, lost all the money he still possessed, and that, too, in the short space of a week. Something was needful to be done immediately ; and in this strait he was advised, by his steadfast friend, Sir Walter Scott, to publish a volume of poetry. The materials were already at hand ; for Hogg, dissatisfied with the imitations of the ancient ballads which Scott had published in the “*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*,” had made several attempts of the same kind himself, which were highly estimated. It is worthy of remark, by the way, that the three great poets of Scotland—Scott, Hogg, and Allan Cunningham—commenced their poetical career, not upon the refinements of the modern school, but the rough spirit-stirring songs of shepherds and moss-troopers. Hogg's collection was soon in readiness ; and on reaching Edinburgh, Scott introduced him to Constable, by whom the volume was published, under the title of “*The Mountain Bard*.” By this work, which, notwithstanding the roughness of a

still uncultivated mind, possessed indications of great originality and poetical merit, and by a prose work which he produced about the same period, being an "Essay on Sheep," Hogg cleared the sum of three hundred pounds.

It was at this time, and, we believe, during this visit to Edinburgh in search of a publisher, that Scott, who admired the genius of Hogg, and was amused with his rough-spun simplicity, invited him to dinner in Castle Street, where a party, admirers of the "Mountain Bard," were assembled to meet with its most singular author. Hogg arrived, but in the dusty shepherd costume in which he had attended the cattle-market, and with hands embrowned with the processes of recent sheep-smearing. In this state he entered the drawing-room:

"Gentles, methinks you frown:  
And wherefore gaze this goodly company;  
As if they saw some wondrous monument,  
Some comet, or unusual prodigy!"

But Hogg does not appear to have disturbed himself with their astonishment: he had made up his mind to be a finished courtier by imitating the lady of the house. Mrs. Scott, who was in a delicate state of health, was reclining upon a sofa; upon which Hogg, faithful to his fair exemplar, threw himself in the same attitude upon a sofa opposite, to the great dismay of the lady, who saw her fine chintz crushed and soiled beneath its unwonted burden. During the dinner, he delighted the company by his pithy and original conversation, his Doric breadth of dialect, his stories and songs, which were all produced as from a long-imprisoned fountain. But as the conversation warmed and the wine circulated, he became less and less mindful of the pattern of manners he had adopted, and more completely, at every step, the unsophisticated boon companion of Ettrick Forest; and after addressing his host successively as "Mr. Scott," "Sherra," "Scott," "Walter," and "Wattie," he wound up the climax at supper, by hailing Mrs. Scott with the familiar title of "Charlotte."

The Ettrick Shepherd, as we have already seen, had now made considerable advance in his resemblance to Robert Burns. When his hour was at the darkest, he had published a volume of poetry that raised him at once from poverty to comparative wealth. He had established for himself a poetical reputation, and obtained an entry into the literary society of the capital. But, unfortunately, the parallel was not to end here, for, like Burns, he was to lose the fortune which his genius had created almost as rapidly as it had been won. Master of the enormous sum of three hundred pounds, Hogg seems to have thought that it could accomplish everything; and, accordingly, he rushed headlong into agricultural speculations, to more than ten times the amount, and soon found himself penniless and in debt. After struggling, or rather floundering on, impeded at every step by the new character he had acquired, of a man that could win but not keep—a character most unfavourable in the eyes of his countrymen—Hogg cast about for other occupation. But his choice was more poetical than prudent: he wished to obtain a commission in a militia regiment. This was about the year 1808, when our captains of militia were menaced with something more serious than the annoyances of pipe-clay and parades; for an invasion was imminent, and it was thought that Hogg, although a poet and admirable writer of war-songs, was more likely, in a charge of bayonets, to play the part of a Horace than a Tyrtæus. Such, at least, was the suspicion of Sir Walter Scott, a good judge in such matters, whose influence Hogg solicited in this affair, but who endeavoured to dissuade his friend, by representing the smallness of pay

attached to a militia ensign's commission. Disappointed in this, his next ambition was a place in the Excise; but although in this case Scott exerted himself with all his influence, the Ettrick Shepherd soon found that he had as little chance of becoming an exciseman as a soldier. It was perhaps as well for him that this further assimilation to Burns was not accomplished.

Thus frustrated in all his efforts, Hogg now resolved to embrace authorship as a profession. It was his last resource, for nothing remained to him but his pen, and he had already tried its efficacy. Full of this purpose, he threw his plaid over his shoulders, turned his back on Ettrick Forest, and entered Edinburgh as if he had dropped from the clouds. Prudence, experience, tact; a graceful conciliatory manner, and money-making money-saving habits—in each and all of these, indeed, he was woefully wanting; all that he brought to the tug of life, which was now to begin in earnest, was high enthusiastic genius and indomitable perseverance. He was now at the age of thirty-eight, and therefore too old to study the graces, or unlearn the habits of his former life. His first application was to journalists, publishers, editors of magazines, and booksellers; but after going the round in quest of literary occupation, he found himself rebuffed at every point. At last he resolved to try a volume of poetry; but so much had he discontinued for years the practice of verse-making, that he was obliged to draw for materials upon his early compositions. The result was the "Forest Minstrel," a collection of songs, of which two-thirds were his own; but as they were almost wholly the crude productions of his early days, they acquired little popularity, and brought him no profit—if we are to except the kindness of the Countess of Dalkeith, to whom they were dedicated, who sent him a present of a hundred guineas through the hands of Sir Walter Scott, and afterwards befriended him still more substantially when she became Duchess of Buccleugh. Chagrined at the bad success of his "Forest Minstrel," he resolved to abandon publishers as the enemies of all genius, and turn to the printers; but these he found as stiffnecked as the former class, for they would not print his lucubrations without the name of a bookseller as publisher on the title-page. His proposal also was little calculated to win them, for it was, to publish a weekly newspaper called the "Spy," devoted to *belles-lettres*, morals, and criticism. Such a journal, and by such a man!—the whole trade cried out against it. At length, in his researches, he stumbled upon an obscure bookseller, who undertook the office of printing and publishing, and the "Spy" in due time came forth; but its language by the third or fourth number waxed so unruly and indecorous, that many of the subscribers sent in their resignation. But Hogg, who was stiffly confident in his own good intentions, and unable to comprehend what he reckoned their unreasonable fastidiousness, persisted in his delinquency, until he managed to drive all the subscribers out of the field, and bring the "Spy" to an untimely end before it had lived and fretted for a short twelvemonth.

Hogg had now plunged into the unfathomed sea of authorship, and found that he must sink or swim as the case might be. He still felt his deficiency for a literary life, and laboured earnestly to amend it; but as he was too old for a regular training *ab initio*, he endeavoured to attain his end by a short cut, and for this purpose attended a forum, or debating society, that had been set up by a few aspiring young men in Edinburgh, who opened their meetings to the public at the rate of sixpence a-head as the price of admission. Here the Shepherd, who entered with his wonted ardour into the work, became a

frequent speaker ; and his strange medley of broad Scotch and homely quaint phraseology, combined with the rich original ideas that flashed from him at every movement, made him a wondrous favourite with his auditors, who laughed, wondered at, and admired this most singular orator all in one breath. He ever afterwards retained a grateful recollection of the benefits he derived from this kind of schooling, and declared that without these weekly lessons he never could have succeeded as he did. As this was only preliminary to something better, he now set himself in good earnest to produce a work that should surpass all he had yet written, and give him a place among the poets of the day—an aim that was not a little strengthened by the success of Scott and Byron, whom he secretly hoped to rival. As on former occasions, he had lying beside him sundry ballads and tales, the composition of his former days, which he was unwilling to lose ; and in the plan of his new production these were to be interwoven with new materials into the form of a consecutive story. A few months of application sufficed to complete the work, and the result was the “Queen’s Wake.” To find a publisher was now his task. He repaired to head-quarters at once, by applying to Mr. Constable ; but “the Crafty,” who, no doubt, was inundated with similar applications, and was too wise to buy a pig in a poke, refused to have anything to do in the affair until he had seen the manuscript. This reasonable request the poet refused, with “What skill have you about the merits of a book ?” “It may be so, Hogg,” replied the Jupiter Tonans of Scottish publishers, “but I know as well how to sell a book as any man, which should be some concern of yours, and I know how to buy one, too.” Another publisher was ultimately found, and in the spring of 1813 the “Queen’s Wake” appeared.

Of this beautiful poem, universally known and admired as it has been and still continues to be, nothing can now be said, whether in criticism or laudation, that has not already been said a hundred times over. It has appropriately taken its permanent place in British poetry, where it promises to be as highly valued, and to last as long, as anything that has been produced by Campbell, Scott, or Byron. On its appearance the whole reading public were struck with astonishment. That tales so striking, that pictures so full of ethereal beauty and grandeur, and a versification so graceful and musical, should have been the produce of an uneducated shepherd !—it was one of those literary phenomena which occur only at rare intervals, for the perplexity of criticism, and the subversion of its authority and rule. By what strange power or chance had such a man been able to describe the fairy queen and her glittering train riding along to the music of their own silver bells ; or the unearthly voyages and revels of the witch of Fife ; or that vast pillared temple of nature, Staffa, amidst the deep, eternal anthem of its waves ; or the phantom-seer Columba, bewailing the iniquities of his once hallowed isle, and dooming its sinful abbot and monks to the ruin they had merited ? But, above all these, the tale of Kilmeny bore the pre-eminence ; for in it the poet’s excellencies were concentrated, whether in the wild and wonderful of conception or beauty of execution ; while the music of the language arrested the ear, as did the rich compositions of Weber, when his “*Der Freischütz*” and “*Oberon*” first broke upon the public.

By the publication of the “Queen’s Wake,” its author was recognized not only as a veritable poet, but one of the highest order ; and as it went through five editions in a short time, it tended greatly to relieve his straitened circumstances. At this time also he was in the practice of contributing articles to the



"Scottish Review," a quarterly periodical of some literary reputation; and on the appearance of the "Isle of Palms," by John Wilson, then little known to fame, Hogg, who was delighted with the striking incidents and rich imagery of the poem, wrote a eulogistic criticism, which was published in the "Review." But amidst so much warm-hearted commendation which he doled out, it was necessary to find fault somewhere; and, accordingly, he fastened upon the incident of the hero and heroine having been sent in an open boat over some hundred leagues of ocean, without the slightest mention of any victualling for such a voyage. Had Hogg but read a romance or two of the chivalrous ages, he would have known how easily people can live without food, as well as be hacked to pieces without dying. He was impatient to come into contact with the talented author of the poem, and as no one was at hand to introduce him, he introduced himself. On this occasion he quoted once more what he thought the crying grievance of the "Isle of Palms," with "Ye ken that it was arrant nonsense to set a man and wife awa sailing ower the sea wi' naething to fill their stamach but the cauld wind. You should most certainly ha'e put some o' provisions in the boat." "O, Sir," replied the future Christopher North, with a look on great gravity, while inwardly the cockles of his heart were dancing with laughter, "they were on the water only a single night; and, moreover, let me tell you, filling the belly is scarcely one of the poetical occupations. You know, sir, *they may have had bread and cheese in their pockets* without my taking the trouble of mentioning that in the poem!" This was perfectly satisfactory to his unsophisticated hearer, who replied, "Faith, I dare say you're right after a'; but, do you ken, the thing never struck me, man?"

Before proceeding with the literary labours of James Hogg, it may be as well to notice an incident characteristic of so singular a man, in which he endeavoured to re-establish himself in life as a farmer—the department for which he thought himself best fitted. For this, as in most of his other attempts, patronage was necessary; and he bethought himself of the Duchess of Buccleuch, whose kindness and condescension he had more than once experienced already. Having screwed up his courage to the point of requesting, he made his application to her Grace in the following strange epistle:—

*"To her Grace the Duchess of Buccleuch, Dalkeith Palace. Forwarded by Messrs. Grieve and Scott, hatters, Edinburgh."*

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,—I have often grieved you by my applications for this and that. I am sensible of this, for I have had many instances of your wishes to be of service to me, could you have known what to do for that purpose. But there are some eccentric characters in the world, of whom no person can judge or know what will prove beneficial, or what may prove their bane. I have again and again received of your Grace's private bounty, and though it made me love and respect you the more, I was nevertheless grieved at it. It was never your Grace's money that I wanted, but the honour of your countenance; indeed, my heart could never yield to the hope of being patronized by any house save that of Buccleuch, whom I deemed bound to cherish every plant that indicated anything out of the common way on the braes of Ettrick and Yarrow.

"I know you will be thinking that this long prelude is to end with a request. No, madam! I have taken the resolution of never making another request. I will, however, tell you a story, which is, I believe, founded on a fact:—

"There is a small farm at the head of a water called . . . possessed by a

mean fellow named . . . A third of it has been taken off, and laid into another farm; the remainder is as yet unappropriated. Now, there is a certain poor bard, who has two old parents, each of them upwards of eighty-four years of age, and that bard has no house nor home to shelter these poor parents in, or cheer the evening of their lives. A single line from a certain very great and very beautiful lady, to a certain Mr. Riddle [the Duke's chamberlain], would insure that small pendicle to the bard at once. But she will grant no such thing! I appeal to your Grace if she is not a very bad lady that! I am your Grace's ever obliged and grateful,

"JAMES HOGG,

"Ettrick Bank, March 17, 1814.

"The Ettrick Shepherd."

This curious application, which the Duchess received only a few months before her death, remained unanswered—not from remissness, however, but the fear of "seeing herself in print," should she vouchsafe a reply. She sent the letter to Sir Walter Scott, requesting him to inform his poetical friend of the Duke's unwillingness to displace a tenant, and assure him withal of her wish to serve him whenever a suitable opportunity occurred. On Scott's first visit to the Duke after the death of the Duchess, the case of Hogg was introduced, and his Grace feelingly said, "I must now consider this poor man's case as *her* legacy." The ultimate result of this resolution was the establishment of Hogg, three years afterwards, in a snug farm on Altrive Lake, at a merely nominal rent, where he might have every opportunity of securing comfort and independence.

In the meantime, however, it was necessary for Hogg to beatir himself to keep poverty both from hearth and door. Notwithstanding the fame of the "Queen's Wake," its publication was attended with so many mischances, that the profits were inadequate and at wide intervals. Besides, it must be remembered that money, which can make to itself wings even in the custody of the prudent, has its chances of escape multiplied fifty-fold when in the keeping of a poet, and such a poet as the Ettrick Shepherd, whose knowledge of man and life was anything but practical. In 1816 his "Pilgrims of the Sun" appeared. But, notwithstanding its many powerful descriptions and poetical passages, the reception which the public gave to the work betokened disappointment: their hopes had been raised so high by the "Wake," that anything short of it had little chance of success. In America, however, it had a better reception, where the sale of 10,000 copies extended the author's reputation, but without bettering his finances. A rebuff like this would have deterred most authors; but Hogg had such an implicit faith in his own genius, that he believed himself to be right in his estimate of the poem, and the whole literary world in the wrong, and that the publishers were in a conspiracy to arrest the progress of the "Pilgrims." This was soon after followed by "Mador of the Moor," a poem in the Spenserian stanza, and which he reckoned his masterpiece of versification. But here again the world out-voted him, for "Mador of the Moor" was reckoned inferior even to its predecessor—a judgment which has never as yet been reversed.

"My next literary adventure," says Hogg in one of his autobiographies, "was the most extravagant of any. I took it into my head that I would collect a poem from every living author in Britain, and publish them in a neat and elegant volume, by which I calculated I might make my fortune." It was easy to ask, but to obtain such a favour was the difficulty; for the best poets refused a contribution of any kind, while those of a second or third rate, who

complied, sent what was little better than the dregs of their inkhorns. Of these refusals, that of Sir Walter Scott especially incensed him; and in an angry letter which he wrote to the great minstrel on the occasion, he changed the prefatory "dear sir" into "damned sir," and ended with "yours with disgust, &c." A quarrel of some weeks' standing was the consequence between the reckless, hot-headed, but warm-hearted shepherd, and equally warm-hearted but wiser friend and patron. At length, finding that he could not obtain materials, or at least such as were fitted for his purpose, he resolved to create them. With great glee he accordingly set to work to produce such an imitation of each distinguished poet as might be mistaken for an original, and frolicked through this arduous task as if it had been capital fun. The whole series of imitations, except a very small proportion, was written in three weeks; and when completed, the volume was published under the title of "The Poetic Mirror, or Living Bards of Britain." It was so successful that the first edition was sold in six weeks. Still, it must be owned, that it never attained the same universal popularity as the "Rejected Addresses," notwithstanding its superior poetical merit to the latter production. The imitation was, in most cases, too exaggerated to pass current, so that the public lost the luxury of being cheated. Of this he was himself partly conscious, and says, "I was led to think that, had the imitations of Wordsworth been less a caricature, the work might have passed, for a season at least, as the genuine productions of the authors themselves, whose names were prefixed to the several poems."

On the year after the appearance of the "Poetic Mirror," Hogg published two volumes under the title of "Dramatic Tales." Among his poetical aspirations had been that of producing something for the stage; but, in common with most candidates for such honour, he had been repelled by the difficulties of access to the green-room, so that "’death I’ll print it!" the only alternative of a disappointed dramatic poet, was adopted by the Shepherd. But the drama was not his forte, notwithstanding his own opinion to the contrary; and the cold reception of his plays by the reading public so incensed him, that, with the exception of an occasional idle song to beguile a leisure hour, he resolved to write poetry no more. Still, write he must, for his necessities required it, and therefore he turned to prose. Like Sir Walter Scott, he would become a novelist, and perhaps succeed as well as Sir Walter had done. He accordingly produced "The Brownie of Bodsbeck and other Tales," which was published in two volumes. Unfortunately for the "Brownie," the ground which it entered was so fully occupied by "Old Mortality," that there was little chance of its obtaining fair play, even had its merits been greater than they were; and although it advocated the cause of the aspersed Covenanters, it was regarded after all as a humble and unsuccessful imitation of the "Great Unknown," who was then in the ascendancy. Hogg, in his own vindication, has told us that the "Brownie of Bodsbeck" was written considerably prior to the publication of "Old Mortality," and might have appeared a year before the latter, but for the obstinacy of the publisher, whose taste it did not happen to suit.

The next attempt of Hogg was to collect the "Jacobite Relics of Scotland" for publication, a measure which had been proposed to the Highland Society of London, by its noble chairman, the Duke of Sussex. Of his quest on this new tract, Sir Walter Scott thus writes in one of his letters: "Hogg is here, busy with his Jacobite songs. I wish he may get handsomely through, for he is profoundly ignorant of history, and it is an awkward thing to read, in order that

you may write. I give him all the help I can, but he sometimes poses me. For instance, he came yesterday, open mouth, inquiring what great dignified clergyman had distinguished himself at Killiecrankie—not exactly the scene where one would have expected a churchman to shine—and I found with some difficulty that he had mistaken Major-General Canon, called, in Kennedy's Latin song, *Canonicus Gallovidiensis*, for the canon of a cathedral." This was ridiculous enough; but we suspect there are hundreds in Scotland who have passed through the High School, and, it may be, the college to boot, who would have fallen into the same mistake. This ignorance of Latin and history was not the only difficulty that Hogg encountered, for he found the Highland peasantry themselves very jealous about giving up their old tokens of Jacobitism to a stranger, fearing that they might be manufactured into a matter of high treason. But he persevered stoutly in his task; and the first volume of the work was brought out in 1819, and the second in 1821. To his industry as a collector was also added his own native poetical talent, for some of the best songs were his own composition; and nothing delighted him so much as the mistake of the Edinburgh Review, when, in its sweeping condemnation of these Jacobite Relics, it made a most favourable exception in behalf of Donald M'Gillavry—the produce of his own pen. Hogg, who was wont to praise or blame himself as unscrupulously and frankly as if he had been speaking of some neutral person, regarded the completion of this work with no little complacency, and has said of it in one of his autobiographies, "I am sure I produced two volumes of Jacobite Relics, such as no man in Scotland or England could have produced but myself." Between the interval of the first and second volume of the Relics, he published, in 1820, his "Winter Evening Tales," the greater part of which he had written in early life, when he was a shepherd among the mountains. These tales, though written under such circumstances, are among the best of his prose productions; and none who read them can fail to be struck with the life-like reality and air of truthfulness with which they are pervaded. Let the event narrated be however absurd or impossible, the reader is compelled to swallow it; for while the author writes as if he were deposing upon oath, and descends to the minutest circumstantiality, he goes onward with such earnestness as leaves little room for doubt or disputation.

We have already mentioned the singular manner in which Hogg obtained his little farm at Altrive, upon a merely nominal rent, which, by the way, was never exacted. One would have thought that here, even in spite of the precariousness of authorship, he would have been able to seat himself in comfort under his own vine and fig-tree. But he soon showed that while he had too little prudence to be a money-making poet, he had too much genius to be a plodding successful farmer. He removed to his farm in 1817, and after building upon it a handsome cottage, he took to himself a partner of his home and his cares in 1820, when he had reached the ripe age of forty-eight. After his marriage, finding the farm of Altrive Lake too small for his wants or ambition, he took on lease the larger adjoining one of Mount Benger; but although the profits of his past literary labours enabled him to expend a thousand pounds in stocking it, he soon found that this was not half enough. He therefore encountered such difficulties at the outset as obliged him to renew his literary labours, and continue his dependence upon publishers. Commencing now the trade of novelist in good earnest, he wrote, on the spur of the moment, the "Three Perils of Man, viz., War, Women, and Witchcraft," a strange medley

of extravagant incident and beautiful description; and soon after, a similar work in three volumes, entitled the "Three Perils of Women." Before these works were published, the coronation of George IV. occurred, and Sir Walter Scott, thinking that a memorial of this august spectacle from the pen of the Ettrick Shepherd would be a rich originality, and might produce him a golden requital, solicited and obtained a place for Hogg, as well as himself, in the Hall and Abbey of Westminster, to witness the coronation. With this permission was coupled an invitation from Lord Sidmouth, to dine with him after the solemnity, when the two poets would meet the Duke of York and a few other Jacobites. Here was an opportunity of princely patronage such as few peasant-poets have enjoyed; and Scott accordingly announced the affair to Hogg, requesting him to join him at Edinburgh, and set off with him to the great metropolis. But poor Hogg!—he wrote "with the tear in his eye," as he declared, to say that his taking such a journey was impossible—and why? because the great yearly Border fair, held in St. Boswell's Green, in Roxburghshire, happened at the same period, and he could not absent himself from the meeting! In the following year (1822) the king's visit to Edinburgh occurred; and Hogg, either infected with the national epidemic, or to vindicate his loyalty, that had slumbered so strangely at the time of the coronation, produced a poetical welcome to the memorable advent, entitled "The Royal Jubilee, a Scottish Masque." As such courtly masques are but forced productions at the best, that of the Shepherd was scarcely better than the best laureate lays, if we except a few genuine poetical touches here and there, such as royal favour can seldom purchase. In speaking of this effusion, the Shepherd *naively* adds, "I got no money for it; but I got what I held in higher estimation—his majesty's thanks for this and my other loyal and national songs. The note is written by Sir Robert Peel, in his majesty's name, and I have preserved it as a relic."

After this Hogg continued for several years to write in prose and verse for the periodicals, "sometimes receiving liberal payment," he tells us, "and sometimes none, just as the editor or proprietor felt disposed." But the periodical to which he chiefly adhered, and of which he had been one of the original founders, was Blackwood's Magazine. And who that has read the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* can fail to recollect the full portrait of the Shepherd given there as he dressed and looked, as he thought, spoke, and acted; even as he ate, drank, and slept? Overcharged the picture certainly was, and of this he vehemently complained; but still, how few have sat to such a limner, and have received such justice, where justice was most required? Still more reasonably he complained of the many sentiments attributed to him which he never conceived, as well as the tales and songs which he had never composed, although they were given as his own in these widely-admired *Noctes*. He now collected his own veritable prose contributions to Blackwood, and published them in two volumes, under the title of the "Shepherd's Calendar," a work more vigorously written, and which attained a higher popularity than any of his former prose productions.

But, in the meantime, what had become of the Ettrick Shepherd's farming? The reader may well conclude that all this authorship was either cause or effect—that it either brought his farm to nought, or was the desperate resource of utter failure in all his agricultural endeavours. Both conjectures are but too correct. His extensive connection with the literary society of Edinburgh, and the taste he had acquired for popular laudation, made the occupations of a farmer

a perfect weariness to his heart, so that he was more frequently to be found among the intellectual throng of the metropolis, than with the ploughmen and shepherds of Mount Benger. Nor was it better when he betook himself to his rural home; for every idle tourist, every lion-hunter, every wandering poet, every effete or embryo scribbler, must needs make a pilgrimage to the wonderful poet of Altrive Lake; and Hogg, whose heart overflowed with hospitality, entertained them at his board, and not only squandered upon them his hard-won resources, but, what was more valuable, his time also. It is not wonderful, therefore, that when his lease of Mount Benger had expired, he found himself, at the age of sixty, not a sixpence richer than when he began the world. One resource was still in prospect. It was now the fashion to bring out the well-established works of our popular authors in reprints of monthly volumes, by which plan the gleanings were often more abundant than the original harvest; and Hogg resolved to avail himself, like others, of such a promising opportunity. For this purpose he entered into negotiation with a London publisher, to bring out a selection of his prose productions in volumes every two months, under the title of "Altrive Tales;" and, to perfect the engagement, he resolved to repair in person to the metropolis. This he did on the 1st of January, 1832, when, for the first and last time in his life, he who had appeared to the English admirers of the "Queen's Wake" as a poetical myth, and not an uneducated shepherd of real flesh and blood, presented himself, in all his rustic simplicity and reality, to the wondering coteries of London. It is needless to add how he was welcomed and feted. He was not only a lion, but such a lion as the whole kingdom of Cockaigne had never been privileged to witness; and they could not sufficiently admire the whole man, combining, as he did, such warmth of heart and richness of thought, with such genuine unvarnished simplicity of speech, appearance, and bearing. He was a real shepherd after all—and he was *the* shepherd. But in spite of all this flattery and welcome with which he was received by wonder-loving London during a three months' stay, his ill luck, which abode with him to the last, made his coming a mere holiday visit, and nothing more. As soon as the first volume of the "Altrive Tales" appeared, the publisher failed, and the work was stopped, so that, with hopes utterly blighted in a matter upon which he had placed so much reliance, he fell back upon the precarious resource of magazine writing. Two years after he published a volume of *Lay Sermons*, or rather *Essays*, which issued from a London press, but brought him slender remuneration. A third attempt, which he made the following year (1835), was the publication of the "Montrose Tales," in three volumes. This was also published by the same luckless bookseller in whose hands the "Altrive Tales" had become bankrupt; but a fresh insolvency, only eight months after the new work had appeared, sent the author's hopes of profit to the winds. Certainly none but a genuine child of nature to the last—one holding to the very end of his days the confiding faith of infancy and the unexperienced simplicity of boyhood, in spite of all that had come and gone—could have so failed, and failed continually! But such was Hogg; and if before a bargain he neither doubted nor suspected, so, after its failure, he neither desponded nor despaired. He was always elate with cheerfulness and hope, and ready for new adventure.

But the most elastic bow, however enduring, must finally yield; and Hogg, who had now reached his sixty-fourth year, and enjoyed such a state of robust health, activity, and vigour as falls to the lot of few poets, combined with a

constitutional cheerfulness of temperament, such as the most fortunate might have envied, was to close his eventful career. Much as he had written, the wonder had continued to the last that one so educated and circumstanced could write so well. His closing days, which at first gave no premonition of their result, found him employed in compiling a small volume of sacred poetry, while his walks in the moors, amidst the fresh heather-bells and the bleating of flocks, made him feel as if the season of decay were still distant. But his complaint, which was an affection of the liver, so rapidly increased, that after an illness of four weeks he died at his cottage of Altrive Lake, on the Yarrow, on the 21st of November, 1836, leaving a widow and five children, dependent upon the gratitude of a country whose scenes he has described, and whose worth he has eulogized so eloquently.\* His works, of which we have not enumerated the full amount in poetry and prose, have since been published at Glasgow, entire in eleven volumes. Thus passed away a man whose name will continue to be coeval with that of Ettrick or the Yarrow, and whom Scotland at large, as long as she cherishes the remembrance of her past national genius, will never willingly forget.

**HORSBURGH, JAMES, F.R.S.**—This eminent hydrographer, whose charts have conferred such inestimable benefits upon our merchant princes and the welfare of our Eastern empire, was a native of Fife, that county so prolific of illustrious Scotchmen from the earliest periods of our national history. James Horsburgh was born at Elie, on the 23d September, 1762. As his parents were of humble rank, his education in early life at the village school was alternated with field labour. Being intended, like many of those living on the coast of Fife, for a sea-faring life, his education was directed towards this destination; and at the age of sixteen, having acquired a competent knowledge of the elements of mathematica, navigation, and book-keeping, he entered his profession in the humble capacity of cabin-boy, to which he was bound apprentice for three years. During this time the different vessels in which he served were chiefly employed in the coal trade, and made short trips to Ostend, Holland, and Hamburg. These were at length interrupted, in May, 1780, in consequence of the vessel in which he sailed being captured by a French ship off Walcheren, and himself, with his shipmates, sent to prison at Dunkirk. When his captivity, which was a brief one, had ended, he made a voyage to the West Indies, and another to Calcutta; and at this last place he found an influential friend in Mr. D. Briggs, the ship-builder, by whose recommendation he was made third mate of the *Nancy*. For two years he continued to be employed in the trade upon the coasts of India and the neighbouring islands, and might thus have continued to the end, with nothing more than the character of a skilful, hardy, enterprising sailor, when an event occurred by which his ambition was awakened, and his latent talents brought into full exercise. In May, 1786, he was sailing from Batavia to Ceylon, as first mate of the *Atlas*, and was regulating the ship's course by the charts used in the navigation of that sea, when the vessel was unexpectedly run down and wrecked upon the island of Diego Garcia. According to the map he was in an open sea, and the island was elsewhere, until the sudden crash of the timbers showed too certainly that he had followed a lying guide. The loss of this vessel was repaid a thousand-fold by the effects

\* After a lapse of nearly twenty years, the widow of the Ettrick Shepherd has been pensioned by government.

it produced. James Horsburgh saw the necessity for more correct charts of the Indian Ocean than had yet been constructed, and he resolved to devote himself to the task, by making and recording nautical observations. The resolution, from that day, was put in practice, and he began to accumulate a store of nautical knowledge that served as the materials of his future productions in hydrography.

In the meantime Horsburgh, a shipwrecked sailor, made his way to Bombay, and, like other sailors thus circumstanced, looked out for another vessel. This he soon found in the *Gunjava*, a large ship employed in the trade to China; and for several years after he sailed in the capacity of first mate, in this and other vessels, between Bombay, Calcutta, and China. And during this time he never lost sight of the resolution he had formed in consequence of his mishap at *Diego Garcia*. His notes and observations had increased to a mass of practical knowledge, that only required arrangement; he had perfected himself, by careful study, in the whole theory of navigation; and during the short intervals of his stay in different ports, had taught himself the mechanical part of his future occupation, by drawing and etching. It was time that these qualifications should be brought into act and use by due encouragement, and this also was not wanting. During two voyages which he made to China by the eastern route, he had constructed three charts, one of the Strait of Macassar, another of the west side of the Philippine Islands, and a third of the tract from Dampier Strait through Pitt's Passage, towards Batavia, each of these accompanied with practical sailing directions. He presented them to his friend and former shipmate, Mr. Thomas Bruce, at that time at Canton; and the latter, who was well fitted to appreciate the merits of these charts, showed them to several captains of India ships, and to Mr. Drummond, afterwards Lord Strathallan, then at the head of the English factory at Canton. They were afterwards sent home to Mr. Dalrymple, hydrographer to the East India Company, and published by the Court of Directors, for the benefit of their eastern navigation, who also transmitted a letter of thanks to the author, accompanied with the present of a sum of money for the purchase of nautical instruments. In 1796 he returned to England in the *Carron*, of which he was first mate; and the excellent trim in which he kept that vessel excited the admiration of the naval connoisseurs of our country, while his scientific acquirements introduced him to Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Maskelyne, the royal astronomer, and other men distinguished in science. After a trip to the West Indies, in which the *Carron* was employed to convey troops to Porto Rico and Trinidad, he obtained, in 1798, the command of the *Anna*, a vessel in which he had formerly served as mate, and made in her several voyages to China, Bengal, and England. All this time he continued his nautical observations, not only with daily, but hourly solicitude. His care in this respect was rewarded by an important discovery. From the beginning of April, 1802, to the middle of February, 1804, he had kept a register every four hours of the rise and fall of the mercury in two marine barometers, and found that while it regularly ebbed and flowed twice during the twenty-four hours in the open sea, from latitude  $26^{\circ}$  N. to  $26^{\circ}$  S., it was diminished, and sometimes wholly obstructed, in rivers, harbours, and straits, owing to the neighbourhood of the land. This fact, with the register by which it was illustrated, he transmitted to the Royal Society, by whom it was published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1805. Having also purchased, at Bombay, the astronomical clock used by the French ships that had been sent in quest of the unfortunate *La Perouse*, he used it in ascertaining the rates of his own chronometers, and in mak-



ing observations upon the immersions and emersions of Jupiter's satellites, which he forwarded to the Greenwich Observatory. About the same period, he constructed a chart of the Straits of Allas, and sent it, with other smaller surveys, to Mr. Dalrymple, by whom they were engraved.

It was now full time that Captain Horsburgh should abandon his precarious profession, which he had learned so thoroughly, and turn his useful acquirements to their proper account. It was too much that the life of one upon whose future labours the safety of whole navies was to depend, should be exposed to the whiff of every sudden gale, or the chance starting of a timber. Already, also, he had completed for publication a large collection of charts, accompanied with explanatory memoirs of the voyages from which they had been constructed, and these, with his wonted disinterestedness, he was about to transmit to his predecessor, Mr. Dalrymple. Fortunately, Sir Charles Forbes interposed, and advised him to carry them home, and publish them on his own account; and as Horsburgh was startled at the idea of the expense of such a venture in authorship, his whole savings amounting by this time to no more than £5000 or £6000, the great Indian financier soon laid his anxieties to rest, by procuring such a number of subscribers for the work in India as would more than cover the cost of publishing. Thus cheered in his prospects, Captain Horsburgh returned to England in 1805, and forthwith commenced his important publication, from which his memory was to derive such distinction, and the world such substantial benefit. So correct were these charts, that even this very correctness, the best and most essential quality of such productions, threatened to prevent their publication; for with such accuracy and minuteness were the bearings and soundings of the harbour of Bombay laid down, that it was alleged they would teach an enemy to find the way in without the aid of a pilot. It was no wonder, indeed, that these were so exact; for he had taken them with his own hands, during whole weeks, in which he worked from morning till night under the fire of a tropical sun. In the same year that he returned to England, he married, and had by this union a son and two daughters, who survived him. In 1806 he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society; and in 1810 he was appointed hydrographer to the East India Company, by the Court of Directors, on the death of Mr. Dalrymple. Just before this appointment, however, he published his most important work, entitled "Directions for Sailing to and from the East Indies, China, New Holland, the Cape of Good Hope, and the inter-jacent ports." These "Directions," undertaken at the request of several navigators of the eastern seas, and compiled from his journals and observations during twenty-one years, have ever since continued to be the standard and text-book of eastern ocean navigation.

On being appointed hydrographer to the East India Company, Mr. Horsburgh devoted himself, with all his wonted application, to the duties of his office. He constructed many new charts, the last of which was one of the east coast of China, with the names of the places in Chinese and English; and published an "Atmospherical Register" for indicating storms at sea, besides editing Mackenzie's "Treatise on Marine Surveying," and the "East India Pilot." From 1810, the year of his appointment, till 1836, the year of his death, he was indefatigable in that great work of humanity to which he may be said to have ultimately fallen a martyr—for his long-continued labours among the scientific documents contained in the cold vaults and crypts of the India House, and his close attention to the countless minutiae of which the science of hydrography is

composed, broke down a constitution that, under other circumstances, might have endured several years longer. But even while he felt his strength decaying, he continued at his post until it was exchanged for a death-bed. His last labour, upon which he tasked his departing powers to the uttermost, was the preparation of a new edition of his "Directions for Sailing," &c., his favourite work, published in 1809, to which he had made large additions and improvements. He had completed the whole for the press except the index, and in his last illness he said to Sir Charles Forbes, "I would have died contented, had it pleased God to allow me to see the book in print!" His final charge was about the disposal of his works, so that they might be made available for more extensive usefulness; and to this the Directors of the East India Company honourably acceded, while they took care that his children should be benefited by the arrangement. He died of hydrothorax on the 14th of May, 1836. His works still obtain for him the justly-merited title of "The Nautical Oracle of the World." It is pleasing also to add, that the lessons which he learned from his pious, affectionate father, before he left the paternal roof, abode with him in all his subsequent career: he was distinguished by the virtues of gentleness, kindness, and charity; and even amidst his favourite and absorbing studies, the important subject of religion employed much of his thoughts. This he showed by treatises which he wrote in defence of church establishments, where his polemic theology was elevated and refined by true Christian piety. Of these occasional works, his pamphlet of "A National Church Vindicated" was written only a few months before his death.

## I.

INGLIS, HENRY DAVID.—This is one of a class of authors, unfortunately too numerous, who have failed in winning that literary reputation which their labours justly merited. How often it happens that, amidst a mass of neglected books ready to be sold by the pound as waste paper, some stray volume is picked up, which, on being opened, is found to contain an amount of learning, genius, and talent, such as would entitle its writer to a respectable place in the authorship of the present day! But who was he? No one can tell; for either his name has been slightly recorded, or allowed to pass away without notice. Among these victims of the world's unjust neglect, we fear that David Henry Inglis has already been enrolled.

He was born in Edinburgh, in 1795. He was the only son of a barrister, who belonged to an ancient Scottish family: his maternal grandmother was daughter of Colonel Gardiner, who fell so nobly at Prestonpans. This lady was also the authoress of a heroic poem, which, even though written by a hero's daughter, has ceased to be remembered. Through this ancestress, David Inglis was allied to the Earl of Buchan, and the Erskines. Being intended for the mercantile profession, he passed from the college to the counting-house; but after devoting himself for a short time to business, he found that his affections lay elsewhere: the distinctions of literature, rather than the profits of mercantile speculation, were the objects of his aspirations. He was also anxious to visit foreign countries, and contemplate the scenes of great past events, and stirring living incidents, instead of being chained to the desk, and confined to the chapter of

profit and loss. He therefore early became a traveller, and a writer of travels. His first work of this nature was entitled "Tales of the Ardennes," which he published under the assumed name of Derwent Conway; and this work was so favourably received by the public on its first appearance, that he was encouraged to continue in the same strain. His next production was "Solitary Walks through many Lands," a work of still higher talent than the preceding, and possessing passages and descriptions of great beauty, originality, and power. This was followed by "Travels in Norway and Sweden," and his "Tour through Switzerland, France, and the Pyrenees," both of which works appeared in Constable's Miscellany. While these volumes were publishing, Inglis was employed as editor of a newspaper at Chesterfield; but the same impatience and yearning for travel that made him abandon the stool of the counting-house, soon drove him from the editorial chair, to resume his beloved life of wandering. He again started for the continent, and visited the Tyrol and Spain; and on returning home, he published two works, containing an account of his travels and observations in these countries. Of these volumes, his "Spain in 1830," was the most successful, and with justice, in consequence of the great amount of interesting information with which it was stored about that land of changes and disasters. After his return from Spain, Mr. Inglis again became editor of a newspaper, and, of all places in the world, the little island of Jersey was the locality in which he was fixed. A permanent stay in such a place was the last thing to be anticipated of such a man; and he had not, therefore, been long in Jersey, when he girded up his loins for fresh rambles and adventure. But whither was he now to wing his course, after he had pretty well exhausted the wide field of Europe? Luckily, a country quite at hand, even Ireland, had not as yet been the subject of his explorations, and thither accordingly his flight was directed. And that his tour was a useful one was well attested by his "Ireland in 1834." While the extensive information and impartial spirit of this work obtained for it a favourable reception from all parties, the correctness of his views on the condition of the country made it be frequently quoted in the House of Commons, during the important parliamentary debates about Ireland in 1835. It is seldom that the soundness and accuracy of an Irish tourist are stamped with such a high attestation.

Hitherto, as we have shown, the literary labours of Inglis had been well appreciated by the public; but still, this was not enough. As all the world is travelling everywhere, the individuality of each aspiring pilgrim, let him go where he will, is lost in a crowd; and let him write what marvels he may, "of the Alps and Apennines, the Pyrenean and the river Po," and "of the cannibals that each other eat, the Anthropophagi," there are others who behold them as well as himself, and are taking notes of them, to put them in a book. And thus his narrative, however ably written or full of interest, lasts only for to-day; for to-morrow a fresh tourist issues from the press, while the latest intelligence will be always accounted the best. It was thus that Inglis seems to have felt, when he found himself ousted successively from every country in which he had roamed so diligently, and about which he had written so well. Literary distinction was not to be won by travelling. Already he had written of what many have seen; but now let him tell what no man ever saw—let him create a world for himself, and fill it with the creatures and deeds of his own imagining. It was toward this department of fiction, also, that, amidst all his wanderings and authorship, his intellectual longings had been the most

directed. His resolution was formed; his choice of a subject was fixed; and after the success of his work entitled "Spain in 1830," he produced his novel of "The New Gil Blas," in which he endeavoured to embody Spanish life as it exists in the present day. It was the best of all his writings, for it combined truthful delineation with the highest efforts of fancy and creative power; and while he brought to it all the resources of his genius, and all the affections of his heart, he seems to have regarded it as the great effort by which, like Sir Walter Scott, he would open for himself a new world of distinction and success, after the old had been exhausted. But, alas! for the unlucky title. Many thought that the first "Gil Blas" was enough, and would not read the second; many opened it, and then threw it aside, mistaking it for a mere paltry imitation; while the few who dared to read on, were troubled with thoughts of Le Sage at every turning of the leaf. And thus the unfortunate production was doomed at the very moment of its birth, and consigned to the fate of a Spartan ill-shapen infant, but without the formality of a Spartan inquest. It was a sore calamity to Inglis, who loved it with a mother's love, and his lamentation over it could only find comfort in a lingering of hope. "Alas!" he would exclaim, "I fear I have written my 'Gil Blas' for posterity!" We suspect that posterity will have too many novels of their own to busy themselves withal instead of attending to those which their fathers neglected.

After his return from Ireland, Mr. Inglis began to prepare for publication his "Travels in the footsteps of Don Quixotte," a work the nature of which is indicated by the title. Undeterred, also, by the failure of his chief attempt in fiction, he had already planned, and even commenced other works of a similar character, when his overtaken physical endurance gave way under such constant intellectual pressure; and a disease of the brain ensued, of which he died in London, before he had completed his fortieth year. His decease occurred on the 20th of March, 1835.

IRVING, REV. EDWARD, A.M.—This remarkable pulpit orator, and founder of a sect, was born in Annan, Dumfries-shire, in the year 1792. His family was originally from France, but had long been settled in the west of Scotland. His father, Gavin Irving, followed the business of a tanner, in which he was so successful, that he became a substantial burgess in Annan, and possessed considerable landed property in the neighbourhood of the town. The mother of Edward Irving was Mary Lowther, daughter of one of the heritors of Dornock. She had three sons, of whom Edward was the second, and five daughters; but the male part of her family died before her; the eldest in the East Indies, the youngest in London, and the second in Glasgow. Edward Irving's earliest teacher was an aged matron named Margaret Paine, an aunt of the too celebrated Thomas Paine, whom, it was said, she also taught to read; and thus, at different periods of her life, she was the instructress of two men entirely unlike in character, but both remarkable for their religious aberrations. From her charge Edward Irving passed to that of Mr. Adam Hope, an excellent teacher of English and the classics; but his progress as a school-boy gave little promise of the talents which he afterwards manifested. From Annan he went as a student to the university of Edinburgh, and there his proficiency in mathematics was so distinguished, that before he had reached the age of seventeen he was recommended by Professor Leslie as the fittest person to teach that department of science in an academy at Haddington. After having occupied this situation for a year, he was translated to a similar office in the large establish-

ment at Kirkcaldy, where he also kept boarders, and employed his leisure hours in private tuition. In this way he was occupied nearly seven years at Kirkcaldy, attending the Divinity Hall of Edinburgh as what is termed an "irregular student;" that is to say, giving attendance a certain number of weeks annually for six years, instead of four complete winters; this accommodation being made in favour of those students for the church who occupy settled situations at a distance from the college. During all this period his application to study must have been intense, and his progress considerable, though silent and unobtrusive. Of this he afterwards gave full proof, by his acquaintance with several of the living languages, as well as the wide range which his reading had comprised. At an early period, also, the subject of religion had occupied much of his solicitude; and, when only seventeen years old, he was appointed one of the directors of a missionary society. This fact he afterwards stated more than once, when his violent invectives against the secularity of missions made his attachment to missionary enterprise itself be called in question.

After completing the appointed course of study, Mr. Irving was licensed as a preacher, in his native town of Annan. But the prospect of a church was dim and distant, for he had secured no patron; indeed, even long before, he had regarded patronage as the great abomination of the Kirk of Scotland, while in those days popular suffrage went but a little way in the election of a minister. The inaction of an unpatronized probationer was, however, too much for one of his chivalrous love of enterprise, and he resolved to become a missionary, and follow the footsteps of Henry Martyn. Persia was to be the field of his labour; and he began to qualify himself by studying the languages of the East. It was, perhaps, as well that the experiment of what effect a career in the "land of the sun" would have produced upon such an inflammable brain and sturdy independent spirit was not to be tried. At all events, it is certain that his course would have been out of the ordinary track, whether for evil or for good. While thus employed, he was invited by Dr. Andrew Thomson to preach for him in St. George's church, Edinburgh, with the information that he would have Dr. Chalmers, then in search of an assistant, for his auditor. Mr. Irving complied; but after weeks had elapsed, in which he heard nothing further of Dr. Chalmers, he threw himself at haphazard into a steam vessel at Greenock, resolving to go wherever it carried him, previous to his departure for the east, on which he had now fully determined. He landed at Belfast, and rambled for two or three weeks over the north of Ireland, where he associated with the peasantry, slept in their cabins, and studied with intense interest the striking peculiarities of the Irish character. During this eccentric tour, a letter reached him at Coleraine, that quickly brought his ramble to a close: it was a letter from Dr. Chalmers, inviting him to Glasgow, for the purpose of becoming his assistant. To the great metropolis of northern commerce he accordingly hurried; and true to his anti-patronage principles, which were now brought to the test, he stipulated that he should be proved and accepted by the people as well as their minister, before he entered the assistantship. The trial was made, and was successful. Dr. Chalmers himself had made the choice, and this was enough to satisfy the most scrupulous.

It would have been difficult to have selected a pair so unlike each other, and yet so congenial, as Dr. Chalmers and his assistant. The latter, now twenty-eight years old, had at last found a sphere in which he could display, not only his

striking advantages of person, but his cherished peculiarities of disposition. There was, therefore, even already, a measured stateliness in his bearing, and authoritative accent in his conversation, that were in full keeping with his tall figure, rich deep-toned voice, and remarkable *Salvator Rosa* countenance; and although the on-looker felt as if there was something too artificial and melodramatic in all this, yet he was obliged to confess withal, that it sat gracefully upon him, although it would have suited no other man. But what a contrast to Dr. Chalmers, the very personification of unstudied, unaffected simplicity! This contrast, so startling, but yet so amusing, was especially perceptible in a crowded company. The Doctor generally sat with all the timidity of a maiden, and was silent unless addressed, or even dragged into conversation; but as for his assistant—

“Stately step’d he east the ha’,  
And stately step’d he west.”

He was too impatient to be at rest, and too full of stirring thoughts to be silent; while the eloquence of his continuous stream of conversation, or rather discourse, made him always sure of a willing audience, with Chalmers himself at their head. This very circumstance of contrast, however, is often the strongest ground of affection; and it was delightful to witness the cordiality with which the pair moved together through their common duties in St. John’s parish. As a preacher, indeed, Mr. Irving enjoyed no great share of popularity; and for this two reasons may be assigned. In the pulpit of Dr. Chalmers, the established standard of excellence was so high, that no preacher but himself could reach it. Mr. Irving’s peculiarities, also, both of manner and style, which were afterwards such a rich treat to the people of London, were too highly seasoned for the simple tastes of the Glasgow citizens. It was chiefly among the students, who were able to appreciate the sterling worth of his sermons, that he was popular; and by many of these competent critics he was reckoned scarcely inferior to Chalmers himself. But it was in pastoral visitation that Mr. Irving was best appreciated, both by Dr. Chalmers and the community at large. And, indeed, for such a duty he was admirably fitted, for the dark places of St. John’s parish were crowded with that sort of people who are seldom insensible to such personal advantages as he possessed; and while his kindness soothed the afflicted and encouraged the timid, his regal bearing or reproving frown could dismay the profligate and silence the profane. His warm-hearted open-handed benevolence kept pace with his zeal, so that among the poor of that populous but indigent district he was enthusiastically beloved. On one occasion, indeed, he manifested in a striking manner that utter disregard of money which he entertained to the close of his life. He had received, by the bequest of a departed relative, a legacy amounting to some hundreds of pounds. He threw the mammon into an open desk; and, without keeping count of it, was wont, in his daily rounds, to furnish himself with a sheaf of these notes, which he doled among the poor of his people until the whole sum was spent, which very soon was the case.

After living three years in Glasgow as assistant to Dr. Chalmers—the happiest portion, we doubt not, of his life, and perhaps, also, the most useful—a change occurred, by which Mr. Irving was to burst into full notoriety. Already he had been offered a call to a church in Kingston, Jamaica, which he would have accepted had he not been dissuaded by his relatives. He also, it was said, had got the offer of a living in one of the collegiate charges of Scotland, but refused

it on account of his conscientious feelings regarding patronage. Now, however, instead of obscure exile, he was to be called into the vast and stirring world of London, and become a minister there independent of the presentation of a patron. A Presbyterian chapel in Cross Street, Hatton Garden, attached to the Caledonian Asylum, was at this time not only without a minister, but without a congregation; and a popular preacher was needed to fill both pulpit and pews. One of the directors of the Asylum had heard of Mr. Irving, and judged him the fittest person for the emergency: he represented the case to his brethren in office, and, in consequence, Mr. Irving was invited to London to preach before them. This was the kind of election that suited him, and he preached four Sundays in Hatton Garden with such acceptance to the handful of auditors, that he received a harmonious call to enter upon the charge. The only difficulty in his way was an old statute, by which the Scotch minister of Hatton Garden was obliged to preach in Gaelic as well as English; but this difficulty was soon got rid of through the influence of the Duke of York, the patron of the institution; and in August, 1822, Mr. Irving commenced his clerical duties as minister.

Few sights could have been more interesting than the growth of his popularity from such a small grain of mustard-seed. On the first day he seemed daunted, as he stepped from the vestry to ascend the pulpit, at the array of empty seats before him, and the very scanty number of his congregation; he had never seen the like in Scotland, and for a moment he turned pale: this, then, was his sphere of action, upon which he had prepared to enter with such tremulous hopes and fears! Besides this, his church, by its locality alone, was most unlikely to force itself upon public notice, being situated in an unknown and untrodden street, upon the very edge of the Alsatia of Saffron Hill and Fleet Ditch; and as if this was not enough, the building itself was at the extremity of an obscure court off the street, where no one, however curious, would have been likely to search for a place of worship. And yet his four Sabbaths of probation had not passed when there was a perceptible change. Strangers who happened to stroll into Cross Street in the course of their Sunday wanderings passed an open gate, and were arrested by the far-off tones of a deep, rich, solemn voice, that came like distant music to the ear; and on crossing the court with cautious steps, and peeping into the church, they saw a colossal man, of about six feet three, who, in this heart-subduing tone, and with commanding impressive gestures correspondent to the voice, was addressing them in a style of appeal such as they had never heard before. Could they retreat, and walk idly away?—it was impossible; and therefore they sat down, and listened entranced, while the next Sabbath and the next was sure to find them returning, until they became a part of the flock. And it was not enough that they were themselves delighted; they must have others also either to share in their delight or justify their preference; so that every new-comer brought his kinsfolks and acquaintances to hear this wondrous style of pulpit oratory. Thus the congregation grew with a rapidity that in a few weeks filled the building. But here the popular admiration did not pause. The strange advent in Hatton Garden attracted the notice of journalists; reporters from every metropolitan paper hurried to the spot; and, in consequence of their published manifestoes, the fashion, the literature, and the sight-seeing spirit of London were roused to their inmost depths, and borne onward to the hitherto unknown region of Hatton Garden. On the Sabbath morning Cross Street was filled—nay, wedged—with crested and coroneted carriages; and a torrent of lords, senators, and merchant-princes, of duchesses

and ladies of fashion, might be seen mingled pell-mell with shopkeepers and mechanics, all sweeping across the open court, so that the church was filled in a twinkling ; while disappointed hundreds pressed towards the porch, and clustered like bees round the open windows, to catch the swelling tones of the speaker, even if his words should be inaudible. It was a sudden growth—was it to pass away as suddenly ? When mere curiosity is thus agog, the only question is, with how many trials will it rest satisfied ?

We must now turn to the object of this dangerous experiment,—to Mr. Irving himself. Even at his earliest entrance into Glasgow he had shown that he was no ordinary man. But he had done more, for he had shown his determination not to be confounded with ordinary mortals. Even his conversation, therefore, as well as his style of preaching, was evidently with the aim to astonish ; and he was not satisfied with a striking idea unless it was also arrayed in striking language. And this aim, so faulty in a common orator, but absolutely sinful in a preacher, instead of being repressed, was nourished into full growth in London, amidst the hot atmosphere of his new popularity ; so that his pulpit style assumed a luxuriance and rankness such as no oratory of the day could parallel. It was the language of the sixteenth century engrafted upon the nineteenth ; the usages, the objects, and the wants of the present day embodied in the phraseology of a long-departed style of life. The same aiming at singularity was perceptible in his attitudes, which disdained the simple rules of elocution ; in his dress, which imitated the primness of the ancient Puritans ; and even his dark shaggy locks, which he kept unpruned until they rivalled the lion's mane, and from which he was wont to shake warnings of most ominous significance. He had gone to London with the determination of being noticed, admired, and wondered at ; and all this was but the fulfilment of his purpose. Gladly, however, we reverse the picture. In the first place, this *outré* manner, which would have sat so ludicrously upon any ordinary man, was in him so set off by his appearance, that, while the many delighted in it as something rich and new, the fastidious and the critical suspected that after all it was nothing more than the true natural expression of such a singular personage. In this way even the susquepedalian words and rolling sentences of his oratory were in full keeping with the deep thunder of his voice and majestic swing of his arm ; while the most startling of his assertions were enforced by the singular squint of one of his eyes, that rivetted the attention with a sort of mesmeric power. But better far than all this, there was a fertility and richness of mind in Mr. Irving that would have made him remarkable under any circumstances ; so that, while he imitated the ancient masters of England in his quaint phraseology, and stern abrupt simplicity, he resembled them in the more valuable qualities of profound thought, vivid imagination, and fearless uncompromising honesty as a preacher of the word. It was evident, in short, that while he wished to be an Elijah the Tishbite or John the Baptist, he was also animated by their righteous intrepidity, that would utter the most unpalatable truths, let them be received as they might. But was a crowded gay metropolis, instead of the wilderness, a fit place for such a John or Elijah ? We shall soon see.

Litherto Mr. Irving had not been known as an author, his only production from the press, which he acknowledged, being a farewell discourse to the congregation of St. John's, at his departure to London. He was now, however, to give the public an opportunity of testing his powers, and ascertaining whether the popularity that crowned him had been justly bestowed. He had scarcely



been a year in London, when he published a collection of sermons in a closely printed octavo volume of 600 pages. These discourses, which had already been preached in Hatton Garden, he afterwards prepared for the press; and as no ordinary title-page was sufficient for him, the work was thus inscribed, "For the Oracles of God, Four Orations: for Judgment to come, an Argument in Nine Parts." They were not sermons; he wished them to be considered something better; and the quaint title with which they startled the first glance of the reader, had cost him no little deliberation. And yet, they were sermons after all. It must be acknowledged, however, that as such they were no ordinary productions; for with all their literary faults and oddities, they contained an amount of rich original thought and stirring eloquence such as few pulpit productions of the present day can exhibit. This was indeed apparent at the first opening of the volume, where the following magnificent exordium caught the eye, and rivetted the attention. It would be difficult, however, to conceive its full power when it was first delivered in the pulpit, and when it pealed upon the ears of the congregation like the stately solemn sound of a church organ uttering the notes of the *Te Deum*:—

"There was a time when each revelation of the Word of God had an introduction into this earth which neither permitted men to doubt whence it came nor wherefore it was sent. If, at the giving of each several truth, a star was not lighted up in heaven, as at the birth of the Prince of Truth, there was done upon the earth a wonder, to make her children listen to the message of their Maker. The Almighty made bare his arm, and through mighty acts shown by his holy servants, gave demonstration of his truth, and found for it a sure place among the other matters of human knowledge and belief.

"But now the miracles of God have ceased, and nature, secure and unmolested, is no longer called on for testimonies to her Creator's voice. No burning bush draws the footsteps to his presence chamber; no invisible voice holds the ear awake; no hand cometh forth from the obscure to write his purposes in letters of flame. The vision is shut up, and the testimony is sealed, and the word of the Lord is ended; and this solitary volume, with its chapters and verses, is the sum total of all for which the chariot of heaven made so many visits to the earth, and the Son of God himself tabernacled and dwelt among us."

The announcement of a work from the press by the Rev. Edward Irving, acted upon the critics as a view-halloo does upon a band of huntsmen beating about for game, but at a loss as to its whereabouts. As yet, they had got nothing but the tidings of the diurnals, and the scraps of the penny-a liners, which they had regarded as the mere yelping of the curs of the pack; but now the start was made in earnest, and off went the hunters in full cry. Never, indeed, had a volume of sermons, even from Chalmers himself, excited such a stir, and every review was immediately at work, from the Jupiter Tonans of the Quarterly, to the small shrill whistle of the weekly periodical. And never, perhaps, on any one occasion was criticism so perplexed and contradictory, so that Mr. Irving was represented as the truest of talented men and the most deceptive of quacks—a profound thinker, and a shallow smatterer—a Demosthenes of the real sublime, and a Bombastes Furioso of mere sound and nonsense. It often happened, too, that the very same paragraphs which were quoted by one set of critics as master-pieces of eloquence, were adduced by another class to prove that his oratory was nothing but sheer noise and emptiness. And whereabouts lay the truth? With both parties. Scarcely was there an excel-

lence attributed to him which he had not manifested, or a defect of which he had not been guilty; and the work itself, after the personal interest excited by its author had passed away, was dispassionately tried, and in spite of its manifold excellencies consigned to oblivion. As it was, however, such was its immediate reception, that six months after its appearance a third edition was in demand, which he prepared accordingly, with the following defiance to his reviewers in the preface:—

“I do now return thanks to God, that he hath saved these speculations (whatever they be) from the premature grave into which the aristocracy of criticism would have hastened them; and that two large editions are now before the world, which can judge for itself whether the work be for its edification or not. I have been abused in every possible way, beyond the lot of ordinary men, which, when I consider the quarters whence it hath come, I regard as an extraordinary honour. I know too well in whom I have believed to be shaken by the opposition of wits, critics, and gentlemen of taste, and I am too familiar with the endurance of Christians, from Christ downwards, to be tamed by paper warfare, or intimidated by the terrors of a goose quill. Even as a man I could have shaken a thousand such unseen shapeless creatures away from me, and taken the privilege of an author of the old English school, to think what I pleased, and write what I thought; and most patiently could I have borne exile from the ranks of taste and literature, if only the honest men would have taken me in. But as a Christian, God knoweth, I pray for their unregenerate souls, and for this nation which harboureth such fountains of poison, and is content to drink at them. Their criticisms show that they are still in the gall of wickedness and the bonds of iniquity, and I recommend them once more to look unto themselves, and have mercy upon their own souls.”

But the head and front of Mr. Irving's literary offences, and the chief subject of merriment or condemnation with his judges, had been his antiquated style of English—his obvious imitation of the great masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Upon this point, therefore, he was most earnest to defend himself; and for this purpose he states that Hooker, Taylor, and Baxter, in theology—Bacon, and Newton, and Locke, in philosophy—and Shakespeare, Spenser, and Milton, in poetry, had been the chief objects of his study: “They were the fountains,” he adds, “of my English idiom; they taught me forms for expressing my feelings; they showed me the construction of sentences, and the majestic flow of continuous discourse. I perceived a sweetness in every thought, and a harmony in joining thought to thought; and through the whole there ran a strain of melodious feeling which ravished the soul, as vocal melody ravisheth the ear. Their books were to me like a concert of every sweet instrument of the soul, and heart, and strength, and mind. They seemed to think, and feel, and imagine, and reason all at once, and the result is to take the whole man captive in the chains of sweetest persuasion.” Having thus, as he opines, completely exonerated himself by such sacred examples, Mr. Irving again turns with tenfold ardour upon those lovel critics who, in pronouncing his condemnation, had condemned not only him, but the honoured company in which they found him. The following is but a portion of his terrible objurgation:—

“*They are not always in taste!*” But who is this Taste, and where are his works, that we may try what right he hath to lift his voice against such gifted men? This taste, which plays such a part in these times, is a bugbear, an ideal terror, whose dominion is defended by newspaper scribblers, reviewers, pam-

phleteers, and every nameless creature. His troops are like King David's : 'Every one that is in distress, every one that is in debt, every one that is discontented.' And what are his manifestoes?—paragraphs in the daily papers, articles in magazines, and critiques in reviews. And how long do they last?—a day, a week, a month, or some fraction of a year—aye and until the next words of the oracle are uttered. And what becomes of the oracles of the dreaded power?—they die faster than they are born ; they die, and no man regardeth them."

Such was but one specimen among many of the magnificent disdain with which Mr. Irving could trample down whatever withstood him in his career. Strong in the uprightness of his own purpose, and with his eye exclusively fixed upon the goal, he regarded everything that crossed his path as an unhallowed obstacle, and treated it accordingly. It need not be added that his critics, whom he chastised so roughly, were by no means disposed either to accord with his views, or submit in silence to the insolence with which he elbowed them aside ; and, accordingly, they treasured up the injury for future count and reckoning. In the meantime, two events, important in the life of a clergyman, had taken place with Mr. Irving. The first was his marriage. It will be recollected that, when a mere stripling, he had been settled at Kirkcaldy, where he not only taught in the Academy, but gave lessons as a private tutor in the town. One of his pupils was Miss Isabella Martin, daughter of the Rev. John Martin, one of the ministers of Kirkcaldy ; and between this young couple, so employed, a mutual attachment sprang up, which led to an engagement of marriage as soon as the unpatronized teacher should be provided with a living. Mr. Irving never lost sight, amidst the uncertainties that followed, and the blaze of beauty and fashion by which he was afterwards idolized in London, of the sacred compact of his youthful days ; and, accordingly, as soon as he was permanently settled in the metropolis, he hied down to Kirkcaldy, and returned with his long-expecting bride. Stories, of course, were rife at the time of more than one lady of rank and fortune who would willingly have taken her place, to be the partner of such a goodly man, and eloquent widely-famed divine. The other event was the building of a new church for the crowds that had settled under his ministry. The chapel in Hatton Garden, which, at his arrival, did not muster more than fifty hearers, had, at the end of three months, about fifteen hundred applicants for church-sittings, although the building could scarcely have accommodated half the number. And this, too, irrespective of the unnumbered crowds that thronged round the walls, unable to find standing-room, or even a footing upon the threshold. The necessity of a larger building was urgent, and preparations were promptly adopted, which were so successful, that the Scotch National Church in Regent Square was commenced, which was finally completed in 1829—a stately building, capable of accommodating at least 2000 persons.

In the meantime, how fared the popularity of Edward Irving ? A "nine-days' wonder" has generally a still shorter date in London, and he who can sustain it beyond that point must have something within him worth more than merely to be wondered at. Mr. Irving's, however, continued, with little visible abatement, for nearly two years ; and although much of this was owing to the fact that only a limited number could hear him at one time, while myriads waited for their turn, much was also owing to his solid sterling qualities, about which there could neither be controversy nor mistake. His peculiarities were innumerable, from the stilted style of his oratory down to the squint of his eye ;

while each was the subject of discussions innumerable, both in conversation and print. And yet, with all this, one fact was incontestable, which was, that he was the most eloquent and original preacher in London, and this even his maligners were compelled to confess. But, unfortunately, a fault was growing upon him for which no human eloquence can atone. He was now becoming prolix—prolix to a degree which no mortal patience, in modern life, at least, can well endure. It was not unusual with him to give an opening prayer of an hour long, and follow it by a sermon that took at least two hours in the delivery. This, too, was not only in the earlier part of the day, but in the evening also. It was a trial which mere hunters in quest of pulpit popularity could not sustain, and therefore the crowd melted away, and left him in undisturbed possession of his own regular auditory. And even they, too, much as they admired and loved him, were growing restive at services by which their attention was worn out and their domestic arrangements subverted. But this Mr. Irving could not understand; with him it was enough that what he felt it his duty to preach, it was the duty of his people to hear. The tide had reached its height, and the ebb was commencing. Such was the state of matters when he was invited to preach the anniversary sermon of the London Missionary Society, in May, 1824. He complied, and on the 14th he preached in Tottenham Court Chapel, on Mat. x. 5-42. He was still, with every drawback, by far the most popular preacher in London; so that, notwithstanding a heavy continued rain, the spacious building was filled at an early hour. But on this occasion he outdid even his wonted prolixity. Twice he was obliged to rest in the delivery of his almost interminable sermon, during which the congregation sang a few verses of a hymn; and when it was published it occupied 130 large and closely-printed pages, while the dedication and preface bulked the volume into thirty pages more.

But faults more serious than that of lengthiness pervaded this unfortunate discourse, and made Mr. Irving's best friends wish that it had been unpublished, and even unpreached. It was his practice, like other men of ardent minds, to see too exclusively, and condemn too unsparingly, whatever error he detected; and the exaggerated language which he used on such occasions was more fitted to irritate than persuade. Such was his fault in the present instance. He thought there was too much secularity and self-seeking in the management of missions, and was impatient to announce the fact, and point out a better mode of action; but, wound up exclusively in this one idea, his discourse looked too much like a violent condemnation of all modern missionary enterprise whatever. After having sorely handled the missionary directors, and the missionaries themselves, as if they had been mere hucksters of religious truth, and sordid speculators, who thought of nothing pertaining to the sanctuary but its shekels, he proceeded to propound the remedy. And this was tenfold more extravagant than his exposure of the offence. All money provision for missions was to be foregone, and all prudential considerations in their management given to the winds. Missionaries were to be considered as the veritable successors of the seventy, and, like them, therefore, were to be sent forth without money and without scrip. It was enough for them that they were to be wafted to their destination, and thrown upon its shores, after which they were to go forward, nothing doubting. The world had been thus converted already, and thus it would be converted again. He forgot that the seventy were sent on this occasion, not into heathen and savage countries, but to the towns and villages of

their own Judea ; while their commission was simply to announce their Master's coming, and prepare the people for his arrival. This, however, was not enough for Mr. Irving. His missionary must go forth in faith, without a farthing for his journey, or even a purse to hold it. It was only by thus making himself nothing that the sacred cause could become all in all ; and in proportion to his trials and necessities would be the greatness and number of the miracles by which he would be assuredly relieved. Who does not see in all this the germ of that strange system of religious error of which Mr. Irving was afterwards the hierophant. Becoming every day more impatient of the world of reality, he was hungering and thirsting for miracles ; and these, any man whatever, in such a mood, is sure either to make or find. But another fact, almost equally significant, in this published sermon, or, as he called it, "Oration," was its dedication to S. T. Coleridge, a man certainly of rich original mind and splendid endowments, and yet not the fittest guide for so enthusiastic a theologian as Mr. Irving. But the latter thought otherwise ; and, discarding all his former preceptors, he now sat at the feet of this eloquent mystic, in the new character of a silent, humble listener.

The signals of a downward course had thus been given, and the thoughtful friends of Mr. Irving looked on with sad anxiety. His popularity also was wearing out, and he might be tempted into some strange measure to revive it. A change was evidently at hand, but what was to be its commencement ? As yet he was unprepared for a departure from his old standards, or the promulgation of a new doctrine. But the field of prophecy lay temptingly in his way—that field which has been common to expositors for eighteen centuries, and in which every one has been held free to entertain his own opinion. Here, then, lay the allurements, and for this also he had, for some time, been unconsciously under a course of training. In 1824 he had met, in company, Mr. Hatley Frere, a gentleman whose mind was much employed in the exposition of the Book of Daniel and the Apocalypse, and by whom he was asked to take a walk into the fields on the breaking up of the party. As they strolled along, Mr. Frere took the opportunity of expounding his views on the fulfilment of prophecy, and found in Irving a willing auditor. After a year they again met, when the subject was resumed, and Irving listened with the same docility which he was wont to bestow upon Coleridge. He had now found a new guide to direct, as well as a new theme to interest him. Thus stood matters when he was invited to preach the anniversary sermon of the Continental Society in 1825. And will it be believed that, on this occasion, he plunged right downwards into a new interpretation of prophecy ? A few conversations with Frere, who, as he thought, had furnished him with the right key, and his own miscellaneous readings upon the subject, were enough to qualify him as a guide upon a path where so many thousands had erred ! The "oration," as may well be supposed, was perplexing in the extreme ; and while some of his audience thought that he was advocating Catholic Emancipation, others thought that he was battling against it. Some of the leading members of the committee had not even patience to wait the issue of the question, but left the church before the sermon was finished. To set himself right with the public, as well as announce his new interpretation, Mr. Irving published the substance of this sermon, which swelled, as he wrote, into a work of voluminous bulk, under the title of "Babylon and Infidelity Foredoomed of God." He was the first expositor who ventured to connect particular predictions with the events of the French

Revolution. According to him, the Papacy commenced in A.D. 533, which, with the 1200 prophetic days or years of its continuance, brings Popery down to the year 1793, the year when the French Revolution commenced, at which date Mr. Irving considers the reign of Popery to have been superseded by that of Infidelity, and the judgments upon Babylon to have commenced. From that period to the date of his preaching, comprising a period of thirty years, six vials, as he imagined, had been poured out upon the seat of the beast. The seventh and last vial, which was reserved for the destruction of Infidelity, he calculated would occupy forty-five years more, thus bringing the consummation of judgment to the year 1838, when the millennial kingdom was to commence on earth, with Christ himself, and in person, as its sovereign.

Such is but a brief sketch of that system expository of the fulfilment of prophecy into which Irving now threw himself with headlong ardour, and of which he talked as if it were the sum and substance of revelation. His pulpit rang with it, and with it alone; his whole conversation was imbued with it; and while his fervent imagination revelled with almost superhuman excitement among pictures of Armageddon and the millenium, the Inferno and Paradiso of his preaching, his finger incessantly pointed to the year 1838 as the date emblazoned upon the heavens themselves, at which all old things were to pass away, and all things become new. And with what desire he longed to live to this year, that he might behold its glories with his own bodily eyes! Besides his work, also, of "Babylon and Infidelity Foredoomed of God," his active pen was soon resumed upon the same subject. In the course of his studies on the completion of prophecy, he had met with a production that in some measure accorded with his own views. This was a large work, written by a Spanish ecclesiastic, who shrouded his liberal and Protestant sentiments under the character and name of a Jewish convert, to escape a controversy with the Inquisition; and, deeming it well worth the notice of the British public, Mr. Irving immediately studied the Spanish language, translated the volume into English, and published it in 1827, under the title of "The Coming of the Messiah in Glory and Majesty, by Juan Josafat Ben Ezra, a Converted Jew." It was not long before his zeal and eloquence procured many converts to his opinions, who held their stated meetings at Albury, near Guildford, in Surrey, in the mansion of Mr. Drummond, the banker, a warm friend and coadjutor of Mr. Irving. The result of these meetings was given to the world by Mr. Drummond, in three volumes, entitled "Dialogues on Prophecy." A quarterly periodical, also, called the "Morning Watch," was soon commenced by the "Albury School of Prophets" and their supporters, in which their peculiar views about prophecy and the millenium were advocated and illustrated with great talent and plausibility.

Well would it have been for Mr. Irving if he had now stopped short. As yet his views, if eccentric, had been comparatively harmless; and even if his calculations had been erroneous, he had only failed in a subject where such men as Bacon, Napier, Sir Isaac Newton, and Whiston had been in fault. But here he could not stop. He had commenced as an independent expounder of prophecy, and he must needs be the same in doctrine also. It was about the year 1827 that he was observed to preach strange sentiments respecting the human nature of our blessed Redeemer, as if the Holy One, while on earth, had been peccable like any son of Adam, although completely sinless in thought, word, and deed. It may be that his ideas of the second advent of Christ, in

1868, and the nature of the millennial reign, which was then to commence, had thus secularized and degraded his conceptions respecting the second person of the Godhead. His first public annunciation of these most culpable opinions was before the London Society for the Distribution of "Gospel Tracts," in whose behalf he preached a collection-sermon. Many of his hearers were astonished, and not a few shuddered. He still continued to preach upon the same subject, at every step entering into additional error, until a monstrous heresy was fully organized, which he fearlessly published to the world in 1828, in a work of three volumes, closely printed in octavo, entitled "Sermons, Lectures, and Occasional Discourses." These discourses, and his new creed, one might think, should have been immediately followed by trial and deposition. But heresy is a difficult subject even for the grasp of a church-court, as it does not always wear a sufficiently tangible and specific form. Besides, it was not always easy, from Mr. Irving's language, to ascertain the full amount and nature of his meaning. On every subject he spoke as if there was no degree of comparison but the superlative. He soon, however, received a silent, but significant warning. Having gone down to Scotland in 1829, he was desirous of the honour of a seat in the General Assembly, and was nominated a ruling elder, for that purpose, by his native burgh of Annan. But the Assembly refused the appointment. His heretical sentiments were already too well known, and would, of themselves, have been sufficient for his rejection. But the refusal of the venerable court was founded upon a more merciful principle; as a non-resident in the kingdom of Scotland, and as an ordained minister beyond its bounds, he could not at that time take his seat as a ruling elder among them. During this tour Mr. Irving was not otherwise unoccupied; and in Dumfries and its neighbourhood he preached in the open air, and in a style that astonished his sober-minded countrymen. His sermons on these occasions comprised all his errors in doctrine, and all his singularities of exposition, from the downfall of Popery and the peccability of our Saviour's human nature, to the millennial reign, and the restoration of all things, whether animal, vegetable, or mineral—from man, the lord of creation, to the crawling worm or the senseless stone.

But even farther yet Mr. Irving was to go. A strange religious frenzy had commenced at Row and Port-Glasgow, on the Firth of Clyde, engendered by extravagant notions about the assurance of faith and universal redemption, under which several weak minds became so heated, that they began to prophesy and attempt to work miracles. But the most remarkable part of the delusion consisted in wild pythonesque contortions into which the favoured of the sect were thrown, under which they harangued, raved, and chanted in strange unintelligible utterances, that were asserted to be divine inspiration, speaking miraculously in languages which neither speaker nor hearer understood. It was a craziness as contemptible as that of the Buchanites in the preceding century; and, like the system of Elspeth Buchan, it was unsuited for a permanent hold upon the Scottish intellect; so that, while its action was chiefly confined to hysterical old women and nympholeptic girls, it fell into universal contempt, and passed away as rapidly as it had risen. But just when this moon-governed tide was at the height, one of its female apostles went to London, and connected herself with Mr. Irving's congregation, many of whom were fully ripened for such extravagances. They were wont to assemble for prayer-meetings and religious exercises at the early hour of six in the morning, and there the infection spread with electric rapidity; while prophesying, denouncing, and speaking

in unknown tongues, took the place of prayer and exhortation. As in the cases of Row and Port-Glasgow, also, these visitations were chiefly confined to the female sex, and a few unlucky men, the victims of feminine susceptibility. But the London form of the disease soon took a higher flight than that of Scotland. Private rooms and session-houses were found insufficient for such important manifestations, and they were daringly transferred to the church, and incorporated with the solemn public services. And how could the spirit of Mr. Irving brook such arrogant interruptions? But, alas! the lion within him was tamed, cowed, and chained; and he who daringly sought to be more, was now less than man. He believed that the second Pentecostal day had come, of which the first was but a type; that these were the divine supernatural manifestations by which the second coming and reign of Christ upon earth were to be heralded; and that himself, the while, was the honoured John the Baptist, by whom the coming had been heralded and the way prepared.

These were proceedings which the church could no longer tolerate, and the case was taken up by the London presbytery in the early part of 1830. As yet, the charge brought against him was only that of heresy, one, as we have already mentioned, so difficult to substantiate; and, therefore, the discussion was prolonged for eighteen months without any final result. But during the interval the excesses at the Caledonian Church, Regent Square, had become so wild, and withal so notorious, that the question of his offence was no longer one of nice metaphysical subtlety. These were matters of fact, not of mere opinion, and soon received from the depositions of examined witnesses their full amount of proof. It is to be observed that, for some time, Mr. Irving had been in the practice of exalting the authority of the church as paramount and supreme, while, by the church, he meant the ministers and office-bearers exclusively, in their courts assembled for the purposes of ecclesiastical legislation. Their dictates were infallible, and therefore to be received without disputation or scruple. It was the system of his favourite Hooker pushed into the extremes of Puseyism, and even of downright Popery. According, therefore, to his own teaching, he should have accepted the presbytery's award with implicit submission. But it happened with him, in his own case, as it has done with many others, that this particular instance was an exception to the general rule. His light and knowledge, his vocation and labours, were superior to those of his brethren; they were working and blundering in darkness, upon subjects which they were not worthy to comprehend; and how, then, could they be qualified to judge in such a case as this? This, his conclusion, was apparent in his conduct during the course of trial. He lost patience during the cross-examination of the witnesses, and charged the presbytery with being a "Court of Antichrist." His defence, which occupied four hours in the delivery, was more the language of denunciation and rebuke, than confession or exculpation; it was even a fierce defiance and full rejection of Presbyteries, Synods, and General Assemblies to boot, when they came in contravention with himself and his kirk session. The result of this trial was, that he was found guilty of the charges libelled against him, and sentenced to deposition from his local cure as minister of the Scotch National Church in Regent Square. Regarding, or pretending to regard this sentence as a mere nullity, he attempted to hold his early morning meetings in that building as before; but when he presented himself, with his followers, for that purpose, he found the gates locked, and all access refused. True to his new character, he uttered an



awful prophetic denunciation at this rejection, and turned away in quest of another place of meeting.

This was but the first step of Mr. Irving's ecclesiastical punishment; for, though deprived of his church, his standing as a minister of the Church of Scotland was still untouched. The question whether he should thus continue was, therefore, to be next tried before the bar of that presbytery by which he had been ordained—the Presbytery of his native Annan. This ecclesiastical assize was held on the 13th of March, 1833, and Mr. Irving appeared at the summons. His conduct on this occasion was, if possible, still more wild and fanatical, as well as more peremptory, than it had been before the Presbytery of London. The most serious part of his offence was now to be taken into account; and therefore, the charge against him was, of "printing, publishing, and disseminating heresies and heretical doctrines, particularly the doctrine of the fallen state and sinfulness of our Lord's human nature." His answer was rather an authoritative harangue to the by-standers, justifying his doctrine, and commanding them to receive it, than the reply of an office-bearer to his court of judicature; and at the conclusion he wound up his rebellion in the following words: "I stand here, not by constraint, but willingly. Do what you like. I ask not judgment of you; my judgment is with my God; and as to the General Assembly, the spirit of judgment is departed from it. Oh! ye know not how near ye are to the brink of destruction. Ye need not expedite your fall. All are dead around. The church is struggling with many enemies, but her worst is within herself—I mean that wicked Assembly!" After full trial, he was found guilty, and the sentence of deposition was just about to be prefaced with prayer, when a loud voice was heard from a pew behind Mr. Irving, exclaiming, "Arise, depart!—arise, depart—flee ye out, flee ye out of her! Ye cannot pray. How can ye pray? How can ye pray to Christ, whom ye deny? Ye cannot pray. Depart—depart—flee—flee!" The church, at this late hour, was almost enveloped in darkness; and the crowd of 2,000 people within the walls started to their feet, as if the cry of "Fire!" had been suddenly sounded. But a minister, on lifting up the solitary candle to which they were now reduced, and searching cautiously about, discovered that the words were uttered by Mr. Dow, late minister of Irongray, who had been deposed for holding sentiments similar to those of Mr. Irving. The latter, who seemed to consider the call as a command from heaven, rose up to depart; and turning his colossal form toward the passage, which was almost blocked up, he thundered in a tone of impatience, "Stand forth! Stand forth! What! Will ye not obey the voice of the Holy Ghost? As many as will obey the voice of the Holy Ghost, let them depart." He strode onward to the door, and, pausing for a moment, he exclaimed—"Prayer indeed! Oh!" Such was his parting salutation to the church of which he had been so distinguished a minister. In a few minutes more the sentence of the presbytery was pronounced, and his connection with the church dissolved.

The subsequent history of an individual so good and talented, but whose course withal was so erratic, and worse than useless, may be briefly told. Immediately after his deposition, he commenced a tour of open-air preaching in Annan, Dumfries, and other places, and then returned to London. On his ejection from the Caledonian Church in Regent Square, he had settled, with a great portion of his congregation, who followed him, in a building in Newman Street, formerly the picture gallery of Benjamin West, which was fitted up for

a place of worship ; and here, completely removed beyond the control of church courts, Mr. Irving gave himself up to his prophets and prophetesses, whose exhibitions became wilder, and revelations more abundant than ever. A new creed, a new church, and new office-bearers and rites were soon established ; itinerant preachers were sent forth to proclaim the advent of a better world at hand, while miracles, effected upon the weak-minded and hypochondriacal, were announced as incontestable proofs of the divine authority of the new system. At length 50,000 worshippers, and numerous chapels erected throughout England, proclaimed that a distinct sect had been fully established, let its permanency be what it might. And now Mr. Irving had attained that *monstrier digito* which, with all his heroic and disinterested labours, he never appears to have lost sight of since his arrival in London. But as the honoured and worshipped mystagogue, with a church of his own creation, was he happy, or even at peace with himself ? His immeasurably long sermons, his frequent preachings and writings, his incredible toils both of mind and body, were possibly aggravated and imbibited by the apostasy of some of the most gifted of his flock, and the moral inconsistencies of others ; while the difficulties of managing a cause, and ruling a people subject to so many inspirations, and exhorted in so many unknown tongues, would have baffled Sir Harry Vane, or even Cromwell himself. His raven locks were already frosted, and his iron frame attenuated by premature old age ; and in the autumn of 1834, he was compelled to return to his native country, for the recovery of his health ; but it was too late. His disease was consumption, against which he struggled to the last, with the hope of returning to his flock ; but on arriving at Glasgow, his power of journeying was ended by the rapid increase of his malady ; and he was received under the hospitable roof of Mr. Taylor, a stranger, where, in much pain and suffering, he lay down to die. In his last hours he was visited by his aged mother, and his sister, Mrs. Dickson, to the first of whom he said, " Mother, I hope you are happy." Much of the time during which he was sensible was employed by him in fervent prayer. A short time before he expired, the Rev. Mr. Martin, his father-in-law, who stood at his bed-side, overheard him faintly uttering what appeared a portion of the 23d psalm in the original ; and on repeating to him the first verse in Hebrew, Mr. Irving immediately followed with the two succeeding verses in the same tongue. Soon after he expired. This event occurred on the 6th of December, 1834, when he was only forty-two years old. His death occasioned a deep and universal sensation in Glasgow, where his ministry as a preacher had commenced, and where he was still beloved by many. He left a widow and three young children, one of them an infant only six months old, at his decease.

IVORY, JAMES, LL.D.—This excellent mathematician was born at Dundee, in 1765. After he had attended the public schools of his native town, until the usual course of an English education was finished, his father, who was a watchmaker in Dundee, being anxious that his son should be a minister, sent him to the university of St. Andrews, to prosecute those studies which the church has appointed. He entered the college at the age of fourteen, and continued there six years ; but of the various departments of study comprised within this course, mathematics attracted his chief attention ; and in this he made such proficiency as to attract the notice of his fellow-students, as well as of the Rev. John West, one of the professors, who encouraged and aided him in his scientific pursuits. After these college terms had been finished, Ivory spent two

years at St. Andrews in the study of theology, and a third in Edinburgh, where he had Sir John Leslie for his class-fellow. But on completing his theological course, and leaving the university in 1786, instead of becoming a licentiate of the church, as his father had proposed, he became assistant teacher in a newly-established academy in Dundee, where he continued three years, and afterwards engaged with some other persons in a factory for spinning flax, which was erected at Douglstown, Forfarshire. How this last occupation, of which he was chief superintendent, coincided either with his previous studies as a theologian, or his predilections as a mathematician, does not distinctly appear; but the result was a failure; for, after fifteen years of trial, the company was dissolved in 1804, and the factory closed. During all this period, Ivory had probably employed his leisure in the study both of English and foreign works upon his favourite science—pursuits not of a favourable nature certainly for the mechanical operations of flax-spinning. He had done enough, however, at all events, to show that his leanings were not towards the office of the ministry.

The next change that Mr. Ivory underwent was of a more congenial character, for it was to a professorship of mathematics in the Royal Military College, instituted a few years previous at Marlow, in Buckinghamshire. Here he laboured with great assiduity in his new charge, and afterwards at Sandhurst, Berkshire, when the college was removed to that quarter. The manner in which he discharged the duties of his important professorship not only met with the high approval of the governor of the institution, but also the cordial esteem of the students, whom he was never weary of instructing in a science so essential to the military profession. He endeavoured, in his lessons, to simplify those demonstrations that had hitherto been of too complex a character; and for the more effectual accomplishment of this purpose, he also published, but without his name, an edition of "Euclid's Elements," in which the difficult problems were brought more within the reach of ordinary understandings. So earnestly and indefatigably, indeed, were these duties discharged, that in 1819 his health unfitted him for further public exertion, and he resigned his chair in Sandhurst College before the time had elapsed that entitled him to a retiring pension. But the value of his services was so justly estimated, that the full pension was allowed him, with which he retired into private life, in or near London, where he prosecuted his favourite studies till the period of his death, which occurred on the 21st September, 1842, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

Such were the few events of a public nature that characterized the life of Professor Ivory; but his actions are chiefly to be found in his scientific writings, which were highly estimated by the mathematicians of his day. Of these we give the following brief enumeration:—

In 1796, 1799, and 1802, he sent three communications to the Royal Society of Edinburgh. The first of these was entitled, "A New Series for the Rectification of the Ellipse;" the second, "A New Method of Resolving Cubic Equations;" and the third, "A New and Universal Solution of Kepler's Problem."

To these succeeded, between the years 1809 and 1839, fifteen papers, transmitted to the Royal Society of London, and published in their "Transactions." The first of these, "On the Attractions of Homogeneous Ellipsoids," possesses remarkable merit, in which he solved, in a new and simple manner, the attractions of these ellipsoids upon points situated on their exterior. Three of these

were on the Attractions of Spheroids, in which he substituted a process of analysis so much superior to that of the celebrated Laplace, that the latter frankly acknowledged the superiority. Another communication, published in the Transactions for 1814, is entitled "A New Method of deducing a First Approximation to the Orbit of a Comet from three Geocentric Observations." Two of the articles contain his investigations on the subject of Astronomical Refractions; and four on the Equilibrium of Fluid Bodies. These titles will suffice to show the subjects that chiefly occupied his attention. Only one of these papers was purely mathematical, and was entitled "On the Theory of Elliptic Transcendents."

The honours that were conferred upon a silent, recluse student, such as Mr. Ivory was, showed how greatly his scientific acquirements and his writings were valued. In 1814, the Copley medal was awarded to him for his mathematical communications to the Royal Society; in 1826, he received one of the royal medals for his paper on Astronomical Refractions, published in 1823; and in 1839, another royal medal was bestowed on him for his Theory of Astronomical Refractions, which was published in the previous year. In 1815 he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society of London; he was also an honorary fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, of the Royal Irish Academy, and of the Cambridge Philosophical Society; a corresponding member of the Institute of France, of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Berlin, and of the Royal Society of Gottingen. In consequence of a recommendation of Lord Brougham to William IV., Mr Ivory, in 1831, was honoured with the Hanoverian Guelphic order of knighthood, and a pension of £300 per annum; and in 1839, he received the diploma of Doctor in Laws from the university of St. Andrews.

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JAMIESON, REV JOHN, D.D., F.R.S., F.S.A.—The debt of gratitude which Scotland owes to this laborious and successful antiquary of her language, it would not be easy to estimate. At a time when the words of her ancient literature were, indeed, *στα πτεροίτα*—when they had made to themselves wings, and were about to fly away for ever—he arrested and fixed them in a copious dictionary, where they promise to remain as long as our modern English endures. Our Scottish tongue may become a disused, or even a dead, but never an unintelligible language; and the antiquaries of future ages, who explore the early literature of Scotland, will bless the labours of Jamieson, whose dictionary will form the chief guide of their inquiries.

This excellent national philologist was born in Glasgow, in March, 1759. His father, the Rev. Mr. Jamieson, was one of the early ministers of the Secession, and presided over the Antiburgher congregation of Duke Street, Glasgow. As John was also designed for the ministry, he was sent, in early life, to the university of his native city, where his philological capacities obtained for him respectable notice as an apt and diligent scholar in Latin and Greek. But this was by no means the field in which he was ultimately destined to excel; and his bent was already indicated, in his love of ancient ruined towers, and black-letter books. His vocation evidently was not to master a dead, but to revive a dying language; by far the more glorious achievement of the two.

After the usual course of logic, ethics, and physics, he became a student in theology, and his proficiency excited the highest expectations of future success as a minister. At the close of his theological course, he was taken on trials as a licentiate by the General Associate Presbytery of Glasgow, and licensed as a preacher in 1780. Two congregations were soon desirous to have him for their minister; the one in Dundee, and the other in Forfar. In this question of contending claims, it was for the Associate Synod to decide; and, in consequence of their preference to the call from Forfar, Mr. Jamieson was ordained to the pastoral charge in that town by the Secession Presbytery of Perth, in 1781.

At the early age of twenty-two Mr. Jamieson thus entered upon the sacred office of a minister. It was at that time one of peculiar difficulty among the Secession body; for the ferment produced in this country by the French Revolution, and the political suspicions which it diffused through the whole community, caused all who did not belong to the Established Church to be considered as disloyal, or at least discontented subjects. Mr. Jamieson, of course, was regarded, at his entrance into Forfar, as one who might become a teacher of sedition, as well as a preacher of the gospel of peace. But he had not been long there when his conduct disarmed the suspicious, and procured him general confidence and esteem; while his able clerical labours were rewarded with a full congregation and permanent usefulness. He thus made trial of his ministry for sixteen years, during which period he married the daughter of a neighbouring proprietor, who gladdened the course of his long life, and died only a year before his own decease. It was in Forfar also that he commenced his life of authorship, and his first production was of a kind the least to be expected from a plodding, word-sifting antiquary—it was a poem! It was published in 1789, and entitled, the “Sorrows of Slavery, a Poem, containing a Faithful Statement of Facts respecting the Slave-trade.” We suspect that, though most of our readers may have read the splendid lyrics of Cowper and Montgomery on the same subject, they have not chanced to light upon this production of Jamieson. He made another attempt of the same nature in 1798, when he published “Eternity, a Poem, addressed to Free-thinkers and Philosophical Christians.” But during the interval between these two attempts, his pen had been employed in more hopeful efforts. These were, an “Alarm to Britain; or, an Inquiry into the Causes of the Rapid Progress of Infidelity,” which he published in 1795, and a “Vindication of the Doctrine of Scripture, and of the Primitive Faith concerning the Divinity of Christ, in reply to Dr. Priestley’s “History of Early Opinions,” which appeared in the same year. The last was a work of great scholarship and research, as well as cogent argument; and in these departments, at least, he showed himself a full match for his formidable antagonist. Another work, which he published during his ministry in Forfar, was of a different bearing, as may be learned from its title, which was, “Sermons on the Heart.”

By these labours Jamieson won for himself an honourable name in literature, that was especially grateful to the religious community to which he belonged, and they testified their feeling in a way that was not only creditable to him, but to themselves. A call was sent to him in 1796, from the congregation in Nicolson Street, Edinburgh, whose pastor, the Rev. Mr. Banks, had left them for America. The Synod at the time judged his transfer from Forfar to Edinburgh inexpedient, and decided accordingly; but the Nicolson

Street congregation thought otherwise, and renewed their call, and were successful, so that he was inducted as their minister in June, 1797. Jamieson's clerical duties were thus multiplied by a new and more extensive field of labour; but he did not remit those literary exertions which had thus far been crowned with success. In 1799 he published his "Remarks on Rowland Hill's Journal." In 1802 appeared his work, in two volumes octavo, entitled the "Use of Sacred History;" and in 1806, the "Important Trial in the Court of Conscience." His next work, and by far his most important, was the "Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language." The Herculean attempt which he proposed to himself in this work, and which he has so successfully accomplished, was the following:—

1. To illustrate the words in their different significations, by examples from ancient and modern writers.

2. To show their affinity to those of other languages, and especially the northern.

3. To explain many terms which, though now obsolete in England, were formerly common to both countries.

4. To elucidate national rites, customs, and institutions, in their analogy to those of other nations.

The history of this national production of Jamieson is worthy of particular notice. When he first engaged in a task to which his early studies and pursuits had been so congenial, he had meant to produce nothing more than a work of small dimensions—a mere vocabulary or glossary of the Scottish tongue; and in the notes which he had prepared for the occasion, the names of his authorities were merely mentioned, without further reference. It was then suggested to him that the Dictionary would be more acceptable to the public, as well as more satisfactory as a standard, if he quoted those passages at full by which his definitions were confirmed. He acted upon this advice, being fully persuaded of its correctness, and the consequence was, that his drudgery was again to be undergone, and that, too, with many heavy additions, so that he went over the whole ground not only a second, but, in many cases, a third time. It was not wonderful if, under such a process, the result was two goodly quarto volumes, instead of a slim duodecimo. The new light, also, which broke upon him in the course of his studies, was sufficient to inspire him with tenfold ardour in the task. At the outset he had supposed, in common with the prevalent opinion, that the Scottish language was, in fact, no language at all, but a mere dialect of the Anglo-Saxon; and that, as such, its fountain was at no greater distance than England, and of no higher antiquity than the days of Hengist and Horsa. His interviews, however, with a learned Icelander, suggested another and more important theory: this was, that the primitive words of the Scottish dialect were not Saxon, nor even Celtic, but Gothic. Were the Lowlanders of Scotland, then, the descendants not merely of Anglo-Saxon captives and refugees, but of a still more illustrious race—even of those who conquered Rome herself, and opened the way to the regeneration of Europe? Such, he concluded, *must* be the case; and the only difficulty that remained was to prove it. This he endeavoured to accomplish, by demonstrating that the Picts were not a Celtic but a Gothic race; and that from them, and not the Welsh or the Saxon, we derive these peculiarities of the Scottish tongue. This theory, which he supported with a great amount of learning and probability, is published in his "Dissertation on the Origin of the

Scottish Language," prefixed to the Dictionary. The Dictionary itself was published in 1808-1809, to which a Supplement, in two other quarto volumes, was added in 1825. As the first portion of the work was soon out of print, he published an abridgment of it in 1818, in one volume octavo. All this was an immense amount of labour for a single mind, and the literary world was astonished at his long-continued, unshrinking perseverance, as well as the successful termination that required it. But still he never considered it completed, and continued his additions and improvements to the last; so that, at his death, two large volumes in manuscript had accumulated, nearly ready for the press. And besides all this, his antiquarian industry was employed upon other tasks of a kindred nature. In 1811 he published "An Historical account of the Ancient Culdees of Iona, and of their settlement in England, Scotland, and Ireland." In 1814 appeared his "Hermes Scythicus, or the Radical Affinities of the Greek and Latin languages to the Gothic." In 1817 he contributed to the Edinburgh Philosophical Transactions a paper "On the origin of Cremation, or Burning of the Dead." In the year following he unexpectedly appeared in a "Grammar of Rhetoric and Polite Literature." He also edited two important national productions which, on account of their obsolete language, were fast hastening into general forgetfulness. These were, the "Wallace" of Blind Harry, and the "Bruce" of Barbour.

This list of Jamieson's publications, of a strictly scholastic nature, may startle some who recollect that, all the while, he was minister of an Antiburgher congregation; and that, too, in the heart of Edinburgh. How were his clerical duties fulfilled, and his people satisfied? But while he was delighting the literary world by his valuable productions, and winning the foremost place in Scottish antiquarianism, he was not regardless of theology as his proper sphere. In 1811 he published a sermon, entitled "The Beneficent Woman;" in 1818, a sermon on "The Death of the Princess Charlotte;" and in 1819, "Three Sermons concerning Brotherly Love." His close attention to his pastoral duties had also endeared him to his congregation, while they were proud of the high reputation of their minister, which was thrown with a reflected lustre upon themselves. An event also occurred in their religious body that highly gratified his Christian feelings of brotherly affection and unity, as well as the enlarged and liberal aspirations of his intellectual character. This was the union of the Burgher and Antiburgher divisions of the Secession Church, who, after having kept apart until there were no longer grounds for separation, at length agreed to reunite, and be at one. This consummation he had long earnestly sought; and besides using every effort to procure it, he preached and published two sermons recommendatory of the union, which was accomplished in 1820. Ten years after this gratifying event, Dr. Jamieson, whose age had now passed the three score years and ten, and had entered the last decade of the series whose "strength is but labour and sorrow," resigned his charge of Nicolson Street congregation, and withdrew into private life. And in his old age he was soon alone, for his numerous family, of fourteen children, had gone successively to the grave before him, many of them when they had reached the season of manhood, and one of them, Robert Jamieson, when he had become one of the most distinguished lawyers in Scotland. Last of all his wife died, also, only a year before his own death, and while his final illness was creeping upon him. But it was then, when nothing more remained for him, that he felt the immeasurable superiority of religion, and the comfort

which it can impart, when even literary fame, the purest of all earthly consolations, has no longer the power to charm. He died at his house in George Street, Edinburgh, on the 12th of July, 1838, in the eightieth year of his age.

JEFFREY FRANCIS.—This eminent barrister, and still more distinguished critic, was born in Edinburgh, on the 23d of October, 1773. His father was George Jeffrey, one of the depute-clerks of the Court of Session; his mother was Henrietta Loudon, daughter of Mr. John Loudon, farmer, in the neighbourhood of Lanark. Francis, the subject of our memoir, was the eldest son of a family of five children; and it will be seen, from the foregoing particulars, that the success of his future career, be it what it might, could derive little aid from paternal wealth or interest. After having learned to read and write, he was sent, at the age of eight, to the high school of Edinburgh, and there he continued six years, employed almost entirely in the dry study of Latin—for in those days the high school *curriculum* had not expanded beyond its ancient limits. The first four years of this long course were spent under Mr. Fraser, one of the teachers, who had the distinguished honour of being preceptor successively to Walter Scott, Francis Jeffrey, and Henry Brougham; the last two years he was taught by Dr. Adam, rector of the institution, and author of the "Roman Antiquities," under whose able tuition he matured his knowledge of Latin. One day, towards the close of this course, an incident occurred which seldom fails to influence a young aspiring mind at its outset: he saw one of the truly great, whom the world is proud to worship. One day, on the High Street, his notice was arrested by a plain country-looking man, in whose appearance there was nothing remarkable but a pair of large dark eyes, which, when animated, were wont to glow from their deep recesses like lighted charcoal. The young critic even already seemed to have discovered that no ordinary merit was thus passing before his view, so that he continued to gaze after the stranger, until a person standing at a shop door tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Ay, laddie, ye may weel look at that man! That's Robert Burns!" After this Jeffrey might say, "*tantum Virgilium vidi*," for although he afterwards enjoyed the intercourse of Campbell, Scott, and Byron, he never saw Burns again.

Having finished his preparatory education at the High School, Jeffrey, now in his fourteenth year, was sent to the university of Glasgow. His first year was devoted to the study of Greek under Professor John Young, one of the most finished Grecians and elegant scholars of his day; the second to Logic, under Professor Jardine, a teacher in whom the faculty of calling forth the latent capacities of his pupils, and turning them to good account, seemed to be a kind of instinct. He was thus singularly fortunate, in having two such preceptors as an educational institution seldom possesses at the same time; and to the benefits which he derived from their instructions he bore a most honourable and enthusiastic testimony many years after, in his inaugural address to the college on being elected its Lord Rector. Of Jardine he said, "It is to him, and his most judicious instructions, that I owe my taste for letters, and any little literary distinction I may since have been enabled to attain." Such was his declaration when he had attained the very highest literary distinction; and there are some who can still remember how the tears rolled down the cheeks of the good old professor, when he found himself thus gratefully and unexpectedly requited. During his third season at college, Jeffrey attended the course of Moral Philosophy under Professor Arthur, the successor of Reid, a man whose promise of high distinction was closed by an early death. Thus fortunate in



his opportunities of superior instruction, the young student devoted himself with earnestness to his successive tasks, and appears, even then, to have indicated not only his future bent, but the eminence he would attain in it. His note-books at the different classes were not merely *memoranda*, but regular digests of the lectures; he was already a keen critic both of sentiment and composition; and in the debating society of the students, of which he was a member, he was soon distinguished as one of its most ready speakers. These aptitudes, however, were still more distinctly exhibited in his private studies from May 1789, when he left the college of Glasgow, till September 1791, when he went to Oxford. This interval of a home life, which so many youths of seventeen regard as a season of rest, or spend they know not how, was with Jeffrey anything but a period of repose or frivolity, as his piles of manuscript written between these dates sufficiently attested. Seated by the light of his "dear, retired, adored little window," as he called it, of the garret of his father's house in the Lawnmarket, he handled his already indefatigable pen upon subjects of poetry, history, criticism, theology, metaphysics; and the result of his diligence is attested by twelve letters in the manner of the "Spectator," and thirty-one essays, the latter being written within the compass of six months, while his criticisms alone comprise fifty authors, chiefly French and English. Even then, too, the voice of prophecy was not wanting to predict his future renown. One night, while taking his "walk of meditation," he found James Boswell, the biographer of Johnson, utterly prostrated upon the pavement by intoxication. It was a fresh case of that *Quare adhesit pavimento*, for which Boswell, on awakening from one of his bivouacs in the street, found in his right hand a brief and retainer. Jeffrey, aided by some lads, carried the fallen worshipper of Paoli and Johnson to his home, and put him into bed. On the following morning Boswell, on learning who had been his benefactor, clapped young Jeffrey's head, and among other compliments said, "If you go on as you have begun, you may live to be a Bozzy yourself yet."

At the close of the last century a conviction or prejudice was prevalent in Scotland, that the education of an English university was necessary to complete that of a Scottish one. It was deemed essential, therefore, that Francis Jeffrey, after having ended his curriculum at Glasgow, should amplify and confirm it at Queen's College, Oxford; and thither, accordingly, he repaired at the close of September, 1791. But there he found neither the happiness nor improvement he had expected. His hopes, perhaps, had been raised too high to be fulfilled; and to this disappointment was superadded such a pining consumption of homesickness as would have been enough for either Swiss or Highlander. It is no wonder, therefore, if, among his letters of this period, we find such a lugubrious sentence as the following:—"I feel I shall never be a great man, unless it be as a poet." In the following month he writes: "Whence arises my affection for the moon? I do not believe there is a being, of whatever denomination, upon whom she lifts the light of her countenance, who is so glad to see her as I am!" A poet, it is evident, he was in danger of becoming, instead of a censor and scourge of poets; and this melancholy and moon-staring was but the commencement of a hopeful apprenticeship. With the same morbid feelings he contemplated the society around him, and characterized them all as drunkards, pedants, or coxcombs. Few men depended more upon locality for happiness than Jeffrey, and Scotland was not only his native country, but his native element. To this, therefore, and not to any inherent defects in the education or students of Ox-

ford, we may trace his querulous murmurs; so that the whole world was changed when he looked at it from Arthur's Seat or the Pentlands.

On returning to Edinburgh, at the age of nineteen, Jeffrey appeared little changed by his sojourn in England. He was the same vivacious, alim, short stripling as before, with the same wide range of thought and fluency of language that had so often charmed or nonplussed his companions. In one respect, however, a material change had occurred: he had abandoned his native Doric dialect for that sharp, affected, ultra-English mode of pronunciation, that afterwards abode with him more or less through life, and which was in such bad taste, that Lord Holland declared, "though he had lost the broad Scotch at Oxford, he had only gained the narrow English." It was now full time to make choice of a profession in good earnest, and prepare for it, as hitherto his law studies at Oxford had been little more than nominal. He might, if he pleased, be a merchant under his paternal uncle, who was settled at Boston, in America; but he felt no vocation for mercantile labour and adventure. Literature he would have chosen in preference to anything, and, of all literary occupations, that of poetry; but authorship as a trade was too precarious, and the fame of a poet too unsubstantial. Then, there was the English bar, which gave full scope to the utmost ambition; but Jeffrey knew withal that the great expense of preparation, followed by that of waiting for practice, was more than his resources could encounter. Nothing remained for him but the profession of a Scottish advocate, for which his father's legal acquaintanceships could secure him as much practice as would suffice for a commencement. Here, then, his choice rested, and he became a student of the classes of Scotch Law in the university of Edinburgh. But besides these he had, in the Speculative Society, of which he became a member at the end of 1792, a still more effectual spur to progress, as well as better training both for law and criticism. This society had been established in the college of Edinburgh, in 1764, for the purposes of reading literary and scientific essays, and holding forensic debates upon the subjects of these essays; it had already produced, during the forty-eight years of its existence, some of the most distinguished characters of the day; and when Jeffrey enrolled he found himself a fellow-debater of those who afterwards obtained the foremost name in their respective walks of life. Of these it is sufficient to name Sir Walter Scott, Lord Brougham, Lord Moncrieff, Francis Horner, and William Scarlett, at that time young men, but with whom it was impossible for the most talented to contend without being braced by such formidable exercise. It was no wonder, therefore, that by such weekly meetings Jeffrey soon perfected himself in the practice of composition, and became a ready and eloquent debater. Three years was the usual period of attendance; but after this term he continued for four years a voluntary visitor, and took part in its proceedings with unabated interest. In 1834, when he had reached the full summit of his reputation as sovereign of the empire of criticism and champion of the Scottish bar, he presided at a dinner, to celebrate the seventieth anniversary of the institution, and gloried in acknowledging the benefits he had derived from it.

Jeffrey had now reached his twentieth year, and was busy in preparation for passing as a Scottish advocate, while he thus characterized himself: "I have lived on this earth very nearly one score of years, and am about to pass some professional trials in a few months, who have no fortune but my education, and who would not bind myself to adhere exclusively to the law for the rest of my life for the bribery of all the emoluments it has to bestow." He had so learned

to love literature for its own sake that, be his occupation what it might, his favourite recreations would still be found in criticism and the *belles-lettres*. This he afterwards more distinctly intimated in a letter to his brother, where he writes: "I shall study on to the end of my days. Not law, however, I believe, though that is yet in a manner to begin; but something or other I shall—I am determined." But what was that something? as critic or poet—reviewer or reviewed? It will scarcely be believed that while studying law he had also been equally diligent in verse-making, so that a poetical translation of the "Argonauticon" of Appollonius Rhodius, two dramatic productions, and a large bundle of descriptive and sentimental poems, were the fruits of this dangerous pursuit. Happily, however, a healthier spirit was rising within him; and it was manifested by keeping his poetry not merely from the press, but the perusal of his friends. At length, the full cure of this intermittent disease was effected on the 16th of December, 1794, for on that day he was admitted to practise as an advocate at the Scottish bar—an occupation from which there is no retreat except to politics or agriculture, and a place at which, of all others, the Muses have least dared to intrude.

The position which the northern barristers at that period occupied, could only be peculiar to such a country as Scotland. In England, indeed, the occupation could raise a talented practitioner to greater wealth and higher political rank; but the English bar was only a part of the great whole, and had but a single voice in the complicated administration of the common weal; and to whatever height it might lead its best and ablest, there was still a summit above them which they could not reach, and under which they were overshadowed. But in Scotland the case was different. The Union, that had annihilated every national distinction, had left our tribunal untouched. Here, then, was the place around which the whole nationality of the country could rally, and through which the *ingenium perfervidum* could find utterance; and therefore, the Parliament House, besides being a court of law, was palace, council, and senate of the now abrogated kingdom of Scotland. Such were the attractions which the Scottish bar possessed, and hitherto they had sufficed, not only for the highest talent, but the best aristocracy of the country. But here, also, the old feudalism of Scotland had made its last rallying effort, so that the divine right of kings, the unquestionable right of lairds, and the superiority of everything that was ancient, were the favourite axioms of the Edinburgh Court of Session. All this, indeed, would soon have died out, had it not been for the French Revolution, which ministered new fuel to an already decaying flame, and made it burst forth with greater vigour than ever. While every nation took the alarm, and began to draw the old bands of order more tightly around its institutions, this process was judged especially necessary for Scotland, which had neither king nor parliament of its own, and was therefore deemed the more likely to join the prevalent misrule. Modern Toryism was therefore ingrafted upon the ancient Scottish feudalism, and unqualified submission became the order of the day. Even the distance from the seat of government only made our northern politics the more sensitive to every indication of independent thought or action; and thus, what was nothing more than Whiggery within the precincts of Westminster, was sheer rebellion and high treason in the Parliament Square of Edinburgh.

Such was the condition of that honoured and influential class into which Jeffrey was now admitted. It will at once be seen that the difficulties of his

new position were of no trivial amount. Even at the outset his undistinguished birth was against him; and those who belonged to the "lordly line of high Saint Clair," could scarcely be expected to admit the son of a clerk-depute into full fraternity. He undoubtedly possessed a superiority of talent that might more than counterpoise such inferiority; but here, instead of holding the field without a rival, he had many who were fully his match—competitors as well equipped for the encounter, and who attained as high professional rank and reputation as himself. Still, however, one remedy remained. The tide of Toryism was at the height, and by throwing himself implicitly upon it, he would be borne onward to fortune. And this, too, he might do not only without degradation, but with universal approval; for loyalty was the order of the day, and every step was commended that went against the anarchy with which throne and altar were menaced. But Jeffrey was a Whig. From an early period he had revolved the questions of civil and political liberty, and instead of discarding them as the mere Brutus and Cassius dreams of college boyhood, he had clung to them with all the greater tenacity as years went onward; and, now that he was about to enter into active life, he boldly avowed them as the conclusions of his matured judgment, and the principles of his future political conduct. And what chance had he, then, of success in a profession where his opinions of popular rights were not only condemned as mischievous, but despised as vulgar and mobbish? There were men, indeed, not only in Edinburgh, but even the Court of Session, who in political principles were like-minded with himself; but they were for the most part so independent either by family, or fortune, or position, that they could better afford to oppose the prevailing current than a young man to whom the pathway of life was just opened, with nothing but his own energies to bear him forward. Taking all these circumstances into account, there is none, be his principles in politics what they may, who can refuse to Jeffrey the award of unswerving integrity and high heroic consistency. And, truly, he reaped the reward he merited, not only in his own advancement, but the final ascendancy of those obnoxious political doctrines which he so bravely advocated and consistently maintained through good and through evil report.

On commencing practice at the bar, Jeffrey laboured under a difficulty upon which, perhaps, he had not calculated. This was the unlucky half English mode of speaking which he had learned or assumed at Oxford, but which he had not the good taste to discard at Edinburgh; and such was the strength of popular prejudice at this period, that there were few who would not have scrupled to intrust the management of a law case to an "Englified" pleader. With this mode of speech, which was thought to savour of affectation, he combined an oppressive sharpness of tone, volubility of words, and keenness of sarcasm, calculated to wound the self-love of those who could not parry and return the thrusts of such an agile fencer. His business, therefore, as an advocate went on very slowly, and his fees were proportionably scanty. Most of the cases, indeed, which passed through his hands, were obtained by the influence of his father. The necessity of having some other dependence than the bar became so strong, that in 1798 he conceived the idea of commencing authorship in London as his future profession; and for this purpose he repaired thither, furnished with introductions to the editors of some of the principal reviews and newspapers, and buoyed up with the expectation that he would quadruple the scanty revenue that he could ever hope to enjoy from his pro-

fession in Edinburgh. But London was not destined to be his sphere, and notwithstanding his introductions, he got so little encouragement, that he was soon glad to return. He resumed his very limited practice as an advocate, although with a thousand plans of emancipation, that ended as such dreams generally do, but still improving his knowledge, as well as increasing the circle of his literary acquaintances. At length, as if to place the cope-stone upon his desperate fortunes, he adventured upon marriage, and in 1801, became the husband of Catherine Wilson, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Wilson, professor of Church History at St. Andrews, a second cousin of his own. Jeffrey's income at this time averaged nothing more than £100 per annum, while his wife had no fortune, except the inestimable one of an amiable affectionate disposition and pleasing manners, that shed a gentle charm over her whole household economy. The happy pair established their domicile in a third story of Buccleugh Place, which they furnished upon the most cautious scale of economy. But it was in the study of this dwelling, and around the plain table and few chairs of which the study could boast, that a plan was formed by which not only the literature of Scotland, but of Europe itself was to be revolutionized, and upon which Jeffrey himself was thenceforth to depend for the high literary reputation and prosperous career that accompanied him to the end.

We allude to the establishment of the "Edinburgh Review." Hitherto, in the Critical department of literature in England, a review had been little more than a peg upon which to hang a book for advertisement; and the individual merits of each work were more attended to than the great general questions of science, literature, or politics, which it more or less involved. In Scotland the department of criticism was at a still lower ebb; for the country had no regular review, the only one which it possessed, called the "Edinburgh Review," having expired in 1756, after a short twelvemonth of existence. But the world was ripe for change, and the whole framework of intellectual and political society was already loosening, for the purpose of being resolved into new forms and combinations. It was evident, therefore, that either in London or in Edinburgh some standard periodical should be established, to meet, and, if possible, to direct and control the coming change—and this, it was evident, could only be done by a more ample system of reviewing than had hitherto been attempted. Such was the impression that for some time had been floating through the minds of the more observant in Edinburgh; but to embody that impression, and reduce it to action, was still the difficulty. This, however, was soon obviated. A meeting of Jeffrey's literary friends was assembled at his dwelling in Buccleugh Place, and there the idea of such a review was started, and the plan of its management deliberated. The proposal was due to the Rev. Sydney Smith, who is entitled "The original projector of the Edinburgh Review;" an eager discussion followed; and as the night without was very tempestuous, the coterie made themselves merry with the thought of the still greater storm they were devising within. The plan, after several such meetings, was settled, and it was resolved to bring out the first number of the work in June, 1802, but, from several causes, the publication was delayed till the 10th of October. Its descent upon the literary world was followed by a burst of astonishment—it exhibited such a form and character of criticism as the British public had never yet thought of—and that such should have been produced in a remote nook like Edinburgh, greatly heightened the general wonderment. The contributions of Jeffrey on this occasion were five in number, and his critique upon

"Mourier on the Influence of the French Revolution," was the first in the work. His importance in the future character and success of the "Review" was even thus early predicted by Horner, also one of the contributors, who made the following entry in his private journal:—"Jeffrey is the person who will derive most honour from this publication, as his articles in this number are generally known, and are incomparably the best. I have received the greater pleasure from this circumstance, because the genius of that little man has remained almost unknown to all but his most intimate acquaintances. His manner is not at first pleasing; what is worse, it is of that cast which almost irresistibly impresses upon strangers the idea of levity and superficial talents. Yet there is not any man whose real character is so much the reverse. He has, indeed, a very sportive and playful fancy, but it is accompanied with an extensive and varied information, with a readiness of apprehension almost intuitive, with judicious and calm discernment, with a profound and penetrating understanding." It was no small praise that Jeffrey should already have acquired so high a character in a talented community such as we might now look for in vain in Edinburgh. The chief of these, besides Horner himself and Sydney Smith, were Lord Brougham; Brown the professor of Moral Philosophy; Lord Webb Seymour; Mr. Hamilton, afterwards professor of Sanscrit at Halesbury College; Dr. John Thomson, who became professor of Pathology in the University of Edinburgh; Mr. Reddie, afterwards town-clerk of Glasgow; Mr. Thomas Thomson, the eminent Scottish antiquary; and Lord Murray, now judge of the Court of Session. All these were young men full of talent and ambition, to whom the "Edinburgh Review," at its commencement, was a vent for feelings and theories that had been accumulating for years. Above all, it enabled them to give full utterance to those political principles that were so obnoxious to the rulers of the day, and so doubly proscribed in Scotland. Each individual no longer stood alone, but was part of a collected and well-disciplined phalanx; and instead of being obliged to express his opinions in bated breath, and amidst an overwhelming uproar of contradiction, he could now announce them in full and fearless confidence, through a journal which was sure of being heard and feared, at least, if not loved and respected.

As the "Edinburgh Review" was a new experiment in literary adventure, its outset was accompanied with many difficulties, arising from want of experience among its chief conductors; and therefore it was obliged, in the first two or three years of its existence, to grope its way, step by step, as it best could. It was launched even without a pilot, for Sydney Smith edited no more than the first number. The meetings of the contributors were held with all the dread and mystery of a state conspiracy, in a little room off Willison's printing-office in Craig's Close, to which each member was requested to steal singly, by whatever by-way would be least suspected; and there they examined and criticised each other's productions, and corrected the proof-sheets as they were thrown off. These contributions, also, for the first three numbers at least, were given gratuitously. No journal, it was soon felt, could long make head against such deficiencies; and the first important advance in improvement was, to appoint Jeffrey sole and responsible editor. The dismal and ludicrous secret meetings in the back room of the printing-office quickly disappeared—for what author, however in love with the anonymous, could long continue to be ashamed of being a writer in the "Edinburgh Review?" The rapid sale of the work, and the large profits it realized, made the payment of articles a necessary

consequence, and therefore the first remuneration was fixed at ten guineas a sheet, which rose to sixteen as the *minimum* price, while the editor was salaried at £300 per annum. By these changes, a coalition of talented writers were bound together, and pledged to the furtherance of the work. But the life and soul of that coalition was Jeffrey, and nothing could have been more appropriate than his appointment to the editorship. Unconsciously, he had made his whole life a training for the office, not only by the multifariousness of his studies, but his early practice of analyzing the authors he read, as well as his own miscellaneous compositions, so that the practice as well as the talents of a critic were ready for instant action. On the appointment being offered to him, he had some dubitation on the subject, which he thus expresses at full to his excellent friend and adviser, Francis Horner:—"There are *pros* and *cons* in the case, no doubt. What the *pros* are I need not tell you. £300 a-year is a monstrous bribe to a man in my situation. The *cons* are—vexation and trouble, interference with professional employment and character, and risk of general degradation. The first I have had some little experience of, and am not afraid for. The second, upon a fair consideration, I am persuaded I ought to risk. It will be long before I make £300 more than I now do by my profession, and by far the greater part of the employment I have will remain with me, I know, in spite of anything of this sort. The character and success of the work, and the liberality of the allowance, are not to be disregarded. But what influences me the most is, that I engaged in it at first gratuitously, along with a set of men whose character and situation in life must command the respect of the multitude, and that I hope to go on with it as a matter of emolument along with the same associates. All the men here will take their ten guineas I find, and, under the sanction of that example, I think I may take my editor's salary also, without being supposed to have suffered any degradation. It would be easy to say a great deal on this subject, but the sum of it, I believe, is here, and you will understand me as well as if I had been more eloquent, I would undoubtedly prefer making the same sum by my profession; but I really want the money, and think that I may take it this way, without compromising either my honour or my future interest."

Such was the train of reasoning by which Jeffrey committed himself to the "Review." It was that important step in life which a man can take but once, and by which the whole tenor of his after-course is determined. In Jeffrey's case it was both wise and prosperous, notwithstanding the manifold feuds of authorship in which it necessarily involved him. It was not merely from the small fry of writers, who writhed under his critical inflictions, that these quarrels arose, but also from men of the highest mark, whom he tried by a standard proportioned to their merits, and therefore occasionally found wanting. In this way he offended such distinguished authors as Scott, Byron, Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge; but in most instances the resentment he kindled was transient, and followed by a cordial reconciliation. Even Byron, the most indignant and most formidable of the whole, recanted his vilifications of Jeffrey in a much higher strain of poetry than that which characterized his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." But of all these quarrels, that with Thomas Moore threatened to be the most serious. In 1806 the young poet of Erin published a volume, which will ever remain a blot upon his fair fame. It was entitled "Epistles, Odes, and other Poems;" and notwithstanding its undoubted merits, which no one was more ready to acknowledge than Jeffrey, he opened

his critique with such a burst of indignation as the offence of the poet merited. After acknowledging the high talents of Moore in a few sentences, the reviewer thus continues: "He is indebted, we fear, for the celebrity he actually enjoys to accomplishments of a different description; and may boast, if the boast can please him, of being the most licentious of modern versifiers, and the most poetical of those who, in our times, have devoted their talents to the propagation of immorality. We regard his book, indeed, as a public nuisance, and would willingly trample it down by one short movement of contempt and indignation, had we not reason to apprehend that it was abetted by patrons, who are entitled to a more respectful remonstrance, and by admirers, who may require a more extended exposition of their dangers." The article throughout was judged to be so personal, that the poet resolved to redress himself in another way than by writing a rejoinder, either in prose or verse. In short, he resolved to call the critic out, a purpose which he was enabled to effect in consequence of a visit that Jeffrey made to London a short time after the article was published. The hostile parties met in a field near London, and Jeffrey was attended on this occasion by his friend Horner. The police, however, had got intelligence of their purpose, and arrested the combatants when the duel was about to commence. On reaching the police-office the pistols were examined, when it was found that Jeffrey's contained no bullet, as it had probably dropped out when the weapon was snatched from him; while that of the poet was furnished with the usual complement of lead, and ready for execution. A foolish affair in itself, the meeting was rendered more ridiculous still by the reports that were founded upon the harmless pistol, both weapons being represented as in the same condition, and fit to produce nothing more than a little noise. The offending parties, being bound over to keep the peace, resolved to adjourn the combat to the neutral ground of Hamburg. But better thoughts occurred, and an explanation followed, in which Jeffrey declared that it was the morality of the book, and not of the man, which he had judged and condemned; while Moore professed himself satisfied with the explanation. Nothing was more natural than that two such fiery spirits should pass from the extreme of dislike to that of friendship; and such was the case with Moore and Jeffrey, whose affection for each other continued till the close of life.

We have already seen the misgivings of Jeffrey as to the effect which his literary censorship would produce upon his progress at the bar. In this respect his fears were happily disappointed; for, although his progress was not rapid, it was steadily growing from year to year, accelerated on the whole, rather than retarded, by his office of reviewer. The literary society of Edinburgh, also, was constantly increasing, and among these he was enabled to take an important stand, as the highest and most influential of British critics. Even the death of his amiable wife, which occurred in 1805, and which he felt more deeply than any calamity that ever befell him either before or after, only drove him more keenly into the duties of active life. And these were neither few nor trivial; for, besides his practice, both in the civil and criminal courts, he took an important share in the legal business of the General Assembly, in which he continued a pleader for twenty years. Saving this mournful domestic bereavement, all things went prosperously onward, so that by the commencement of 1807 he thus writes to his brother: "I work at the 'Review' still, and might make it a source of considerable emolument if I set any value on money. But I am as rich as I want to be, and should be distressed with more, at least if I were to



work more for it." Of the journal itself, also, Sir W. Scott, who disliked its political principles with a full measure of feudal and Tory dislike, thus testifies to its popularity: "Of this work 9000 copies are printed quarterly, and no genteel family *can* pretend to be without it; because, independently of its politics, it gives the only valuable literary criticism which can be met with." This unprecedented success not only alarmed the enemies of political innovation, but excited their literary ambition. Could not a coterie be assembled in London as learned and talented as that of Edinburgh, and an antagonist journal be started as formidable as this critical Goliath? At length the decision was precipitated by an article in the "Edinburgh Review" for October, 1808, on "Don Pedro Cevallos on the French Usurpation of Spain." This talented paper, written by Jeffrey himself, which ventured to run counter to the political enthusiasm of the day upon the subject of Spanish patriotism, excited the Tory resentment to the highest pitch; and the feeling was expressed in every form, from the magnificent disdain of the Earl of Buchan—who kicked the offensive number through his lobby, and into the street, believing that thereby he had sealed for ever the fate of the "Edinburgh Review"—to the calm but stern disapproval of Sir Walter Scott, who thus wrote to its publisher: "The 'Edinburgh Review' *had* become such as to render it impossible for me to continue a contributor to it; *now* it is such as I can no longer continue to receive or read it."

The plan of the "Quarterly," which had for some time been contemplated, was soon arranged, and its first number appeared in February, 1809. It is honourable to the "Edinburgh Review" to state, that its system of management was the one adopted by the new rival journal, at the recommendation of Sir Walter Scott. This plan was unfolded by Sir Walter in a letter to Gifford, the newly-appointed editor of the "Quarterly," previous to its commencement. His letter, from which we give the following extract, sufficiently shows how essential Jeffrey had been to the prosperity of the Edinburgh periodical, as well as the sagacious measures which he had adopted for the purpose. Indeed, they may be said to have formed the exemplar of all the numerous magazines of our day—"The extensive reputation and circulation of the 'Edinburgh Review' is chiefly owing to two circumstances: first, that it is entirely uninfluenced by the booksellers, who have contrived to make most of the other reviews merely advertising sheets to puff off their own publications; and, secondly, the very handsome recompense which the editor not only holds forth to his regular assistants, but actually forces upon those whose circumstances and rank make it a matter of total indifference to them. The editor, to my knowledge, makes a point of every contributor receiving this *bonus*, saying that Czar Peter, when working in the trenches, received pay as a common soldier. But there is still something behind, and that of the last consequence. One great resource to which the Edinburgh editor turns himself, and by which he gives popularity even to the duller articles of his 'Review,' is accepting contributions from persons of inferior powers of writing, provided they understand the books to which the criticisms relate; and as such are often of stupifying mediocrity, he renders them palatable by throwing in a handful of spice—namely, any lively paragraph, or entertaining illustration that occurs to him in reading them over. By this sort of veneering, he converts, without loss of time, or hinderance of business, articles which, in their original state, might hang in the market, into such goods as are not likely to disgrace those among which they are placed." In this way Jeffrey plumed many a heavy article, and sent it soaring heaven-

ward, which, without such aid, would have been doomed to dabble in the mud. It is evident, however, that this, the most important, was also the most difficult of all editorial labours; and without a very skilful hand, would have converted the process of fine veneering into clumsy patchwork. It must have been amusing in not a few cases, to see a grave contributor to the "Edinburgh Review" reading his article for the first time in print, and wondering at his own wit and vivacity!

Notwithstanding the merited success of the "Quarterly," Jeffrey felt neither envy nor alarm; there was now room enough in the literary world for both journals, and the excellence of the one was a healthy stimulus to the other. His affairs were also so prosperous, that after successive removals to more fashionable mansions in Edinburgh, he was enabled, in 1812, to occupy a country house at Hatton, near Edinburgh, once a seat of the earls of Lauderdale. This antique residence was soon enlivened by an additional tenant. In 1810, Jeffrey had met with Miss Charlotte Wilkes, grand-niece of the celebrated John Wilkes, who was on a visit to Edinburgh with her uncle and aunt, and this acquaintance ripened into an attachment, that was followed by marriage in 1813. As the lady, however, resided in New York, it was necessary that Jeffrey should repair to America for his bride; and thither accordingly he went, notwithstanding his invincible abhorrence of the sea, and impatience of the restraints of navigation. His journal of the voyage, as might be expected, is a wrathful enumeration of cloudy skies, gales, sea-sickness, lumbered decks, soured companions, and squalling children; ending with, "If I get back safe to my own place from this expedition, I shall never willingly go out of sight of land again in my life." It was well that such a consolation awaited his landing, in one who, for thirty-four years, was the comfort of his life and enlivener of his home. At his return to Edinburgh, in the beginning of 1814, he threw himself into the work of the "Review" with fresh ardour, for the disastrous campaign of Napoleon in Russia, and the series of important events that rapidly followed, by which the whole history of the world was changed, gave full scope to his political prelections. In 1815, he removed his country residence from Hatton to Craigherook, about three miles to the north-west of Edinburgh, and there his summers were spent till the close of his life. The mansion at first consisted of nothing but an old tower; but this and the adjacent grounds he enlarged, improved, and beautified, as he would have done with some article for the "Review" that was too dull to be published in its original state, but too good to be neglected. By successive additions, the building was expanded into a stately baronial residence, while the thirty or forty acres that surrounded it gave full exercise to that taste for the pleasing and the beautiful which hitherto he had expressed only in theory. There, also, he gathered round him such distinguished characters as Atticus himself might have envied. "What can efface these days," exclaims his affectionate biographer, "or indeed any Craigherook day, from the recollection of those who had the happiness of enjoying them!"

A change in the Scottish tribunal at the beginning of 1816, brought Jeffrey into greater legal practice than ever. This was the introduction of juries for the trial of facts in civil causes; and for such a department he soon showed himself well fitted, by his versatile intellectual powers, the variety of his knowledge, and ready command of every kind of oratory. Here, too, the fact of his connection with the "Review," instead of retarding his progress, only brought him clients in multitudes, for he was now recognized as the champion of popular

rights, as well as a most able and accomplished pleader. Yet, with this great addition to his professional duty, neither his diligence nor productiveness as a writer was abated, so that, independently of his wonted labours in the "Review," he wrote the article "Beauty" in the "Encyclopædia Britannica"—a treatise that, notwithstanding the fluctuating nature of every theory upon that subject, will always continue to be admired for the metaphysical depth of its sentiments, and the classic finished elegance of its style. This tide of success, however, was on one occasion interrupted. Strange to tell, Jeffrey stuck a speech! In 1818, John Kemble was about to take leave of the Scottish stage; and as his admirers proposed to give him a public dinner in Edinburgh, Jeffrey was commissioned to present him a snuff-box at the banquet. He rose for the purpose with full confidence in that extemporaneous power which had never failed him; but when the dramatist raised his kingly form at the same instant, and confronted him with magnificent obeisance, the most fluent of speakers was suddenly struck dumb—he sat down, with his speech half-finished and his gift unrepresented!

It was now time that honorary distinctions as well as substantial profits should descend upon the successful critic and barrister, so that he should become something more than plain Francis Jeffrey. These were now at hand; and the first that adorned him, appropriately enough came from a seat of learning. His own college of Glasgow had not lost sight of its early *alumnus*; and after having elected the highest and most talented to the office of Lord Rector of the University, the claims of the prince of critics to fill it ought not to be overlooked. So felt the young students, by whose suffrages the rector is chosen, and in 1820, notwithstanding the hostility of the professors, whose dislike of Jeffrey's Whiggism could not be overcome, he was invested with the honoured distinction. After this, proposals were made from influential quarters to obtain for him a seat in parliament; but these he declined: it was from the court of law and not the senate that his next honours were to be obtained. Accordingly, in 1829, he was unanimously elected Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, the highest honour which his own profession can bestow, and all the more honourable that the election was by the votes of his brethren. It was no trivial indication of political change, that the editor of the "Edinburgh Review" should have been appointed to such an office, in the very heart of Edinburgh, and by a body of men who had in former times been the keenest and most influential champions of Toryism. It was necessary, however, that his editorship should cease, and he gladly resigned it into younger hands. On his election to the deanship, he thus announced the fact of his resignation, and its reason: "It immediately occurred to me that it was not quite fitting that the official head of a great law corporation should continue to be the conductor of what might be fairly enough represented as in many respects a party journal, and I consequently withdrew at once, and altogether, from the management." It was not an easy sacrifice to relinquish an office so congenial to his tastes and habits, which he had held for twenty-seven years, and which he had raised by the force of his talents to such high distinction in the literary and political world. The list of his contributions during this period is truly astounding, not only for quantity, but variety. They amounted in all to 201 articles, a selection from which was published in eight volumes, under his revision, in 1843. After having been Dean of Faculty for a very short period, Jeffrey, in 1830, was appointed Lord Advocate. This office, although resembling that of the Attorney-General in

England, has few recommendations beyond those of mere distinction, to a successful practitioner at the Scottish bar; for, besides affording a salary of only £300 per annum, it has legal and political duties attached to it, sufficient for the utmost energies of the most talented individual. For three years and a half he continued in this laborious office, during which period he was almost exclusively occupied with the important measures of parliamentary and burgh reform, and spent much of his time in attendance upon the House of Commons, which he did as member for the Forfarshire burghs, and finally for the burgh of Malton. His situation in the House of Commons was anything but a sinecure, as the passing of the Reform Bill for Scotland, of which he was the official manager, cost him many speeches and sleepless nights, as well as a vast amount of daily anxiety. After this great work was successfully accomplished, his chief ambition was to represent his native city in the first reformed parliament. Nothing, indeed, could be more legitimate than such ambition after the toils he had undergone in the cause of reform, not merely as Lord Advocate of Scotland, but also as the ablest of political writers in behalf of the measure, when its very idea was reckoned tantamount to high treason. His wish was gratified. He was put in nomination as candidate for the representation of Edinburgh, and returned by a majority of votes on the 19th of December, 1832, after which he resumed his parliamentary duties, and the incessant worry with which the adjustment of the details of the Reform Bill was connected. While thus employed, a vacancy occurred on the bench of the Court of Session, in 1833, and Jeffrey was appointed to this, the highest office which a Scottish lawyer can attain. But what he valued more highly was, that it freed him from the harassing labours of parliament, and those of Lord Advocate, and restored him to the society of his friends, and full enjoyment of his home. It was the natural feeling of one who had already passed threescore years of life, and passed them in toil and intellectual exertion such as had well purchased the boon of repose.

Having ceased from his avocations as lawyer and reviewer, and passed into that peaceful but dignified office to which his merits had so honourably won their way, the rest of the narrative of Jeffrey's life may be briefly told. On the 7th of June, 1834, he took his seat on the bench, with the title of Lord Jeffrey, instead of assuming a territorial one from the landed property which he possessed. Was this humility, eschewing a pompous designation as savouring too much of aristocracy and feudalism?—or pride, that felt as if his own family name had now been raised to such distinction as to make a lordly change unnecessary? Both feelings may have been so curiously blended in the choice, that it would be better to leave them unquestioned. At all events, the familiar name of Jeffrey was more grateful to the literary ear than Lord Craigcrook, or any other such title could have been. His official duties required his attendance in the court every morning at nine o'clock, and thus, with him, the virtue of early rising was enforced by necessity. During the winter, when the court was sitting, his place of residence was Edinburgh; he then usually repaired in spring to London or its neighbourhood; and in autumn he lived at his residence of Craigcrook, which seemed every year to become more and more endeared to his affections. Having now so much leisure upon his hands, and that, too, it may be added, for the first time in his life, he was often urged by his friends to write some important original work, in which his whole intellectual power would be condensed, and his fame embodied for the esteem of posterity when

the "Edinburgh Review" itself would be supplanted by younger and more popular candidates. But to this his answer was, "I have no sense of duty that way, and feel that the only sure, or even probable result of the attempt, would be hours and days of anxiety, and unwholesome toil, and a closing scene of mortification." It was the apology of one who had already written so much that he had become weary of the task—or who had written so well, that he was afraid of risking all he had already won upon such a final and decisive cast. At all events, he rested satisfied with the fame he had already acquired, and in this way it may be that he acted wisely. On the 27th of June, 1838, his daughter, and only child, was married to William Empson Esq., professor of Law in the East India College, Haileybury; and this union, besides imparting an additional charm to his yearly visits to England, produced to him those solaces for his old age, which, perhaps, a new successful literary undertaking would have failed to impart. These were the little grandchildren, who were soon entwined like rich tendrils around his affectionate heart, and in whose society he renewed all the freshness and buoyancy of his early youth.

In his capacity of judge, Lord Jeffrey was connected with those decisions of the Court of Session that preceded the disruption of the Church of Scotland; and his award was in favour of that party by whom the Free Church was afterwards constituted. He took an intense interest in the whole controversy from the commencement, and even at an early period foresaw that a disruption was inevitable, while he lamented such a fatal necessity. But still his heart was with the dissentients, for he saw that they could not act otherwise, consistently with their convictions as to the spiritual independency of the church. Thus he felt while their case was discussed in the Court of Session, and afterwards removed by appeal to the House of Lords, and he regarded the final award of the supreme tribunal as short sighted, unjust, and tyrannical. At length, the crisis approached, for the meeting of the General Assembly of 1843 was at hand. His interest about the result in the great coming conflict of the church was thus expressed: "I am anxious to hear what her champions and martyrs are now doing, and what is understood to be their plan of operation at the Assembly. It will be a strange scene any way, and I suppose there will be a separation into two assemblies." He knew too well the elements of the Scottish character, and was too conversant with the history of our national church, to believe, as most of the politicians of the day believed, that the opposition of the evangelical party would break down at the last moment under the argument of manse, glebe, and stipend. But would the secession be on such a scale as to constitute a great national movement? Or when the crisis came, might there not be such a fearful winnowing as would reduce the protesting party to a mere handful? At length the day and the hour of trial arrived. Jeffrey was reading in his study, when tidings were brought to him that the whole body had departed as one man—that four hundred and fifty ministers had fearlessly redeemed their pledge to sacrifice their earthly interests at the command of duty, and had left the Assembly to constitute another elsewhere! He threw the book from him, and exclaimed, in a tone of triumph, "I am proud of my country! no other than Scotland," he added, "would have acted thus."

The remainder of Lord Jeffrey's life was passed in the enjoyment of a happy old age, his duties of judge, to which he attended to the last, being alternated with social intercourse, domestic enjoyment, and reading—that incessant process of acquiring new ideas, without which it seemed as if he could not have sur-

vived for a single hour. Thus his course went on till the close of 1849; but though still exhibiting much of his former activity, as well as enjoying every source of happiness, he knew that this must soon terminate. "I have made," he thus writes to his son-in-law and daughter, "a last lustration of all my walks and haunts, and taken a long farewell of garden, and terrace, and flowers, seas and shores, spiry towers, and autumnal fields. I always bethink me that I may never see them again." He had, indeed, seen the last of his autumns; for on the 22nd of January following, after a brisk afternoon walk round the Calton Hill, he was attacked by bronchitis, a complaint to which he had for several years been more or less subject; but so little did he apprehend the consequences, that he thought that, at the worst, they would only compel him to resign his place on the bench. But death was advancing with a swift though silent step, and after four days of illness, in which he suffered little, and anticipated a speedy recovery, he breathed his last. This was on the 26th of January, 1850. He, too, felt his ruling passion strong in death; for in his dreams during the three nights previous to his dissolution, the spirit of the Edinburgh reviewer predominated, so that he was examining proof-sheets, reading newspapers, and passing judgment upon arguments or events as they rose before his mind's eye in the most fantastical variety. During the last year of his life, his walks had carried him to the Dean Cemetery, where, amidst its solemn vistas, enlivened with the song of the blackbird, he had selected the spot which he wished to be his final resting-place; and there, accordingly, his remains were deposited on the 31st of January.

Mrs. Jeffrey outlived her husband only a few months. She died at Haileybury, on the 18th of May, and her remains were interred beside his, in the Dean Cemetery.

## K.

**KEITH, SIR ROBERT MURRAY, K.B.**—In this distinguished personage we have presented before us the rare character of a high-minded, honourable, upright diplomatist. But, what is perhaps equally rare, he was a *Scottish* diplomatist. That our country, which has produced so many distinguished men, should have left such a profitable walk almost unoccupied, and that a people so accustomed to veil their feelings, so habituated to self-command, and so shrewd and penetrating, should yet be able to produce so few names illustrious for diplomatic talent, is one of those inexplicable anomalies that stand out so strongly in the national character, to the great perplexity of ethnical psychologists. It classes with the fact that the Scot, who at any moment is ready to die for his country, is equally prompt to quit it, and in no great hurry to return to it.

That branch of the Keiths to which the subject of this memoir belonged, was descended from the Keiths of Craig, in Kincardineshire. He was the eldest son of General Sir Robert Keith, who for some time was ambassador at the courts of Vienna and St. Petersburg; his mother was a daughter of Sir William Cunningham, of Caprington; his sister, Mrs. Anne Murray Keith, the intimate and esteemed friend of Sir Walter Scott, was beautifully delineated by the great novelist, under the name of Mrs. Bethune Baliol, in the "Chronicles of the Canongate." Robert was born on the 20th of September, 1730. His father being

much abroad, employed in his public duties, and his mother having died when he had only reached the early age of eleven, the youth was thus left in a great measure to his own management ; but even already the maternal care had cultivated that high moral sense and delicacy of feeling which his character afterwards exhibited ; while his father's letters prepared him for those diplomatic employments by which he was to secure for himself an honoured name in the political world. The education of Robert Murray Keith was for some time conducted at the High School of Edinburgh, and this he turned to good account in after years, by using Latin, which he could do fluently, both by speech and writing, in various parts of Europe, when his communications could not be so fitly expressed in ordinary language. At the age of sixteen he was removed to an academy in London ; and as the military profession was at this time his choice, he studied riding the great horse, fencing, French, fortification, music, and drawing. All this was enough for an accomplished soldier, but to these he added a thorough knowledge of modern languages, at that time too much neglected in education ; so that besides French he had a complete command of Dutch, German, and Italian—a circle which he afterwards widened so greatly, that among his studies he was able to specify his “ten tongues” as part of his daily employment.

On completing his education, Robert Murray Keith received a commission in a Highland regiment employed in the Dutch service, and known by the name of the Scotch-Dutch, where he continued till the age of twenty-two, and had attained the rank of captain when the regiment was disbanded. He then entered the service of one of the German states, but found it the roughest of all military schools, on account of the hardships and privations that attended it. Among the other necessities of life, the article of fuel was dealt out with such a sparing hand, that he was obliged, in the depth of winter, to keep constant watch over it—a necessity that brought upon him the habit of sleep-walking. With all this, the chance of military glory as a recompense was somewhat uncertain, for he was attached as adjutant-general and secretary to Lord George Sackville, who commanded the English contingent of the allied army under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick. Sackville found it necessary to resign ; but Keith, through the influence of his father, was soon appointed to serve in a new Highland corps, raised for the war in Germany, with the rank of major-commandant. He was now one of the leaders of a body of men from whom much was expected, and who by no means disappointed the expectation. Although these Celts were raw undisciplined lads, fresh from their native hills, they were marched into the fire only the third day after their arrival ; and under Keith they attacked a village sword in hand, and drove out of it a regiment of veteran dragoons with great slaughter. In consequence of their gallant behaviour more Highlanders were sent to Germany, and well did they justify the wise policy of Chatham in employing them, as well as the declaration of the Prince of Brunswick, that “they did wonders.” Such was the case throughout the campaign of 1760, and at the battle of Fellinghausen, in July, 1761. On this occasion the claymore was more than a match for the bayonets of the choicest troops of France, whom the Highlanders defeated with great loss ; while their kindness to the wounded and prisoners after the battle, if possible, surpassed their valour in the field. In fact, the celebrated but diminutive Marshal Broglie, who commanded against them, and contrasted their prowess with their light, short, spare figures, declared, when the fight was over,

that "he once wished he were a man six feet high, but now he was reconciled to his size, since he had seen the wonders performed by the little mountaineers."

Soon after, Keith's military career terminated, for the Highland corps was disbanded in 1763. After a year spent in Paris, where his manners and accomplishments made him a universal favourite, he returned to London, and was promoted to the rank of colonel. Four years were spent in the metropolis, when, in 1769, Colonel Murray Keith, whose high civil capacities and aptitude for business had been discerned by Mr. Pitt, was appointed British envoy to the court of Saxony. To Dresden he accordingly repaired, where he appears to have had little occupation besides that of keeping open the friendly relationship between that country and Great Britain, and playing a conciliatory part with all the gay assemblies in which Dresden abounded. His letters at this period give an amusing sketch of the nature of his duties, and the manner in which they were performed:—"I'll give you a little sketch of my way of living.—Morning, *six o'clock*: Dish of coffee, half a basin of tea, *billets-doux*, embroiderers, toymen, and tailors. *Ten*: Business of Europe, with a little music now and then, *pour égayer les affaires*. *Twelve*: *Devoirs* at one or other of the courts (for we have three or four), from thence to fine ladies, toilettes, and tender things. *Two*: dine in public—three courses and a dessert; venture upon half a glass of *pure wine*, to exhilarate the spirits without hurting the complexion. *Four*: *Rendezvous*, sly visits, declarations, *ecclatsemens*, &c., &c. *Six*: Politics, philosophy, and whist. *Seven*: Opera, *appartement*, or private party; a world of business, jealousies, fears, poutings, &c. After settling all these jarring interests, play a single rubber of whist, *en attendant le souper*. *Ten*: Pick the wing of a partridge, *propos galans*, scandal, and *petites chanson*. Crown the feast with a bumper of Burgundy from the fairest hand, and at *twelve* steal away mysteriously *home to bed*." "And is this the way a kingdom may be ruled?" exclaims the disappointed reader. But why not, if peace instead of war is to be the order of the day? From this droling sketch it will be evident that Colonel Keith always kept his head cool for action, whatever might occur, and that, too, in a country where dissipation and deep drinking, even in courtly halls, made the latter half of the day little better than a nullity.

If Keith secretly felt that he occupied an unworthy position, from having so little to do, he was soon cured of this uneasiness by being transferred to the court of Denmark. At Copenhagen the whole scene was changed. There, foreign influence was jealously watched, and the diplomatists of Europe held at a wary distance. The gay parties, in which public measures could be openly and frankly discussed, were discountenanced; and so completely was the society of the court broken into circles, that even at the theatre they were obliged to confine themselves to their separate places. "Those who sit two boxes from me," he writes, "might as well be in Norway, for any manner of communication I can have with them. It is really ridiculous to see how the world is parcelled out here into no less than nine classes, six of whom I must never encounter without horror." All this, however, he endured and surmounted with his usual tact, and performed the duties of his mission to the satisfaction of his own court, but without exciting the suspicion of the Danish government. It was much, indeed, that a heart so open and a disposition so buoyant should have maintained this tranquillity in such a freezing atmosphere; and, therefore, while he waited for orders, and fulfilled them punctually when sent,



he thus expressed his private feelings :—"In the meantime I heartily consign that old haridan, Etiquette, with all her trumpery, to the lowest underling of all possible devils."

A fatal necessity soon occurred for Keith to give all these jealous court restrictions to the winds, and hurl defiance at the very throne of Denmark. To understand this the most important event of his life, we must premise that the Danish sovereign, Christian VII., had for his queen, Matilda, sister of George III. But Christian, unfortunately, was a strange compound of idiot and madman, such as Europe had scarcely seen, even in the worst days of the Roman empire. In the course of his travels he had picked up a certain physician, Struensee, whom he ennobled and appointed to the first place in the government; and so implicitly did he put trust in his favourite, that every measure, whether of court or kingdom, was wholly regulated by the parvenu Count Struensee. It is easy to imagine with what feelings both nobles and people regarded his elevation; but as if their united dislike had been insufficient for the ruin of the luckless stranger, Christian himself aggravated their hatred of the man of his choice, by the incredible fooleries in which it was his pleasure to indulge. Among these, one of his royal pastimes was to go down on all fours, and play the part of a horse!—and not content to top his part by gamboling and neighing, he must needs also complete the resemblance by receiving a due portion of the kicks and cuffs too often bestowed upon the nobler animal which he aspired to imitate. Count Brandt, the friend of Struensee, who was compelled to play the part of the surly groom on this occasion, by being threatened with the punishment of a traitor if he disobeyed, was afterwards beheaded for his compliance. Such was the husband of Matilda! But this was not the utmost of her calamity; for an ambitious and unprincipled queen-mother was also dominant in the court of Copenhagen; one who had studiously perverted poor Christian both in mind and body from infancy, that she might pave the way for the succession of her son, Prince Frederick, and was now bent upon the ruin of Matilda, as one by whom her aims were likely to be defeated. It was by this Até that the court was set against the young and beautiful queen, and her husband, who really loved her, withdrawn from her society; and when Matilda, thus forsaken, was obliged in self-defence to form a coalition with the powerful minister, it was foully insinuated that their meetings were for the purpose of adulterous intercourse. She was thus traduced, that she might be the more easily and effectually destroyed. Even the high talents which Struensee undoubtedly possessed, and his superior accomplishments and manners, were quoted to confirm the accusation. To seize the queen and minister was now the aim of their enemies; but although several schemes were laid for the purpose, they were always defeated by accident. At length a masked ball was given one night at the palace; and amidst the rest and security that usually follow a revel, the conspirators entered the king's bed-chamber, and by frightening him with the report of a conspiracy against his life, obtained from him an order for the instant arrest of the queen, Count Struensee, and their followers. Struensee and Brandt were seized in their beds, and hurried off to the citadel of Copenhagen; Matilda, in her night-dress, was apprehended in her own bed-chamber, and after an agonizing struggle to gain access to the king, which was prevented by the guards with their crossed muskets, was incarcerated in the fortress of Cronenburg. On the following morning the streets of Copenhagen rang with huzzas of mob-loyalty, and in the evening they were lighted with

an illumination. The people were taught that the queen was not only an adulteress, but had attempted to poison her husband; and while the churches were filled with thanksgiving for the preservation of such a valuable sovereign, it was easy for the senate, without waiting the ceremony of trial, to declare her guilty of both charges.

It was now the season for Colonel Keith to despise etiquette, and dare the utmost. Hitherto he had seen and lamented the situation of his sovereign's sister; but the jealousy with which the proceedings of the court were guarded had prevented his interference, and the astounding explosion had taken him, as it did every one else but the queen-mother and her agents, at unawares. Alone, amidst an excited and infuriated capital, he forced his way into the council where the fate of the queen was at issue, and denounced war against Denmark if a single hair of her head was touched. The British fleet was to be immediately summoned to Copenhagen, and the bombardment of the capital commenced. It was an act worthy of the proudest days of Rome, when her ambassador drew a line upon the sand, and commanded the king of Egypt not to cross it until he had decided whether he would have peace or war. After having delivered this stern declaration before the council, upon whom it fell like a thunderbolt, Keith despatched a messenger to his own court with an account of the proceedings, and a request for further orders, and till these should arrive, he locked up himself and his household, and remained for four weeks in a state of quarantine, or rather of siege and defiance. At the end of that time the expected packet arrived, and on eagerly opening it, the insignia of the Order of the Bath fell at his feet. It had been inclosed by the king's own hands, to mark his sense of Sir Robert's heroic conduct, and was accompanied with a command to invest himself forthwith, and appear at the Danish court. It was thus seen that the ambassador's menace was no idle threat, but would be made good, if need were, by a British armament. Brandt and his patron, Struensee, were, indeed, tried as traitors, and executed with revolting cruelty, having first their right hands cut off, and afterwards their heads. But against Matilda they dared not proceed to the extremities they intended. After being confined two months in a fortress, she was sent to the castle of Zell, in Hanover, where she died before her day, the broken-hearted victim of infamous accusations.

After this tragic event, Sir Robert was weary of Copenhagen. During nearly a twelvemonth that he had resided there he had never experienced anything like kindness, and this reserve would soon, in all likelihood, have been changed into downright rudeness. For was Danish pride likely to forget how he had braved it at its height? Fortunately he was not subjected to the experiment; for in November, 1772, he was appointed to hold at Vienna the situation of British ambassador, the same office which his father had held nearly twenty years before, at the court of Maria Theresa. Vienna appears to have been more to Sir Robert's taste than Copenhagen, but it was only because it was the least of two evils, for, in other respects, the Austrian capital appears to have been a huge compound of frivolity and dullness. The following is his sketch of it: "The ephemeral fly, which is born in the morning to die at night, might hold up the conversation of one half of our most brilliant aides. The play, the dance, your horse, my coach, a pretty embroidery, or a well-fancied lining, these are the favourite topics; upon every one of which I am a numskull of the first water. I never play at cards; *ergo*, I am not only a stupid fellow, but an useless one." Cards, indeed, he held in utter detestation, and could not be

persuaded to touch them, either in jest or earnest; and yet the Viennese were such a gambling, card-playing people, that a diplomatist could have little chance among them, unless he countenanced them in their folly. Sir Robert, in this case, hit upon the following compromise, on the ingenuity of which he valued himself not a little: "A lady who is generally remarkably lucky at cards, but who had lately a bad run of about a week, complained t'other day loudly of her misfortunes, and said she must soon relinquish cards, her favourite amusement. I immediately thought I might strike an advantageous bargain with this dear creature, and satisfy all mankind. I therefore agreed to attack Dame Fortune with *my* money and *her* fingers; and now she plays her three parties every day in my name, and at my risk; and I am now one of the prettiest card-players in Vienna—*by proxy!*" All this was dull enough at the best; but one of his official duties was to endure it with a contented countenance, and appear happy with everything around him. His chief consolation consisted in epistolary correspondence with his friends at home, and while he freely imparted to them those lively communications in which his duties of political secrecy were not compromised, he was urgent for a full requital. Amidst these interchanges, also, the thought of his own country, of which he had seen so little, was always uppermost, and he was anxious for its improvement; so that amidst his diplomatic cares he would attend to the welfare of Scottish plantations as zealously as if he had been a retired country gentleman. Upon this head, among many other topics, he thus writes to his only sister, the Margaret Bethune Baliol of Sir Walter Scott: "And now pray, my dear Anne, let me appoint you my substitute with G—— (his bailiff in Tweeddale), to din into his ears '*Trees, trees, trees,*' every time you meet him. I have not a twig of his planting at the hall, and I own I expected a forest. This is no joking matter; I would rather be master of a handsome plantation and *hedgerows*, than a mine of gold; so you know you can and will pursue it. You shall be the ranger of the new forest in Tweeddale, and your husband, when you get one, shall be Lord Warden of the Marches." Want of trees at this time did indeed constitute the nakedness and the shame of Scotland; and though exertions had for some time been going on to repair the deficiency, all that had as yet been done was little better than Adam's fig-leaf. It is pleasing to contrast with this the gay costume of foliage with which our country is clothed in the present day.

After having ably discharged his duties of envoy at Vienna, Sir Robert was a second time appointed to the office. The sky of Europe was already lowering with the coming French Revolution, so that the utmost political foresight and circumspection was necessary; and here he showed himself a statesman fitted for the crisis. In his duties he was grievously hampered by the remissness of the home government, that left his despatches unanswered; and in 1788 we find him writing to the Marquis of Caermarthen, then Secretary of State, upon the subject, with an honesty somewhat rare in diplomatic correspondence, and with a strict, stern disinterestedness, which few of our envoys would venture to use towards their official superiors. Fifty-three letters he had already written to the Secretary's office, without receiving an answer to any of them. After an indignant remonstrance at such neglect, he adds: "A complete change of system, in regard to German politics, has become not only expedient, but indispensably necessary. But that it should have taken place in the king's councils without any secretary of state's having ever given me the most distant

intimation of such a decision, is what I cannot comprehend. I am bold to say (and I should not deserve the honour of serving the king as his minister at the first court of Germany if I refrained from saying it *loudly*) that such concealment is disgraceful to me in the position in which the king has placed me, and likewise prejudicial to his service." The conclusion to this remonstrance was inevitable:—unless the injury was "immediately repaired by confidential information and instructions," he must tender his resignation of an office for which he was thus declared unfit. The integrity and decision of the justly offended statesman were too well known to be trifled with, and his appeal was followed with due acknowledgment.

The political career of Sir Robert Murray Keith was closed with the pacification of Austria, Russia, and Turkey, previous to the excesses of the French Revolution—a pacification which his labours tended greatly to accomplish. He died at Hammersmith, near London, in 1796, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

KEMP, GEORGE MEIKLE.—This architect, whose great work, the Scott Monument, one of the noblest ornaments of Edinburgh, has secured the admiration of Europe, and the approbation of the highest judges of architectural excellence in every country, was the son of a lowly shepherd, who pursued his occupation on the southern slope of the Pentland Hills. Such a scenery, where nothing but nature predominated, in the form of bare brown mountains and dashing waterfalls, was the least of all adapted to create a perception of the beautiful in art; so that, had not Kemp been born an architect, he would probably have been to the end of his days a shepherd or a mechanic. But at the age of ten years, having been sent on a message to Roslin, only six miles distant, he then, and for the first time, beheld the creative power of man, in the remains of the ancient castle of Roslin, and above all, in its exquisite gem, the chapel. The delight he experienced at this new revelation, and the earnestness with which he gazed at each portion of the work, not only confirmed his choice of life, but abode with him as vivid remembrances to the end of his days. The present, however, had to be cared for in the meantime; and young Kemp, as soon as he was fit for work, became apprentice to a joiner near Eddlestone; and when his term of service had expired he went to Galaahiel, where he was employed nearly a twelvemonth in the workshop of a millwright. This last-mentioned locality brought him into the neighbourhood of those districts where some of the richest specimens of ancient cathedral architecture which our island contains are all but grouped together; and thus he had many an opportunity of inspecting the remains of the abbeys of Melrose, Dryburgh, Kelso, and Jedburgh. After having fully studied these inspiring lessons, until Kemp, the humble millwright, had become heart and soul an architect, he went to England, where he worked a short time as a joiner, but omitting no opportunity of pursuing his natural vocation by studying the remains of Gothic architecture. A specimen of his zeal in this way was his walking fifty miles to York, to inspect its cathedral, and afterwards returning on foot. From Lancashire he removed to Glasgow, where he lived some time as a journeyman at his craft, and as a student within the massive shadows of the cathedral. Mr. Kemp came to Edinburgh in 1816 or 1817, and remained in the employment of the same party, as a joiner, until May, 1824, when he went to London. During this period he displayed the same bent of mind, as he was in the constant habit of making excursions into the country, even to remote districts, to examine some object of interest. A Roman camp, a fragment of Norman or early Gothic architecture, a battle-field,

or the birthplace of some poet or warrior, all alike interested him. In pursuit of some such object he would often leave his work for days together. He was fortunately an excellent pedestrian, and could walk forty miles a-day with ease; for in those days the facilities of railway travelling did not exist. Kemp was an ardent admirer of our older poets. Chaucer, Sir David Lindsay, and Drummond, were his favourites; Burns he could almost repeat by heart; and he wrote occasional verses himself. Nor did he entirely neglect his musical powers. He was fond of the violin, and could bring out his favourite Scotch airs on that instrument with taste and feeling. Kemp, therefore, while following his humble calling, was recognized by his immediate friends as a man of genius; and, during the whole period of his residence in Edinburgh, he was on terms of closest intimacy with the family of his employer, with whom, on all festive occasions, he was a welcome guest.

Having learned, in this manner, all that Britain could teach him in the science of Gothic architecture, Mr. Kemp resolved to carry his researches into a more ample field. His design was to travel over Europe, inspecting its ancient remains of architecture, wherever they were to be found, and supporting himself, during his stay in the neighbourhood of each, by working at his ordinary trade. It was the spirit of the ancient builders, who roamed in companies from land to land, and whose footsteps a thousand years have not erased—men who were content to merge their individual names into the band of which they were a part, and into the art which they so devotedly and disinterestedly loved; and who cared not, if their works only survived to future ages, whether posterity should retain or throw aside the memory of those by whom such permanent sanctuaries for peace and contemplation were created in the midst of universal strife and havoc. It must have been such men as Kemp who were the leaders and master-spirits of such bands. In 1824 he commenced his tour, which extended from Boulogne to Abbeville, to Beauvais, and Paris, halting at each place for some weeks, and studying their architectural remains during every hour of leisure in his handicraft employment. In such a city as Paris his pecuniary difficulties might have been increased but for the demand of English workmen in France for mill machinery; and as Kemp was skilful in this department, he obtained full and profitable employment, so that he could confront the expenses of living in the capital, and study at leisure the details of Notre-Dame, and other less noted structures. After two years' travel of this kind in England and France, Kemp, on returning to Edinburgh, commenced business as a joiner, but was unsuccessful—and could he well be otherwise, when his heart was neither in the wood-yard nor at the planing-board? His hand, indeed, was more conversant at this time with the pencil than with axe or saw; and he was busy in the study of drawing and perspective, in which he soon became a proficient without the aid of a master. Having been unsuccessful in business as a master-joiner, Kemp returned to his former station as journeyman, to which he added the employment of an architectural draughtsman; and such was now the superior beauty and correctness of his drawings, that they soon found purchasers. One of the commissions of this kind he received was from Mr. Burn, the eminent architect, by whom he was employed to copy some of the working-drawings for the palace proposed to be built at Dalkeith, as the future mansion for the princely house of Buccleuch. Instead, however, of proceeding with the drawings, he set about modelling a section of the building in wood, and with such success, and so greatly to the satisfaction of the architect, Mr. Burn, that

it resulted in a commission to do the whole edifice in the same style. On receiving this commission, he commenced the model with characteristic enthusiasm, and his own modest apartments soon becoming too small for the work, the architect's ample drawing-room was, for the time being, converted into a workshop, and in it this remarkable specimen of zeal, ingenuity, and neat-handedness, was brought to a satisfactory conclusion, after occupying Kemp and an assistant for two whole years. After the miniature palace was finished, it was transferred to the vestibule of the ducal residence at Dalkeith, of which it forms an attractive ornament.

Amongst the engagements into which the occupation of draughtsman brought him, was that of furnishing drawings for a work illustrative of the Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Scotland, similar to Britton's "Cathedral Antiquities," projected by Mr. James Johnston, engraver, Edinburgh. For this his intimate knowledge of architectural detail eminently qualified him; and he accordingly, during the years 1832, 1833, executed a number of drawings of singular correctness and beauty, besides a large series of preparative sketches, embracing Elgin, Pluscardine, Kinloss, Melrose, Roslin, and other of our ecclesiastical remains. During the progress of these drawings, Mr. Kemp and the publishers of the present work became acquainted. After Mr. Johnston's premature death, the drawings made for him came into their possession, and Mr. Kemp subsequently completed, at their expense, the measurements and drawings of the Glasgow Cathedral, during the years 1834-35. While he was making these drawings, the project of repairing and completing this beautiful specimen of early pointed architecture was put forth by Mr. M'Lellan, in Glasgow. This led Kemp to prepare a design for the restoration and completion of the building. Fully to exhibit the character of this design, and to demonstrate his ability to construct it if employed to do so, he, in the years 1837, 1838, and 1839, at much sacrifice and labour, prepared a model of the entire cathedral, in which so perfectly did the new portions harmonize with the old, that it would have puzzled any architect, not conversant with the building as it really stood, to tell what part was old, and what were Mr. Kemp's additions. Unhappily, the design would have cost more money to execute than there was at that time any expectation of obtaining, from government or otherwise; and it remains only an evidence of Mr. Kemp's persevering patience, skill in handicraft, and architectural genius.

Thus matured in taste, talent, and skill, by an apprenticeship that was unique in the history of modern architecture, it was now full time that the knowledge of Mr. Kemp's abilities should be extended beyond the circle of his admiring friends, into the world at large. Nothing less, indeed, than a great national work was adequate to such a genius; but what chance was there that an aproned, hard-handed mechanic would be intrusted with such a commission, especially when so many learned Vitruvius were in the field? Happily enough, however, the chance did come. The more than national, the *universal* desire to erect a monument to Sir Walter Scott in the fair metropolis of that country for which he had done so much, and the proposals that were issued for plans of the work, excited an unwonted stir of artistic emulation; it was an opportunity by which the fortunate candidate might link himself to the undying fame of the great poet and novelist. Fifty-four plans sent to the head-quarters of the committee of subscribers in Edinburgh were the fruits of this competition, of which plans there were twenty-two Gothic structures, eleven statues combined

with architectural accompaniments, fourteen Grecian temples, five pillars, one obelisk, and one fountain. Amidst such a profusion the committee made no decisive choice; but, in terms of their agreement, they selected the best three for the prize of £50 a-piece, and laid themselves open for fresh competition. Of the three designs thus distinguished above the rest, two were by eminent English architects, and the third by some individual who as yet had no name of his own, or was shy of bringing it into notice, for he signed himself John Morvo. Who was this John Morvo? It was no other than Kemp himself, who had thus come timidly forward, and secured a safe retreat in case of failure. In five days he had drawn the plan, during which period he had suspended his work on the model of the Glasgow Cathedral, with which he was at this period occupied; and as soon as it was done he resumed his labour, apparently thinking no farther of a trial in which the chances were so hopelessly against him. In this mood he trudged home from Linlithgow on the evening of the day of decision, and on crossing his threshold was met by his wife, with news of the three lucky candidates, which she had learned from an acquaintance, and whose names she repeated. What a happy moment it must have been for both when the real John Morvo was revealed!

As the lists were now opened for a second trial, Kemp, animated by his late success, was ready to resume it with double ardour. His first plan had been a tall Gothic tower or spire, whose original conception and details he had adapted from Melrose Abbey, a structure the lines of which had been for years impressed upon his memory, and of which, also, three drawings that he had executed in 1830 first brought him into notice as an architect in the highest sense of the term. Adopting his earlier design as the groundwork, he now produced such an improvement upon it as secured for it the choice of the whole committee, with the exception of only two dissenting voices—one on the plea that Kemp was unknown, and the other that his plan was a plagiarism. The declaration, however, of the committee, that the "design was an imposing structure of 135 feet in height, of beautiful proportions, in strict conformity with the purity in taste and style of Melrose Abbey, from which it is in its details derived," and the attestation of Mr. Burn, who expressed to the committee "his great admiration of the elegance of Mr. Kemp's design, its purity as a Gothic composition, and more particularly the constructive skill exhibited throughout in the combination of the graceful features of that style of architecture, in such a manner as to satisfy any professional man of the correctness of its principle, and the perfect solidity which it would possess when built"—these testimonies sufficed, in the first instance, to show that Mr. Kemp's plan was a congenial inspiration, not a plagiarism, and that, if he was still unknown to the world, he ought to be so no longer. But who would now think of adducing such frivolous objections, with the testimony of the whole world against him? The Scott Monument has been visited from every land; engravings of it are diffused over the wide earth; and as long as it stands in its majestic and imposing beauty, the pilgrims of future centuries, who gaze upon it in silent admiration, will connect the name of its builder with the thought of him whom it commemorates.

Mr. Kemp had thus passed, by a single stride, from the condition of a humble mechanic to the highest rank in architectural talent and distinction; and having won such an elevation while life was still in its prime, a long perspective of professional achievements, and the rank and profit by which they would be

accompanied, was naturally anticipated for him by his friends, and perhaps by himself also. The building, too, which he had planned, was rapidly rising from base to summit, while at each step the public eye detected some new beauty, and waited impatiently for the completion. But here the life of the artist was brought to a sudden and most disastrous termination. He had been absent from home, employed in matters connected with the structure; and on the evening of the 6th of March, 1844, was returning to his dwelling at Morning-side, through Fountainbridge, when, in consequence of the darkness of the night, he had diverged from the direct road, and fallen into the canal-basin at the opening. His body was found in the water several days afterwards, and the whole city, that had now learned to appreciate his excellence, bewailed the mournful event as a public calamity. It was intended to deposit his remains in the vault under the Scott Monument, as their fitting resting-place; but at the last hour this purpose was altered, and the interment took place in St. Cuthbert's church-yard; while every street through which the funeral passed was crowded with spectators. Such was the end of this promising architect, when his first great work, now nearly completed, surpassed the latest and best of those of his cotemporaries, and gave promise that architecture would no longer be classed among the *artes perditæ* in Scotland. Mr. Kemp was married in September, 1832, to Miss Elizabeth Bonnar, sister to the eminent artist, Mr. William Bonnar. He left four children, two boys and two girls, three of whom survive him. His eldest son, a student of architecture, died in December, 1853, at the age of twenty. He was a youth of rare promise and amiable manners, inheriting all his father's genius and enthusiasm for art.

KEMP, KENNETH G.—Of this talented scientific experimenter and lecturer, our notice must necessarily be brief, in consequence of his premature departure while his high fame was yet in progress. He was born in 1807; and as soon as he was able to make choice of a particular path in intellectual life, he selected that of chemistry, into which he threw himself with all the ardour of a devotee, or even of a martyr—this last expression being fully needed to express the daring investigations into which he directed his studies, and the equally dangerous experiments by which he arrived at new and important results in chemical science. Not the least of these were his experiments on the theory of combustion, and the liquefaction of the gases, with which he delighted the British Association at their meetings in Edinburgh in 1836. It was not surprising, also, that in such pursuits his inquisitive energetic mind should have made not only discoveries on several chemical compounds, but have recommended the science itself, as yet too generally neglected in Scotland, to the attention of his countrymen—more especially when he had obtained the situation of lecturer on practical chemistry in the university of Edinburgh. Besides his researches into the compounds of substances, and the evolution of gases, Mr. Kemp studied deeply the mysteries of electricity and magnetism, and was so fortunate as to be the discoverer of the use of zinc plates in galvanic batteries, by which that invisible power of galvanism can be controlled at pleasure, and directed to the most useful purposes. "Let us never forget to whom we owe this discovery, which, of itself, enables galvanic batteries to be used in the arts. Ages to come will, perhaps, have to thank the inventor, whom we are too apt to forget—yet still the obligation from the public to Mr. Kemp is the same." This testimony, from an eminent writer, who could well appreciate the subject, will, we trust, have its weight in identifying the discovery with its originator. Another,



which Mr. Kemp was the first to make—at least the first in Scotland—was the solidifying of carbonic acid gas.

Thus, even at an early period of life, Mr. Kemp had attained to high scientific distinction, and made the abstruse researches of chemistry a subject of popular interest in Scotland, while his example had stimulated those kindred intellects by whom further progress in the science was certain to be secured. Although this was much, still more was anticipated, when his career was cut short by a disease of the heart, under which he had laboured for years, and which, perhaps, the peculiar nature of his studies among strange substances and deleterious atmospheres had tended silently to aggravate. He died in Edinburgh, on the 30th of December, 1843, at the early age of thirty-six.

KNOX, WILLIAM.—“It may not be impertinent to notice that Knox, a young poet of considerable talent, died here a week or two since. His father was a respectable yeoman, and he himself, succeeding to good farms under the Duke of Buccleuch, became too soon his own master, and plunged into dissipation and ruin. His talent then showed itself in a fine strain of pensive poetry, called, I think, ‘The Lonely Hearth,’ far superior to that of Michael Bruce, whose *consumption*, by the way, has been the *life* of his verses. . . . For my part, I am a bad promoter of subscriptions; but I wished to do what I could for this lad, whose talent I really admired; and I am not addicted to admire heaven-born poets, or poetry that is reckoned very good, *considering*. I had him (Knox) at Abbotsford, about ten years ago, but found him unfit for that sort of society. I tried to help him, but there were temptations he could never resist. He scrambled on writing for the booksellers and magazines, and living like the Otways, and Savages, and Chattertons of former days, though I do not know that he was in extreme want. His connection with me terminated in begging a subscription, or a guinea, now and then. His last works were spiritual hymns, and which he wrote very well. In his own line of society he was said to exhibit infinite humour; but all his works are grave and pensive—a style, perhaps, like Master Stephen’s melancholy, affected for the nonce.”

In this extract from Sir Walter Scott’s Diary, an outline of the life, moral character, and literary productions of an erring and unfortunate son of genius is briefly sketched; but with the great novelist’s wonted perspicuity, sharp intuitive sagacity, and immeasurable good-nature, that never could see a fault where there was a tolerable *per contra* to recommend.

William Knox was born upon the estate of Firth, in the parish of Lilliesleaf, Roxburgh, on the 17th August, 1789, and was the son of an extensive and pastoral farmer in the shires of Roxburgh and Selkirk. As his parents were in comfortable circumstances, he received a liberal education, first at the parish school of Lilliesleaf, and afterwards at the grammar-school of Musselburgh. After having become a tolerable classical scholar, and acquired a taste for reading, especially in poetry and romance, he was sent, at little more than the age of sixteen, to a lawyer’s office, not, however, for the purpose of studying the law as a future profession, but acquiring the general knowledge and practical habits of business. This was necessary, as he was the eldest son of a family of six children, and would naturally succeed to his father’s extensive farming; but as a school of morals and virtuous habits, a lawyer’s office, at the beginning of the present century, could scarcely be reckoned the happiest of selections. After a few months’ training at law, in which he made little progress, he was called home

to assist his father; and in 1812 he commenced farming on his own account, by taking a lease of the farm of Wrae, in the neighbourhood of Langholm. But steady though he appears to have been at this period, so that he soon acquired the reputation of a diligent and skilful farmer, he was so unsuccessful that he lost all interest in agriculture, threw up the lease of Wrae in 1817, and commenced that precarious literary life which he continued to the close. Indeed, while he was ploughing and sowing, his thoughts were otherwise occupied; for even at the schoolboy age, he had been infected, as half of the human race generally are at that ardent season, with the love of poetry; but instead of permitting himself, like others, to be disenchanted by the solid realities and prosaic cares of life, he cherished the passion until he became irrecoverably a poet. Unhappy is such a choice when it can lead no higher than half-way up Parnassus! His boyish efforts were exhibited chiefly in songs and satires written in the Scottish dialect; and although, when his mind was more matured, he had the good sense to destroy them, it was only for the purpose of producing better in their season. In this way his first publication, "The Lonely Hearth and other Poems," was nearly ready for the press before he had quitted his farm.

It would be too much to follow each step of Knox's progress after he had committed himself to the uncertainties and mutations of authorship. His life was henceforth occupied not only in writing works which issued from the press, but others which were not so fortunate. It was not merely to poetry that he confined himself, in which case his stock, as a source of daily subsistence, would soon have failed; he also wrote largely in prose, and was happy when he could find a publisher. Such a course, sufficiently precarious in itself, was rendered tenfold worse by those intemperate practices that had already commenced, and which such a kind of life tends not to cure, but to aggravate. Still, amidst all his aberrations, his acknowledged talents as a genuine poet, combined with his amiable temperament and conversational powers, procured him many friends among the most distinguished literary characters of the day. We have already seen the estimate that Sir Walter Scott had formed of him: to this it may be added, that Sir Walter repeatedly supplied the necessities of the unfortunate poet, by sending him ten pounds at a time. Professor Wilson also thought highly of the poetical genius of Knox, and was ever ready to befriend him. Nor must Southey, a still more fastidious critic than either Scott or Wilson, be omitted. Writing to William Knox, who had sent him a copy of one of his poetical works, he thus expresses himself: "Your little volume has been safely delivered to me by your friend, Mr. G. Macdonald, and I thank you for it. It has given me great pleasure. To paraphrase sacred poetry is the most difficult of all tasks, and it appears to me that you have been more successful in the attempt than any of your predecessors. You may probably have heard that the Bishop of Calcutta (before he was appointed to that see) was engaged in forming a collection of hymns and sacred pieces, with the hope of having them introduced into our English churches. Some of yours are so well adapted to that object that I will send out a copy of your book to him."

The principal works of Knox besides the "Lonely Hearth," which we have already mentioned, were a Christmas tale, entitled "Mariomne, or the Widow's Daughter," "A Visit to Dublin," "Songs of Israel," and the "Harp of Zion." Much of his authorship, however, was scattered over the periodicals of the day, and especially the "Literary Gazette." As a prose writer, his works are of little account, and have utterly disappeared; but the same cannot be said

of his poetry, which possesses a richness and originality that places it on a higher intellectual scale, and insures it a more lasting popularity. It is pleasing also to record, that it is not only undefaced by a single line which a dying author would wish to blot, but elevated throughout into the highest tone of pure devotional feeling and religious instruction. In these cases, Sir Walter Scott seems to think that poor Knox was assuming a part—that he was speaking “according to the trick,” and nothing more. We would fain charitably believe, however, that the pensiveness of the erring bard was something else than affectation, and his religious feeling than hypocrisy. Had he not cause to write sadly when he yielded to his better feelings, and sat down to give vent to them in the language which he had learned in happier and purer days? Or was he singular under that

— “video meliora proboque,  
Deteriora sequor—”

which meets so many an unfortunate genius midway, like a sign-post between time and eternity, where he can do nothing more than direct others upon their heavenward journey. In the following stanzas, by which his “Songs of Zion” are prefaced, we can both recognize and understand his sincerity, notwithstanding all those unhappy inconsistencies with which it was contradicted:—

Harp of Zion! pure and holy!  
Pride of Judah's eastern land!  
May a child of guilt and folly  
Strike thee with a feeble hand?  
May I to my bosom take thee,  
Trembling from the prophet's touch,  
And, with throbbing heart awake thee  
To the songs I love so much?  
  
I have loved thy thrilling numbers  
Since the dawn of childhood's day,  
When a mother sooth'd my slumbers  
With the cadence of thy lay—  
Since a little blooming sister  
Clung with transport round my knee,  
And my glowing spirit blessed her  
With a blessing caught from thee.  
  
Mother—sister—both are sleeping  
Where no heaving hearts respire,  
While the eve of age is creeping  
Round the widowed spouse and sire:  
He and his, amid their sorrow,  
Find enjoyment in thy strain—  
Harp of Zion! let me borrow  
Comfort from thy chords again.

It is only necessary to add, that this life of literary adventure to which William Knox committed himself, and in which he unwisely squandered his resources of health and strength, was a brief one, for he died at Edinburgh, on the 12th of November, 1826, in his thirty-sixth year. The cause of his death was a stroke of paralysis, which he survived only three or four days.

## L.

LANDBOROUGH, DAVID, D.D., a successful cultivator of natural history. He was born in Dalry, Galloway, in 1782, and received the rudiments of his education in his native parish. He next studied at the Dumfries Academy, preparatory to entering the university of Edinburgh, where he went through the usual curriculum of a theological education for the Established Church. Whilst attending college he was for some time tutor in the family of Lord Glenlee, who afterwards took a friendly interest in him, and exercised his influence on his behalf. On receiving license, he became assistant in the Old Church of Ayr; but was soon presented to the parish of Stevenston, by the patron, then Mr. Hamilton of Grange. He was accordingly ordained in 1811, and continued pastor of the parish till 1843, the period of the disruption of the Church of Scotland, when he became the Free Church minister of a congregation at Saltcoats. He laboured as formerly, with equal fidelity and acceptance, till September, 1854, when he was suddenly cut off by cholera. What Gilbert White was to his parish of Selborne, Dr. Landsborough was to Stevenston, and the sea-coast of Ardrossan and Saltcoats. In the intervals of professional duty, he studied their natural history in all its departments, showing an equal aptitude for all. The plants, flowering and cryptogamic, the shells, land and marine, fossil botany, and algology, successively passed under his review. But it was more especially to the algæ of the Ayrshire and Arran coasts that he devoted his attention during the latter years of his life; and the pages of Dr. Harvey's "Phycologia Britannica" bear ample testimony to the industry and success with which he prosecuted his researches upon these productive shores. Dr. Harvey acknowledged his contributions by naming an algæ after him; Dr. Johnston in like manner gave his name to a zoophyte; and a shell is similarly distinguished. An allusion to the latter in one of his books, illustrates the meekness and piety which blended harmoniously with his scientific enthusiasm:—"When, on another occasion, a friend had given the specific name of *Landsburgii* to a shell, I said jestingly to the friend who told me of it, 'Is it possible to sail far down the stream of time in a scallop?' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'the name that is written on nature will be had in remembrance when sceptres are broken, and thrones overturned, and dynasties have passed away.' The humble name in question," he adds, "is so faintly inscribed, that the rough wave of time will soon totally efface it; but there is a higher and more permanent honour, that we should all supremely court—that our names be written in the Book of Life; then, when the sun, and the moon, and the stars are darkened, we shall shine with the brightness of the firmament for ever and ever." Dr. Landsborough's first published work was a poem on "Arran;" but he was more successful in proclaiming the praise of his favourite island in his subsequent volume of "Excursions," in which he describes its natural history in a very pleasing manner. He was also the author of a "Popular History of British Sea-weeds," and a "Popular History of British Zoophytes," both successful works. A little volume of religious biography, entitled, "Ayrshire Sketches," was his only publication more immediately connected with his profession. He maintained an extensive correspondence with naturalists in all parts of the kingdom, by whom he was esteemed for his varied attainments.

His theological acquirements and pastoral fidelity won for him the warm attachment of his flock, and the respect and veneration of the adherents of all religious denominations. His disposition was gentle and amiable in a remarkable degree, and those who enjoyed his friendship loved him with filial affection.

**LAING, WILLIAM.**—This well-known collector of rich and rare literary productions, whose shop was a *Herculaneum* of the treasures of past ages, was born at Edinburgh, on the 20th of July, 1764. After having received his education at the grammar high school of the Canongate, he made choice of the trade of a printer for his future occupation, and served to it a six years' apprenticeship. This selection was an unlucky one, owing to the weakness of his eyes; and therefore, instead of following it out, he became a bookseller, for which his apprenticeship had completely qualified him. In his case, too, it was not the showy and ephemeral, but money-making books of modern literature that constituted his stock in trade, but the choicest British and foreign editions of the old classical authors of every language—works which only the learned could appreciate, in spite of the dust and dingy vellum with which they were covered. His shop for this species of unostentatious, slow-going, and precarious traffic, was first opened in the Canongate, in 1785; afterwards he removed lower down the street to Chessel's Buildings, where he remained till 1803, at which date he removed to the South Bridge, where he permanently established his emporium. During these changes, his reputation as a collector of valuable old books continued to increase, until it was established among the learned over the whole island, so that his shop became a well-known repertory for those scarce volumes which his thriving brethren in the trade did not possess, and probably had never even heard of. All this, too, was the fruit of ardent disinterested zeal, and untiring diligence in his profession. From the year 1786 he had continued to issue an almost annual succession of catalogues. He knew all the scarce works of antiquity, as to the best editions in which they had been published, the places at which they were to be found in Britain or upon the continent, and the prices at which they were to be purchased. And he was ready to communicate this valuable information to the literary inquirers who frequented his shop for intelligence that could not well be obtained elsewhere. The labour of travel was added to that of painstaking home research and inquiry, and that, too, at a time when Edinburgh booksellers and traffickers in general limited their journeys to the coast of Fife, or even the ranges of the Pentlands. Thus, in 1793, when the French revolution was at the wildest, he visited Paris, for the purpose of making himself acquainted with such knowledge of his vocation as his own country could not supply, and ascertaining what were the best editions of those authors that are most in request. It was no ordinary zeal that made him pursue such a task amidst the roar of the Parisian pikemen and the clank of the guillotine—more especially, when every stranger there was at least "suspected of being suspected." Another similar pilgrimage he made in 1799. Learning that Christian VII., King of Denmark, had been advised to dispose of the numerous duplicates contained in the royal library at Copenhagen, and being instigated by the advice of the celebrated Niebuhr, at that time a student in the university of Edinburgh, Mr. Laing repaired to the Danish capital, and there made such arrangements upon the sale of the duplicates with the privy councillor Dr. Moldenhawer, as was satisfactory to both parties. When the peace of Amiens had introduced a breathing

interval in the wars of the revolution, Mr. Laing repeatedly visited France and Holland, still for the purpose of extending his professional knowledge, which he readily imparted to the scholars of his own country. The immense amount of information he had thus acquired, was enhanced by his kind generous temper, and modest unassuming manners.

During the war that followed the delusive peace of Amiens, by which the whole continent was closed against British visitors, Mr. Laing was worthily employed in raising the literary character of his native country in the department of printing. And for this, indeed, he saw that there was too much need. The distinguished brothers, the Foulis of Glasgow, had passed away, and left no successors in their room. In Edinburgh, so soon to assume the name of "Modern Athens," the case was still worse; for, except Ruddiman's "Livy," and Cunningham's "Virgil," no classical work had issued from her press worth mentioning. In 1804 he commenced the attempt, by publishing the works of Thucydides, in six volumes, small 8vo, under the following title, "*Thucydides Græce et Latine. Accedunt Indices, ex Editione Wassii et Dukeri.*" In printing this work, Mr. Laing was fortunate in having for the superintendent of the press the Rev. Peter Elmsley, who attained such a high European distinction in Grecian literature. In 1806, the works of Thucydides were followed by those of Herodotus, in seven volumes, small 8vo, under the title of "*Herodotus Græce et Latine. Accedunt Annotationes selectæ, necnon Index Latinus, ex Editionibus Wesselingii et Reizii.*" For editing this work Mr. Laing had secured the valuable services of Professor Porson; but as the latter went no farther than the second book, the rest was carried on and completed under the superintendence of Professor Dunbar. The next classical author whose writings Mr. Laing published, in 1811, was Xenophon, in ten volumes, also of small 8vo, under the title of "*Xenophontis quæ extant opera, Græce et Latine, ex Editionibus Schneideri et Zeunii. Accedit Index Latinus.*" This important publication was admirably edited by Mr. Adam Dickinson, whose Greek scholarship was only equalled by his retiring modesty, that prevented his worth from being more widely known. Mr. Laing would have followed these with similar editions of the works of Plato and Demosthenes, but was prevented, chiefly by the difficulty of obtaining competent Greek scholars to superintend such important publications. Still, however, he had done much: the editions which he had published were standard specimens of their class, and have given an impulse to classical reprinting in Scotland which, we trust, will neither be fruitless, nor yet soon abandoned.

During the latter part of his life, when Mr. Laing was in easy and comfortable circumstances, he was able to devote himself to the more general interests of merchandise, and to this purpose was one of the original founders of the Commercial Bank of Scotland, and also a director. After having nearly completed his sixty-eighth year, and attended business till within three days of his death, he died at his house, Ramsay Lodge, Laurieston, Edinburgh, on the 10th of April, 1832, leaving a widow and family. His name honourably survives in one of his sons, whose valuable labours are well known in Scottish history and antiquarianism.

LAUDER, SIR THOMAS DICK, BART.—When Sir Walter Scott commenced that series of novels with which he so greatly delighted the reading world, we can well remember what a host of imitators sprung up, and how much Scottish novel-writing became the rage, and even the frenzy of the day. But

the second-hand productions of this new school disappeared as rapidly as they rose; for unless the imitator has a large portion of the genius of his original, his copy can be little better than a wretched caricature. A few writers, however, there were who survived this general annihilation, for in them the imitative principle was supported by strong native talent. Among these we may quote, as the foremost, Miss Ferrier and John Galt; and, perhaps, immediately after them, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, the last eminent writer of that school of novelists by whom our national dialect was arrested from the oblivion into which it was hastening.

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder was the eldest son of Sir Andrew Lauder, Bart., of Fountainhall, Haddingtonshire, and was born in 1784. The family was originally of Norman extraction, its founder, De Lavedra, having come from England with Malcolm Canmore, when the latter drove Macbeth from the Scottish throne; and from him descended a race who took part in all the subsequent wars of Scottish independence, and fought gallantly under the banners of Wallace, Bruce, and the Douglasses. It was natural that these family recollections should influence the early studies of Sir Thomas, and inspire him with that love of chivalry and antiquarian research which he afterwards turned to such good account. At an early period he entered the army, and was an officer in the 79th Regiment (Cameron Highlanders). Here he continued only a short period; and, on quitting the army, he took up his residence in Morayshire, where he married Miss Cumming, only child and heiress of George Cumming, Esq. of Relugas, a beautiful property on the banks of Findhorn. From this time till the close of life, he was fully occupied with the civil appointments he held, and with the pursuits of science and literature, in which he sustained a high reputation to the end.

The first efforts of Sir Thomas in authorship, so far as can be ascertained, were in the departments of natural science; and his diligence in these studies is well attested by his numerous contributions to the scientific journals of the day, and especially to the "Annals of Philosophy," edited by the late Thomas Thomson, professor of chemistry in the university of Glasgow. To this magazine we find him, in 1815, and the three following years, contributing papers on the following subjects, from which the nature of his researches can best be understood:—"Account of a Toad found in the trunk of a Beech;" "Account of the Worm with which the Stickleback is infested;" "Account of the Aluminous Chalybeate Spring which has lately appeared on the property of Sir Andrew Lauder Dick, Bart., at Fountainhall, in East Lothian." (To this he subsequently added a register of its diurnal alternations contrasted with the barometer, during nineteen months, a daily list of which had been made by his father, who was also a lover of natural science.) "An Account of the Earthquake in Scotland;" "Account of Different Currents of Wind observed at the same time." But the most important of his philosophical investigations, upon which he had spent much study, and made more than one exploratory journey to the wilds of Lochaber, was contained in his paper "On the Parallel Roads of Glenroy," which he read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1818. These singular roads, it was generally supposed, had been constructed either by the ancient Celtic kings of Scotland when their royal abode was the Castle of Inverlochy, or by the Fingalian "car-borne" chiefs who had flourished at a still earlier period. Sir Thomas, however, attempted to show, by a careful induction, that these stupendous pathways, instead of being constructed by kings, heroes,

or primitive giants, had been formed by the action of the waters of a lake that had stood at different heights, corresponding with those of the shelves, until it had finally burst through its latest barrier in consequence of some great natural convulsion—probably the same that formed the great glen of Scotland through which the Caledonian Canal has been carried. This simple theory, although it sorely discomfited the lovers of the wonderful, and worshippers of “superstitions eld,” was greatly admired by the sober and scientific, not only for its originality, but the powerful array of facts and arguments that were adduced to support it, illustrated as it farther was by eight drawings, with which Sir Thomas accompanied his dissertation. This essay, with engravings of his sketches, was published in the “Transactions” of the Society. He had thus not only the merit of throwing new light upon the theory of natural geological formations in opposition to the artificial, but of directing particular attention to these phenomena of Lochaber, which have been investigated by subsequent geologists, among whom may be mentioned Mr. Milne, and Sir G. S. M’Kenzie. Another subject, of scarcely less importance, that occupied the researches of Sir Thomas, was the natural transport, by means of ice, of a large boulder on the shore of the Moray Frith. His account of this huge isolated stone, and his conjectures as to the mode in which it had found its ultimate landing-place, was published in the third volume of the “Wernerian Transactions,” while his theory formed the basis on which several scientific writers afterwards endeavoured to account for still more important revolutions by means of ice, which had been effected over a large portion of the earth’s surface.

The nature of these studies, extending over so many fields, and the reputation which they had already won for him, would have constituted a stock in life upon which most of our comfortable country gentleman would have contentedly reposed to the end. But the mind of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder possessed an amount of intellectual vigour that could not be so easily satisfied; he had only thus commenced, not concluded his career; and after having begun with science, he turned, by way of relief, to the lighter departments of literature, through which he was to be better known to the world at large, than by his more laborious investigations among migratory rocks and water-chiselled highways. On the commencement of “Blackwood’s Magazine,” at the beginning of 1817, he became one of its earliest contributors; and his first tale which appeared in it, under the title of “Simon Ray, gardener at Dumphail,” was written with such vigour and truthfulness, that, for a time at least, it was supposed to have proceeded from no other pen than that of Sir Walter Scott himself. Some impression of this kind, indeed, seems at first to have been made by the anonymous contribution upon the conductors of the magazine also, for they appended to the tale the flattering announcement of, “Written, we have no doubt, by the author of *Waverley*.” The great era of magazines had now fully commenced, as well as that of steam, in which the impatient mind, no longer booked for the slow conveyance of folios and quartos, was to be carried onward with railway speed; and to the most important of these periodicals Sir Thomas became a frequent and welcome contributor. Besides these light but attractive sketches, he also became a writer in the grave methodical pages of the “*Edinburgh Encyclopædia*,” for which he drew up the statistical account of the province of Moray. It was in the midst of these, and such other literary occupations, that he succeeded to the baronetcy of Fountainhall, by the death of his father in 1820, and was the seventh who had enjoyed that title.



After having precluded for some time in the department of fiction, and as an anonymous contributor to the periodicals, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, having now fully essayed his strength, adventured upon the decisive three-volumed experiment, by publishing his historical romances of "Lochindhu" and the "Wolf of Badenoch." The scenery of both of these works was laid in Morayshire, a county with which he was so well acquainted, while the time of action was that which succeeded the days of Bruce, the period when chivalrous warfare was at the hottest in Scotland, while it had Froissart for the chronicler of some of its best passages of arms. It was a right perilous attempt to follow the sandalled steps of the warrior-monk; and Sir Thomas, stalwart though he was, and a knight to boot, was scarcely able to keep pace with his mighty leader. But who, indeed, would read modern chivalrous romances in the hope of finding newer and more stirring deeds of warlike emprise, after what Froissart has written?—or search for keener ridicule of the fooleries of chivalry than can be found in the pages of Cervantes? The attempts of Sir Thomas, therefore, in these productions, partook somewhat of the inferiority of Smollet, when the latter endeavoured, in his "Sir Launcelot Greaves," to produce an English similitude of Don Quixote de la Mancha. It happened unfortunately also for "Lochindhu" and the "Wolf of Badenoch," that their author, not content with entering a field so preoccupied, must needs accommodate himself to the language of the period, by interlacing his phraseology with antique and consequently uncouth words; and thus his style, which after all would have been a *patois* unintelligible to the 14th century, of which it purports to be the type, becomes utter barbarism to readers of the 19th, for whose gratification it was written. This is generally the fate of such literary compromises; and Sir Walter Scott was guilty of the same blunder, when, in his romance of "Ivanhoe," he jumbled together the characters and events of the early period of Richard Cœur de Lion with the refinements of that of Richard III., and crowned the whole with the English phraseology of the days of Queen Elizabeth. But, in spite of these incongruities, "Ivanhoe" is a magnificent epic, and "Lochindhu" and the "Wolf" are heart-stirring, captivating romances. In scenic description and delineation of events, Sir Thomas has approached the nearest to Scott of all the ambitious imitators of the "great unknown" of the period. But it is in individuality of character that he chiefly fails, and his knights, like the brave Gya, and the brave Cloanthes, are little more than facsimiles of each other. They have all the same complement of thews and bones, and are equally prompt to use them; and they only differ by virtue of the scenery with which they are surrounded, and the historical actions of which they form a part.

But of all the works which Sir Thomas Dick Lauder has produced, that entitled "The Moray Floods in 1829," is perhaps the one by which he will continue to be best appreciated. He had himself not only been an eye-witness of these tremendous inundations, but an active philanthropist in the relief of those who had been ruined by the havoc; and the account which he wrote of the event will long be prized by the lovers of vigorous writing, and vivid, poetical, and truthful description. Another descriptive work which he produced, commemorative of a great national event, was the "Queen's Visit to Scotland in 1842." But reverting during this long interval to that kind of study which gave full scope to his imagination, as well as brought the varied resources of his experience and observation into complete act and use, he published his "High-

land Rambles, with long Tales to shorten the way;" a work which, independently of its attractive narratives, is an interesting memorial of the Celtic character, manners, and superstitions, and the intimate knowledge which he had acquired of them. Besides these original productions, he edited "Gilpin's Forest Scenery," and "Sir Uvedale Price on the Picturesque." To the latest period of his life, also, he continued to be a contributor to our periodicals, in which his articles, chiefly consisting of Highland and Lowland Tales and Sketches, were always gladly welcomed by the reading public. These, we doubt not, if collected and published in a separate work, would soon become the most popular of his literary productions.

From the foregoing account, it might be supposed that the life of Sir Thomas had been chiefly spent in the study; and that when he emerged into society, it was rather for the purpose of enjoying relief, than taking an active part in its occupations. But, on the contrary, he was an industrious, public-spirited man, fully conscious of the duties of his position, and indefatigable in promoting the best interests of his country. In this way he bestirred himself in the great political questions of the day, and was one of the most active promoters in Scotland of the Reform Bill. In 1839, he was appointed secretary to the Board of Scottish Manufactures, which was soon afterwards united by the Lords of the Treasury to the Board of White Herring Fishery; and as secretary of both, his labours were sufficiently diversified, as well as widely distinguished from each other. It was a Janus-like office, that required a double and opposite inspection—or rather, a planting of "one foot on sea, and one on shore," like the very personification of an inconstant man, which Shakspeare's ditty so touchingly describes. But faithfully and ably were these opposite functions discharged. In his department of manufactures, Sir Thomas quickly perceived that, in consequence of the extension of our commercial and manufacturing operations, the original purpose for which the Scottish Board had been created was in a considerable degree superseded. He therefore endeavoured to restore it to full efficiency, by adapting it to the progress of modern improvement; and for this purpose he proposed that its surplus funds should be employed in the extension of schools for teaching pattern drawing. On the proposal being sanctioned, he carried it into execution so zealously, that artistic taste was diffused anew throughout our manufactories of fanciful design, and a love of the fine arts promoted among those classes that had hitherto been contented with humble imitations of foreign excellence. His task as secretary of the White Herring Fishery Board was fulfilled with equal diligence; and as one of its duties was an annual voyage round the British coast, and an examination of its places of export, he turned the experience he thus acquired to good account, by aiding in the supply of materials for a narrative of the voyage in 1842, which was written by Mr. Wilson, the naturalist, who accompanied him. He also wrote several books of directions for the taking and curing of herring, cod, ling, tusk, and other fish, which were translated into Gaelic for the instruction of the Highlanders. While so much was accomplished in the course of his professional duties, he was not neglectful of those public movements which concerned the general weal, and from which he might have excused himself under the plea of a press of occupation elsewhere. Among these public-spirited exertions, we can only allude in passing to the interest he took in the proceedings of the original Scott Monument Committee, of which he was one of the most active agents—and his efforts for the construction of the Queen's Drive

round Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags, already become the fairest ornament of the fairest of European cities.

Such was the life of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder to the close—a twofold life of diligent study and active exertion, in each of which he was a benefactor to society, and a distinguished ornament of his country; while several of his writings, translated into the French and German languages, acquired for him a European reputation. His private worth and amenity of character, had endeared him also to the learned and talented, so that scholars, authors, and artists, sought his society, and were benefited by his counsel and conversation. Even strangers were arrested as he passed along the streets of Edinburgh, by the sight of his noble, stately form, long white locks, and remarkably handsome expressive countenance, and felt convinced at once that this man must be some one as much distinguished above his fellows by intellectual as by personal superiority. This round of activity was only interrupted by his last illness, which was occasioned by a tumour on the spine, that for fifteen months incapacitated him for attendance at the Board of Trustees for Manufactures, &c., and finally obliged him to lay aside a work descriptive of the rivers of Scotland, of which part had already appeared in a serial form in "Tait's Magazine." He died at his residence called the Grange, near Edinburgh, on the 29th May, 1848, at the age of sixty-four.

Independently of the offices we have mentioned, Sir Thomas held that of Deputy-Lieutenant of the county of Haddington; he was also a fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. He was survived by two sons and six daughters, and succeeded in the baronetcy by his eldest son, Captain Dick, who, a short time previously, had retired from the army after fourteen years of military service, as an officer in the East India Company.

**LISTON, ROBERT, F.R.S.**—This great medical teacher and practitioner was born on the 28th of October, 1794, and was son of the Rev. Henry Liston, minister of Eccleasmachen, Linlithgowshire. After having finished his course of classical and professional education, he, at the termination of the latter, practised as ordinary house-surgeon in the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh. It speaks much for his professional attainments at this period—for he was only at the age of twenty-one—that he perceived the defects that prevailed in the management of that institution; and not a little for his courage as well as disinterestedness, that he set himself in earnest to reform them. Like most of those daring young geniuses, however, who look too exclusively to the good end in view, and are satisfied with the rectitude of their own motives, he pursued his plan of reform with such ardour as to waken the wrath of the directors, who were little disposed to be taught that they were in the wrong by such a juvenile instructor. Liston, however, persevered, while his growing reputation coming to his aid, at length gave his representations such weight, that, when his connection with the Infirmary terminated, a full acknowledgment of the important services he had rendered was entered upon its records. In 1817, Mr. Liston became a graduate of the Royal Colleges of Surgeons of Edinburgh and London, and commenced practice in the former city, where his reputation as a surgical operator grew yearly, until he attained that pre-eminence which left him without a rival. For this department, indeed, he was admirably fitted by nature; for independently of his acquired skill, he possessed a decision of will, firmness of nerve, strength of muscle, and quickness of eye, which qualified him for successful operations, where many of his gentler or less prompt and active brethren would

have failed. But with all this, he was neither a rash experimenter nor merciless practitioner: on the contrary, he not only performed boldly and skilfully what was necessary, but stopped short where danger was to be apprehended. His manner, also, combined such gentleness with firmness, as secured the confidence and esteem of his patients. In addition to his practice, he delivered lectures, first on anatomy, and afterwards on surgery, between the years 1822 and 1834, which were highly valued and numerously attended.

Having thus won for himself a high reputation both as practitioner and instructor, it was natural that Mr. Liston should anticipate those professional honours which are so often bestowed upon candidates of greatly inferior pretensions. His hopes were directed to a professorship of surgery in the university of Edinburgh, which no one in Scotland was better (if as well) qualified to fill; but as the wished-for vacancy did not occur, or was won by a more favoured competitor, he formed a professorship for himself, with the world for his auditory, by publishing, in 1833, his "Principles of Surgery," a work which he afterwards repeatedly revised, and which went through several editions. Subsequently, many of his lectures on various subjects, and especially on lithotomy, were published in the "Lancet." Of the merits of these writings, which were recognized at once by the whole medical profession, and which have spread his fame through every medical school in Europe and America, it would now be superfluous to speak; their scientific correctness and thorough practical character, as well as the improvements which they have introduced into practical surgery, are sufficient evidences of their worth. Disappointed in his hopes of Edinburgh, and having fully tested his own powers, Dr. Liston was now desirous of a wider field, which was opened to him in 1834, by his being appointed surgeon to the North London Hospital. He left the Scottish capital in the November of that year; and so fully was his value now appreciated in Edinburgh, that before his departure a public dinner was given to him, at which the Lord Provost presided, while the addresses delivered on the occasion by the most eminent of the medical and surgical professions, who attended, made eloquent acknowledgment of his high talents and eminent services, as well as regret at their transference to another sphere of action.

In London the fame of Dr. Liston became so distinguished, that his private practice annually increased, and the most difficult and critical operations were reserved for his experienced hand. After having filled for some time the office of surgeon to the North London Hospital, he was appointed professor of clinical surgery in University College; and in 1846, in addition to that situation, which he raised to honour and distinction, he was appointed one of the examiners of the Royal College of Surgeons. In this way, notwithstanding a certain bluntness of manner which he had preserved from the beginning, his private worth, as well as professional knowledge, procured him not only the highest distinction in his own country, but a world-wide reputation, which as yet has suffered no abatement. Here, however, his career was unexpectedly closed when it was at the brightest. After enjoying almost uninterrupted good health till within a year of his death, he was attacked by a malady, the causes of which his medical advisers could not ascertain, but which was found, on a *post mortem* examination, to have been occasioned by aneurism in the aorta. He died in Clifford Street, London, on the 7th of December, 1847, at the age of fifty-three.

LOCKHART, JOHN GIBSON.—This distinguished miscellaneous writer, who occupied so high a station in the tribunal of literary criticism, was born at

Glasgow, and, as is generally supposed, in the year 1793. His father, the Rev. Dr. John Lockhart, who, for nearly fifty years, was minister of the College or Blackfriar's Church, Glasgow, will not soon be forgot by the denizens of that good city, not only on account of his piety and worth, but also his remarkable wit and extreme absence of mind—two qualities which are seldom found united in the same character. The stories with which Glasgow is still rife, of the worthy doctor's occasional obliviousness, and the amusing mistakes and blunders it occasioned, are even richer than those of Dominie Samson; for, when he awoke from his dream, he could either laugh with the laughers, or turn the laugh against them if necessary. But his remarkable powers of sarcasm, as well as his creative talents in embellishing an amusing story, were so strictly under the control of religious principle and amiable feeling, that he would often stop short when sensitiveness was likely to be wounded, or the strictness of truth violated. It would have been well if the same power, which was so conspicuous in his talented son, had been always kept under the same coercion.

Of this amiable divine John Gibson Lockhart was the second son, and the eldest by a second marriage, his mother having been a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Gibson, one of the ministers of Edinburgh. At an early age he prosecuted his studies at the university of Glasgow, and with such success, that he received one of its richest tokens of approval in a Snell exhibition to Baliol College, Oxford. Here he could prosecute, with increased facilities, those classical studies to which he was most addicted; and in a short time he took a high station as an accomplished linguist, even among the students of Oxford. His studies at Baliol College, which were directed to the profession of the law, were followed by a continental tour; and, on returning to Scotland, he was called to the Scottish bar in 1816. It was soon evident, however, that he was not likely to win fame or fortune by the profession of an advocate. He lacked, indeed, that power without which all legal attainments are useless to a barrister—he could not make a speech. Accordingly, when he rose to speak on a case, his first sentence was only a plunge into the mud; while all that followed was but a struggle to get out of it. Had the matter depended upon writing, we can judge how it would have gone otherwise; had it even depended on pictorial pleading, he would have been the most persuasive of silent orators, for, during the course of the trial, his pen was usually employed, not in taking notes, but sketching caricatures of the proceedings, the drollery of which would have overcome both judge and jury. As it was, he became a briefless barrister, and paced the boards of Parliament House, discussing with his equally luckless brethren the passing questions of politics and literary criticism. He made a happy allusion to this strange professional infirmity at a dinner, which was given by his friends in Edinburgh, on his departure to assume the charge of the "Quarterly Review." He attempted to address them, and broke down as usual, but covered his retreat with, "Gentlemen, you know that if I could speak we would not have been here."

In Mr. Lockhart's case it was the less to be regretted that he was not likely to win his way to the honours of a silk gown, as he had already found a more agreeable and equally distinguishing sphere of action. He devoted himself to literature, and literature adopted him for her own. He had already made attempts in periodical writing, and the favour with which his contributions were regarded encouraged his choice and confirmed him in authorship. A more settled course of exertion was opened up for him in 1817, the year after

he had passed as advocate, by the establishment of "Blackwood's Magazine." Of this distinguished periodical he became, with John Wilson, the principal contributor; and now it was that the whole torrent of thought, which the bar may have kept in check, burst forth in full profusion. Eloquence, and wit, and learning distinguished his numerous articles, and imparted a prevailing character to the work which it long after retained; but unfortunately with these attractive qualities there was often mingled a causticity of sarcasm and fierceness of censure that engendered hatred and strife, and at last led to bloodshed. But into this painful topic we have no wish to enter; and the unhappy termination of his quarrel with the author of "Paris Visited" and "Paris Revisited" may as well be allowed to sleep in oblivion. It is more pleasing to turn to his "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," a wonderful series of eloquent, vigorous, and truthful sketches, embodying the distinguished men in almost every department, by whom Scotland was at that period distinguished above every other nation. Not a few, at the appearance of this, his first separate work, were loud in their outcry against the author, not only as a partial delineator, but an invader of the privacies of life and character; but now that years have elapsed, and that the living men whom he so minutely depicted have passed away from the world, the condemnation has been reversed, and the resentment been superseded by gratitude. How could we otherwise have possessed such a valuable picture-gallery of the great of the past generation? All this Sir Walter Scott fully appreciated when he thus wrote to the author of "Peter's Letters" in 1819:—"What an acquisition it would have been to our general information to have had such a work written, I do not say fifty, but even five-and-twenty years ago; and how much of grave and gay might then have been preserved, as it were, in amber, which have now mouldered away! When I think that, at an age not much younger than yours, I knew Black, Ferguson, Robertson, Erskine, Adam Smith, John Horne, &c., &c., and at last saw Burns, I can appreciate better than any one the value of a work which, like this, would have handed them down to posterity in their living colours."

It was in May, 1818, that Lockhart first formed that acquaintanceship with Sir Walter Scott, which so materially influenced the course of his after-life. The introduction to the "Great Unknown" took place in Edinburgh, at the house of Mr. Home Drummond, of Blair-Drummond, where a small but select party was assembled; and Scott, who understood that Mr. Lockhart had but lately returned from a tour in Germany, held with him an amusing conversation on Goethe, and German literature. This introduction soon ripened into an intimacy, in which Miss Scott became a principal personage, as a marriage treaty, with the concurrence of all parties, was settled so early as the February of 1820. On the 29th of April, the marriage took place at Edinburgh, and Sir Walter, who was the worshipper as well as recorder of good old Scottish fashions, caused the wedding to be held in the evening, and "gave a jolly supper afterwards to all the friends and connections of the young couple." Mr. Lockhart and his bride took up their abode at the little cottage of Chiefswood, about two miles from Abbotsford, which became their usual summer residence—and thither Sir Walter, when inundated by sight-seers and hero-worshippers, was occasionally glad to escape, that he might breathe in a tranquil atmosphere, and write a chapter or two of the novel that might be on hand, to despatch to the craving press in Edinburgh. These were happy visits, that spoke of no coming cloud; "the clatter of Sibyl Grey's hoofs, the yelping of Mustard and

Spice, and his own joyous shout of *revelles* under our windows, were the signal that he had burst his toils, and meant for that day to 'take his ease in his inn.' On descending, he was to be found seated with all his dogs and ours about him, under a spreading ash that overshadowed half the bank between the cottage and the brook, pointing the edge of his woodman's axe for himself, and listening to Tom Purdie's lecture touching the plantation that most needed thinning." By the year 1837 how completely all this had terminated! In the last volume of the "Life of Sir Walter Scott," Lockhart thus closes the description: "Death has laid a heavy hand upon that circle—as happy a circle, I believe, as ever met. Bright eyes now closed in dust, gay voices for ever silenced, seem to haunt me as I write. . . . She whom I may now sadly record as, next to Sir Walter himself, the chief ornament and delight at all those simple meetings—she to whose love I owed my own place in them—Scott's eldest daughter, the one of all his children who in countenance, mind, and manners, most resembled himself, and who indeed was as like in all things as a gentle innocent woman can ever be to a great man, deeply tried and skilled in the struggles and perplexities of active life—she, too, is no more." In December, 1831, John Hugh Lockhart, the Master Hugh Littlejohn of the "Tales of a Grandfather," died, and in 1853, Lockhart's only surviving son, Walter Scott Lockhart Scott, leaving no remains of the family except a daughter, Charlotte, married in August, 1847, to James Robert Hope-Stuart, who succeeded to the estate of Abbotsford. In this way the representatives of both Sir Walter Scott and John Lockhart have terminated in one little girl, Monica, the only surviving child of Hope-Scott of Abbotsford.

Leaving this domestic narrative, so full of happiness, disappointment, and sorrow, we gladly turn to the literary life of John Gibson Lockhart. After the publication of "Peter's Letters," his pen was in constant operation; and notwithstanding the large circle of acquaintance to which his marriage introduced him, and the engagements it entailed upon him, he not only continued his regular supplies to "Blackwood's Magazine," but produced several separate works, with a fertility that seemed to have caught its inspiration from the example of his father-in-law. The first of these was "Valerius," one of the most classical tales descriptive of ancient Rome, and the manners of its people, which the English language has as yet embodied. After this came "Adam Blair," a tale which, in spite of its impossible termination, so opposed to all Scottish canon law, abounds with the deepest touches of genuine feeling, as well as descriptive power. The next was "Reginald Dalton," a three-volumed novel, in which he largely brought forward his reminiscences of student-life at Oxford, and the town-and-gown affrays with which it was enlivened. The last of this series of novels was "Matthew Wald," which fully sustained the high character of its predecessors. It will always happen in the literary world, that when a critical censor and sharp reviewer puts forth a separate work of his own, it will fare like the tub thrown overboard to the tender mercies of the whale: the enemies he has raised, and the wrath he has provoked, have now found their legitimate object, and the stinging censures he has bestowed upon the works of others, are sure to recoil with tenfold severity upon his own. And thus it fared with Lockhart's productions; the incognito of their author was easily penetrated, and a thunder-shower of angry criticism followed. But this hostile feeling having lasted its time, is now dying a natural death, and the rising generation, who cannot enter into the feuds of their fathers, regard these writings with a more just apprecia-

tion of their excellence. After a short interval, Lockhart came forth in a new character, by his translations from the "Spanish Ballads;" and such was the classical taste, melody of versification, and rich command of language which these translations evinced, that the regret was general that he had not been more exclusively a poet, instead of a student and author in miscellaneous literature. His next productions were in the department of biography, in which he gave an earnest of his fitness to be the literary executor and historian of his illustrious father-in-law—these were the "Life of Robert Burns," which appeared in "Constable's Miscellany," and the "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," which was published in "Murray's Family Library."

The varied attainments of Mr. Lockhart, and the distinction he had won in so many different departments of authorship, obtained for him, at the close of 1825, a situation of no ordinary responsibility. This was the editorship of the "Quarterly Review," the great champion of Toryism, when the political principles of Toryism were no longer in the ascendant, and which was now reduced to a hard battle, as much for life itself as for victory and conquest. It was no ordinary merit that could have won such a ticklish elevation at the age of thirty-two. Lockhart gladly accepted the perilous honour, linked, however, as it was with the alternatives of fame and emolument; and for twenty-eight years he discharged its duties through the good and evil report with which they were accompanied. In his case, as might be expected, the latter prevailed, and the angry complaints of scarified authors were loudly swelled by the outcries of a political party now grown into full strength and activity. With the justice or the unreasonableness of these complaints we have nothing to do; but it speaks highly for the able management of Lockhart, that in spite of such opposition, the "Review" continued to maintain the high literary and intellectual character of its earlier years. His own contributions to the "Quarterly" will, we trust, be yet collected into a separate work, as has been the case with the journalism of Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, and Macaulay; and that they will be found fully worthy of such a distinguished brotherhood. During the latter years of his life, his health was greatly impaired; but for this, his intellectual exertions, as well as family calamities and bereavements, will sufficiently account. In the summer of 1853, he resigned his editorship of the "Quarterly Review," and spent the following winter in Italy; but the maladies under which he laboured, although assuaged for a time, came back with double violence after his return home, and he died at Abbotsford, now the seat of his son-in-law, on the 25th of November, 1854.

Although not directly enumerated in the list of his authorship, the ablest, the widest known, and probably the most enduring of all Lockhart's productions, will here naturally occur to the mind of the reader. Who, indeed, throughout the whole range of educated society, has failed to peruse his "Life of Scott," or will forget the impressions it produced? But even here, too, the angry objections with which "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk" was encountered, were revived with tenfold bitterness, and the charges of violated confidence, unnecessary exposure, or vainglorious adulation, were raised according to the mood of each dissatisfied complainer. But could a more perfect and complete picture of the whole mind of Sir Walter Scott, in all its greatness and defects, have been better or even otherwise produced? Posterity, that will recognize no such defects in this great master-piece of biography, will wonder at the ingratitude of their predecessors, whom it so enlightened, and who yet



could "cram, and blaspheme the feeder." Faults, indeed, it possesses; how could these have been wholly avoided? but by no means to such extent as the charges seek to establish. Only a few days have closed over the departure of John Gibson Lockhart, and calumny is still busy with his reputation; but time, the impartial judge, will vindicate his character, and a very few years will suffice to teach us his full value.

LOUDON, JOHN CLAUDIUS.—This eminent improver of our gardening and agriculture, was born at Cambuslang, Lanarkshire, on the 8th of April, 1783. His father was a respectable farmer, who resided at Kerse Hall, near Gogar, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh: his mother was only sister of the mother of Dr. Claudius Buchanan, so well known by his philanthropic labours in behalf of the Hindoos, and his work entitled "Christian Researches in Asia." Even when a child, John Claudius Loudon evinced that taste in gardening for which he was afterwards so distinguished; and his chief pleasure at that time was to lay out, and make walks and beds in a little garden which his father had given him. He was early sent to Edinburgh for the benefit of his education, where he resided with his uncle; and besides studying botany and chemistry, he learned Latin, and afterwards French and Italian, contriving to pay the fees of his teachers by the sale of his translations from the two last-mentioned languages. Being placed at the age of fourteen under the charge of a nurseryman and landscape gardener, he continued his studies in botany and chemistry, to which he added that of agriculture, at the university of Edinburgh; while to obtain as much time as possible from the duties of the day, he was wont to sit up two nights during each week, a practice that grew into a habit, and which he continued for years during his subsequent studies.

In 1803, when he had now reached his twentieth year, and obtained a considerable reputation in landscape gardening, Loudon went up to London, carrying with him numerous letters of introduction to some of the first landed proprietors in England. On entering the great metropolis, the tasteless manner in which the public squares were laid out caught his observant eye: their gloomy trees and shrubs were planted as if the places had been designed for church-yards rather than haunts of recreation. As the solitary voice of a stranger would have been unheard upon such a prevalent evil, he had recourse to the press, and published an article, entitled "Observations on Laying out the Public Squares of London," in the *Literary Journal*, in which he recommended the Oriental plane, almond, sycamore, and other lighter trees, instead of the lugubrious plantings that had hitherto been in vogue. The advice gradually prevailed, and the effect is to be seen in the cheerful, graceful aspect of our public squares in London, as well as over the kingdom. He now became an author as well as practical workman, and his pen went onward with little intermission for forty years, until his life terminated. His first publication, which appeared in 1804, was entitled, "Observations on the Formation and Management of Useful and Ornamental Plantations." In the following year he published "A Short Treatise on some Improvements lately made in Hothouses;" and in 1806, "A Treatise on Forming, Improving, and Managing Country Residences; and on the Choice of Situations, appropriate to every Class of Purchasers." As Loudon was an excellent artist, this work was enriched with thirty-two copperplate engravings of landscape scenery, drawn by himself.

A disaster which soon after befell him, and under which the activity of others would have been paralyzed, only opened up for Loudon a wider range of action.

In consequence of travelling upon a rainy night on the outside of a coach, and neglecting afterwards to change his clothes, so severe an attack of rheumatic fever ensued that he was obliged to take lodgings at Pinner, near Harrow. Here, during the days of convalescence, he had an opportunity of observing the cumbrous, wasteful, and unskilful modes of farming pursued in England, and so much at variance with those which were beginning to be put in practice in his own country. With Loudon, to see an evil was to labour for its removal, and persist until it was removed. For the sake of giving practical illustrations of his proposed amendments, he induced his father to join with him in renting Wood Hall, near London, where their operations were so successful, that in 1807 he was enabled to call public attention to the proof, in a pamphlet entitled "An Immediate and Effectual Mode of Raising the Rental of the Landed Property of England, &c., by a Scotch Farmer, now farming in Middlesex." This excellent work introduced him to the notice of General Stratton, by whom he was induced to farm Tew Park, a property belonging to the General in Oxfordshire. On moving to this new locality, Mr. Loudon did not content himself with reaping the fruits of his superior farming; anxious that others should share in the benefit, he established an academy or college of agriculture on the estate of Tew Park, where young men were instructed in the theory of farming, and the best modes of cultivating the soil; and anxious to diffuse this knowledge as widely as possible, he published, in 1809, a pamphlet, entitled, "The Utility of Agricultural Knowledge to the Sons of the Landed Proprietors of Great Britain, &c., by a Scotch Farmer and Land-Agent."

In this way, while Loudon was generously doing his uttermost to be the Triptolemus of England, and teaching the best modes of increasing and eliciting the riches of its soil, his own success was a practical comment upon the efficacy of his theories; for, in 1812, he found himself the comfortable possessor of £15,000. This was enough for one who had a higher aim in life than mere money-making, and to fit himself more effectually for that aim, he resolved to improve his mind by travel. Accordingly, he resigned his profitable farm, and in March, 1813, commenced his travels on the continent, visiting the principal cities of Germany and Russia. Short though this tour was, for he returned to England in the following year, it was associated with a variety of interesting adventures, of which he published a full account, illustrated by sketches from his own pencil. On returning to London, he found that the greater part of his property had disappeared, from the faithlessness of the investments to which it had been intrusted, and thus he had to begin the world anew. He returned to his original occupation, that of landscape gardening, on which he resolved to produce an extensive work; and for the improvement of his knowledge on this subject, he made, in 1819, a tour of France and Italy. Three years after the work appeared, under the title of "The Encyclopædia of Gardening;" and such was the high reputation it acquired, that its author was reckoned the first horticulturist of his day. Of this work a second edition appeared in 1824, containing great alterations and improvements. Encouraged by the success that attended it, Loudon commenced another equally copious, and upon the same plan, which appeared in 1825, entitled "The Encyclopædia of Agriculture." In 1826 he commenced the "Gardener's Magazine," the first periodical that had ever been devoted to horticultural subjects. In 1828 he commenced the "Magazine of Natural History," which was also the first periodical of the kind.

In 1829 he published the "Encyclopædia of Planta," which was less his own work than any of its predecessors, as he claimed nothing of it beyond the plan and general design. During the two years that followed, he was chiefly employed in producing new editions of his Encyclopædias of Agriculture and Gardening, and of these, the first was almost wholly re-written, and the latter entirely so. But these occupations, although so laborious, were not his sole nor even his chief task at the time, for he was also closely engaged with the "Encyclopædia of Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture,"—so closely, indeed, that himself and Mrs. Loudon used to sit up the greater part of every night employed upon it, never having more than four hours' sleep, and drinking strong coffee to keep themselves awake. It would have been hard, indeed, had such labour been in vain; and therefore it is gratifying to add, that this was not only one of the most useful, but also most successful of all his works, and is still a standard authority upon the subject. His next, and also his greatest work, which would of itself have been sufficient for any ordinary lifetime, was his "Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum," in which he gave an account, with pictorial illustrations, of all the trees, wild or cultivated, that grow in Great Britain. This production, which was published in 1838, at his own risk, was so unsuccessful, that after paying artists and other persons engaged in it, he found himself in debt to the amount of £10,000 to the printer, stationer, and wood-engraver, while the sale of such a splendid publication was so slow, that there was no prospect that it would ever pay its own expenses.

Up to this period Loudon had been one of the most prolific of authors, while all that he had written, he had written well. Nothing, indeed, could exceed his indomitable resolution, unless it might be the philanthropic spirit by which it was animated. Independently of the subjects which we have enumerated, he wrote several minor productions, supplemented his own works from time to time, and was a contributor to Brande's "Dictionary of Science." Even, also, while the pressure of these numerous avocations was at the greatest, he was discharging the office of editor to four separate periodicals, all of them established by himself, and which he superintended at one and the same time. All this suggests the idea of a frame of iron, and a constitution impervious to human weaknesses and wants, as well as the most unflinching energy of purpose. But our wonder is heightened when we find that, during the greater part of these labours, poor Loudon was an invalid and a cripple. The rheumatic fever with which he was attacked in 1806, ended in an ankylosed knee, and a contracted left arm. Thus he continued till 1820, when, while employed in compiling the "Encyclopædia of Gardening," he had another severe attack of rheumatism, that compelled him to have recourse in the following year to Mohammed's Baths, at Brighton. Here he submitted to the rough process of shampooing; but this remedy, so available in many cases like his own, was too much for his feeble bones: his arm broke so close to the shoulder, that it could not be set in the usual manner; and in a subsequent trial, it was again broken, and this time so effectually, that in 1826 amputation was found necessary. But a general breaking up of the system had also been going on, by which the thumb and two fingers of the left hand had been rendered useless, so that he could only use the third and little finger. Yet though thus so maimed and mutilated, as apparently to be unfit for anything but the sick-chamber or a death-bed, the whole energy of life seemed to rally round his heart, and he as ready for fresh encounters as ever, so that his work went on unchecked and

unabated; and when he could no longer write or draw, he had recourse to the services of the draughtsman and amanuensis.

We have already mentioned the ill success of Loudon's "*Arboretum Britannicum*." This was the heaviest blow of all, and tended to accelerate the disease that terminated in his death; but still, come what might, he resolved that to the last he would be up and doing. Accordingly, as soon as the above-mentioned work was finished in 1838, he began the "*Suburban Gardener*," which was published the same year, and also his "*Hortus Lignosus Loudonensis*;" and in the year following he published his edition of "*Repton's Landscape Gardening*." In 1840 he undertook the editorship of the "*Gardener's Gazette*," and in 1842 he published his "*Encyclopædia of Trees and Shrubs*." During the same year he finished his "*Suburban Horticulturalist*;" and, in 1843, appeared his last work, on "*Cemeteries*." Disease in the lungs had been meanwhile going on for three months, from which he endured much suffering, until his life and labours were terminated together on the 14th of December, 1843, in the sixty-first year of his age. Few men have written so much under such depressing circumstances as John Claudius Loudon, or whose writings were so well adapted to the purpose for which they were produced; and while their practical character and utility have been universally acknowledged, they are pervaded throughout with an earnest desire to improve the character and elevate the standing of those classes whose occupations are connected with gardening and agriculture. Add to this that "he was a warm friend, and most kind and affectionate in all his relations of son, husband, father, and brother, and never hesitated to sacrifice pecuniary considerations to what he considered his duty."

We have already made a passing allusion in this memoir to Mrs. Loudon, by whose aid he was materially benefited when aid was most needed. To her he was married in 1831, and in her he found a fellow-student and literary co-operator, as well as a domestic companion and comforter. Her works, which also were numerous, were chiefly connected with her husband's favourite departments of gardening and botany; and these she endeavoured to simplify and recommend to the attention of her own sex, a labour of love in which she was highly successful. She and one daughter survived Mr. Loudon, of whom she has written an affectionate and truthful biography.

LOVE, REV. JOHN, D.D.—This profound theologian and eloquent preacher, whose reputation, though confined within a limited circle, has survived that of many distinguished characters in the church whose high popularity seemed to insure a more lasting remembrance, was born in Paisley, on June 4th, 1757. Even during his early education in the grammar-school of his native town, he was distinguished not only for his remarkable aptitude in learning, but the precocious gravity and thoughtfulness of his disposition—circumstances which probably influenced his parents in directing his training towards the clerical profession. When only ten years of age, John Love became a student of the university of Glasgow; and during the long career of study which he prosecuted at that ancient seat of learning, he distinguished himself by his classical attainments, and his proficiency in the several departments of mathematics. These studies he continued to the end of his life; and there are several yet living who can remember his happy facility in the quotation of Greek and Roman authors upon any subject of conversational intercourse. With the contents of Scripture, however, which formed his chief study, he was more conversant still; and even before he was twelve years old, he had read the Bible, according to his

own statement, six times over. A favourite practice, which he continued to the end of his life, was to write short daily meditations, in a regular series, upon connected passages of Scripture. These, as well as his sermons, were written in short-hand, and therefore unintelligible, until the key to his alphabet was found; and from this discovery several of his posthumous discourses were published, which otherwise would never have seen the light.

Having finished the appointed course of study at college, and undergone the usual trials of presbytery, Mr. Love was licensed as a preacher in 1778, being then only in his twenty-first year. Soon afterwards he was employed as assistant by the Rev. Mr. Maxwell, minister of Rutherglen, near Glasgow; and in 1782 he was transferred to Greenock, where he officiated in the same capacity to the Rev. David Turner, minister of the West or Old parish; and here he continued till the death of Mr. Turner, in 1786. It will thus be seen, that while Mr. Love had no church patron, or at least an efficient one, he had not that kind of popular talent which secures the greatest number of votes among town-councillors or seat-holders. His, indeed, was that superior excellence which can only be appreciated by the judicious few, and after a considerable term of acquaintanceship. After leaving Greenock, Mr. Love, toward the close of 1786, was called to the ministerial charge of the Scottish Presbyterian congregation in Artillery Street, Bishopsgate, London, and here he continued to labour for nearly twelve years. It was, indeed, no inviting field for one of his peculiar talents. His massive and profound theology, his sententious style of preaching, in which every sentence was an aphorism, and the very impressive, but slow and almost monotoned voice in which his discourses were delivered, were not suited to the church-going citizens of London, who required a livelier manner, and more buoyant style of oratory. From these causes, added to the ignorance of the English about Presbyterianism in general, and the tendency of the Scotch in London to forsake the church of their fathers, Mr. Love's place of meeting was but slenderly attended, while his name, as a preacher, was little known beyond its walls. One important work, however, was committed to the hands of Mr. Love, from which, perhaps, more real usefulness redounded, than could have been derived from mere pulpit popularity. He was one of those honoured men who rolled away the reproach from Protestantism, as not being a missionary, and, therefore, not a genuine church of Christ—a serious charge, that had often been brought against it by the Papists—by his exertions and effective aid in founding the London Missionary Society. This occurred during the latter part of his residence in London. Often he afterwards reverted with delight to the fact of his having written the first circular by which the originators of this important society were called together, for the purpose of forming themselves into a directory, and organizing their plan of action; and when the society was embodied, he was very properly appointed one of its secretaries. One important duty which he had to discharge in this capacity was, to select the fittest agents for missionary enterprise over the newly-opened field of the South Sea Islands. Not resting satisfied with this onerous and somewhat critical duty, he endeavoured to qualify the missionaries for their trying office, by planning such a series of discourses upon the principal doctrines of revelation as he judged would be best fitted to persuade a primitive, simple-minded people, and which would serve as models, or at least as suggestions, for the use of the Christian teachers who were to be sent among them. With this view, he wrote and

published a volume, under the title of "Addresses to the Inhabitants of Otaheite." It was a series of short discourses upon the chief and simplest points of Christian theology, and such as were thought best suited, by their earnest, impassioned style, to be addressed to the poetical children of nature, seated beneath the spreading shadow of their palm-tree, or around the genial glow of their council-fire. And eloquent indeed were these strange model discourses, and such as the Christian world—especially the young, who devoured them with delight and wonder—have seldom seen within the range of theological authorship. But little as yet were the South Sea Islanders known, for whose behalf these sermons were written, and it was soon enough discovered that they were more prone to eat a missionary than to digest his doctrines. But that such ravening *anthropophagi* should be changed into men, such besotted idolaters into Christians, and the principles of humanity, civilization, and order be established among them, and that, too, in the course of a single generation, was certainly the greatest, as well as the most encouraging achievement which modern missionary enterprise has yet accomplished. Mr. Love was permitted to witness the dawn of this bright morning of promise, after so deep a midnight of despondency; and he saw his poor Otaheiteans christianized, although the process had differed from his plans and anticipations.

In 1798 Mr. Love's official connection with London and the Missionary Society terminated, and two years afterwards he was called to the ministerial charge of a chapel of ease newly formed in Anderston, one of the suburbs of Glasgow. He must have felt it a happy change from the echoes of the lonely walls in Artillery Street, to a populous city, in which his training for the ministry had commenced, and where he could find a congenial people, by whom his worth would be fully appreciated. In Glasgow, accordingly, he soon gathered a congregation, by whom he was enthusiastically beloved, and who rejoiced under his pastoral charge to the close of his valuable life. Here, also, he selected for his friend and chief companion the Rev. Dr. Balfour, a congenial spirit in learning, talent, piety, and apostolic zeal. Besides his labours in the pulpit, to which he brought all his powers of study and close application, as well as the resources of a singularly vigorous and richly endowed intellect, Mr. Love held the office of secretary of the Glasgow Missionary Society, and presided in its chief enterprise, the establishment of the mission to Caffraria. Notwithstanding his habitual reserve, and dislike of popularity, his reputation as a scholar and theologian was so fully acknowledged, that in November, 1815, he was invited to be one of the candidates for the professorship of divinity, at that time vacant in King's College, Aberdeen. Mr. Love complied; but notwithstanding his fitness for the chair, which was tested by long trial and examination, the question was one not so much of ability and learning, as of party feeling; and the Moderates being still in the ascendant, were enabled to return a candidate of their own election. Soon afterwards Mr. Love was honoured with the degree of doctor in divinity. After this the quiet unostentatious course of the good man went on in its wonted tenor, until the cares and toils of the Caffre mission, already giving tokens of those dangers by which it was afterwards all but overthrown, tasked the sensitive spirit of Dr. Love for the last four years of his life, until December 17, 1825, when death terminated his anxieties, in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

From his retiring spirit, that shrunk from popular distinction, and from the general state of his health, that agreed best with retirement and tranquillity,

the authorship of Dr. Love has been limited, compared with his well-known talents, and the wishes of his many admirers. During his own lifetime, indeed, he published nothing, as far as is known, except his "Addresses to the People of Otaheite," and a few sermons. After his death, however, a careful research among his papers enabled his friends to give the following posthumous works to the world—deprived, however, of that careful correctness which his own revising pen would undoubtedly have bestowed on them:—

1. A reprint of sermons preached by him on various public occasions; including also his Otaheitean addresses. This volume was republished soon after Dr. Love's death.

2. Two volumes of sermons and lectures, from his unrevised manuscripts. These were published in 1829.

3. In 1838 was published a volume containing about three hundred of his letters.

4. In 1853, a volume containing thirty-four sermons, which he preached in the West Church, Greenock, during the years 1784-5.

## M.

**MACADAM, JOHN LOUDON.**—Since the days of the Appian and Flaminian highways, it has been unusual to convert a great public road into a memorial of its founder, by investing it with his name. Cities have been linked together, impassable highways penetrated, and kingdoms themselves converted into thoroughfares, while few have thought of inquiring by whom these facilities were planned, or constructed, or even kept in repair. Was it that, after these matchless road-makers, the Romans, had passed away, they left no successors worth commemorating? This, and the fact that even our best highways were the work not of individuals but communities, not of years but centuries, will explain the universal ignorance. Thus Europe went on for two thousand years, until a startling change occurred. Roads were now *macadamized*, because a new way of constructing them had been adopted; and that new way had been discovered by John Loudon Macadam.

This distinguished father of modern highways was born in the town of Ayr. The precise date of his birth we are unable to assign, but it appears to have been in the year 1756. He was the second son of James Macadam, Esq., of Waterhead, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright. This family, originally descended from the Macgregors, while the clan was still powerful and unproscribed, held the rank of Scottish barons at Waterhead previous to the accession of James VI. to the English throne; and the name passed into that of Macadam, in compliment to the first baron, whose name was Adam Macgregor. The last of these barons was James Macadam, father of the subject of this memoir, whose ill luck or profuse expenditure occasioned the family estate to pass by purchase into the possession of a younger branch of the original family. The maternal descent of John Loudon Macadam was still more distinguished, as his mother, Miss Cochrane of Waterside, on the banks of the Ayr, was related to the illustrious house of Dundonald. His earliest education was received at the school of Maybole, at that time taught by Mr. Doick; and even already it appears that the planning and construction of roads had attracted his attention.

This he evinced by showing to his wondering school companions the model of a section of the Girvan road, extending from Maybole to Kirkoswald, which he had executed during his half-holidays.

In consequence of the impoverished circumstances of his father, and being a younger son, John found that he must begin betimes to shift for himself. He therefore left Scotland for New York, where he had an uncle, Dr. William Macadam, by whom he was kindly received, and adopted as a son. He had only reached the age of fifteen when he was thus thrown upon the world; but he appears to have had his full share of that spirit that carries his countrymen successfully onward. He passed his apprenticeship in a mercantile establishment, and soon after this was finished, he commenced business on his own account, as an agent for the sale of prizes, in which he continued till the close of the revolutionary war, and realized a considerable fortune, besides that which he obtained by his marriage with Miss Nichol, a young lady of great beauty. But the success of the Americans in their war of independence was fatal to the party to which he belonged, being that of the royalists; and he experienced, with his brethren in political opinion, the *vae victis* of an unsuccessful cause, in the loss of a considerable part of his property. Still, however, on his return to Scotland he had enough to purchase the estate of Sauchrie in Ayrshire. Here he resided for thirteen years, and held the offices of magistrate and deputy-lieutenant of the county. From Sauchrie he removed to Falmouth in 1798, in consequence of being appointed agent for victualling the navy in the western ports of Great Britain. He afterwards changed his place of residence to Bristol, where he resided many years; and subsequently to Hoddesdon in Hertfordshire.

During these changes of scene and occupation, Mr. Macadam never appears to have lost sight of his early predilections in road-making. It formed the principal subject of his study while acting as one of the trustees upon certain roads in Ayrshire, and afterwards, when he had removed to England. It was certainly a bold experiment he proposed in a mode of constructing roads, by which the practice that had prevailed for thousands of years was to be abandoned in favour of a new theory. But it was the proposal of an eminently practical, sagacious, and scientific mind, that had revolved the subject in all its bearings during the period of an ordinary lifetime, and whose days were still to be continued, to carry it into execution. A full opportunity for the commencement of his plan occurred in 1815, when he was appointed surveyor-general of the Bristol roads; and after the first trials were made, the result was so satisfactory, that the new mode of road-making came into general adoption over the whole kingdom. After the excellence of his method had been sufficiently tested for highways, the fitness of its adoption for streets came next in question; and upon this subject Mr. Macadam was examined by a committee of the House of Commons in 1823. He then so clearly demonstrated the propriety and advantage of converting the ruble granite causeway of the principal streets of cities into a smooth pavement, like the country roads he had already constructed, that the change was adopted in London, Edinburgh, Dublin, and our principal towns.

An immense quantity of public labour was thus brought under the superintendence of Mr. Macadam, by which he might have accumulated profits to an indefinite amount, while his character as a public benefactor would have remained untouched. But superior to every selfish consideration, he confined his services to superintendence, and nothing more—for he thought that an engineer should never act as a contractor, because where the offices are combined,



the public was too often the loser, that one man might be enriched. It would have been well, also, if this conscientious generosity had been reciprocated by our government towards such an upright, faithful, and useful servant. But this, we are sorry to add, was not the case. After having advanced many thousands of pounds from his own resources to expedite the works in which he was engaged for the public benefit, he received in compensation from government only £10,000, in two instalments—a most inadequate return for his services, independently of his outlays. He thus might be said to have been rewarded with less than nothing. The honour of knighthood, indeed, was offered to him; but this, on account of his growing infirmities, he declined in favour of his son, the late Sir James Macadam, who prosecuted his father's profession, with the superintendence of the roads around London.

During the latter part of his life, Mr. Macadam resided chiefly in the British metropolis, where he was greatly esteemed by the literary and scientific society with which he was surrounded, on account of his conversational powers and varied accomplishments. He finally returned to Scotland, and died at Moffat, on the 26th of November, 1836, in the eighty-first year of his age. He was twice married. By his first wife he had three sons and three daughters, of whom two sons and two daughters survived. His second wife was Miss De Lancey, a lady of American extraction, and sister-in-law of Cooper, the novelist, by whom he had no children.

M'CHEYNE, REV. ROBERT MURRAY.—This young divine, whose brief life and labours produced such a wide and lasting impression, was born in Edinburgh, on the 21st of May, 1813. At the age of eight he entered the High School of his native city, where he continued a pupil for six years, during the course of which he was distinguished among his class-fellows not only by his proficiency in the usual studies of the class, but his amiable, enthusiastic disposition and engaging manners. From the High School he passed to the university of Edinburgh, and there, besides gaining prizes in the several classes, he distinguished himself by his proficiency in the study of modern languages, and his taste in drawing, music, and poetry. On finishing the usual course of a university education, it is probable that his direction in life would still have remained to be decided, but for one of those solemnizing events which sometimes, at such a crisis, has confirmed the current and directed the course of those who have become eminent in the church. This was the death of his eldest brother, David, eight or nine years older than himself. In the same year (1831) he entered the divinity hall, which at this time enjoyed Dr. Chalmers for its professor in theology, and Dr. Welsh for the chair of church history. Under such teachers, it would have been difficult for a pupil of even ordinary capacity to remain inert and unaccomplished; in the case of Robert M'Cheyne, there was an ardour that not only carried him onward in the studies over which they presided, but into that life of Christian activity and practical usefulness which they were so desirous to combine with the intellectual acquirements of young students in training for the ministry. Many of our living clergymen can still remember how, both in Glasgow and Edinburgh, Dr. Chalmers converted the divinity halls into evangelistic seminaries of Sabbath-school teachers and religious instructors of the poor; and with what hearty good-will they themselves, while students, enlisted in the good work, and plunged boldly into those recesses of ignorance and crime which, but for his exhortations, they would have never thought of entering; and how they thereby acquired that

knowledge and aptitude for their future duties, which the mere lectures of the class-room could never have imparted.

After having finished the usual course appointed for students in divinity, and exhibited an amount of talent and acquirements that might have opened for him an entrance into the fairest fields of literary ambition, Mr. M'Cheyne was licensed as a preacher by the Presbytery of Annan, on the 1st of July, 1835. The sphere of action to which he turned at the outset was both humble and laborious, being an assistantship of the joint parishes of Larbert and Dunipace, having a population of 6000 souls, most of whom were colliers, and workmen of the Carron Iron-works—a population sufficiently repulsive in station and manners, as well as in general moral character. His situation and his feelings are well described in his poem on “Mungo Park finding a Tuft of Green Grass in the African Desert”—a poem, by the way, which John Wilson, our prince of critics, has stamped with his honoured approval:—

“No mighty rock upreared its head  
To bless the wanderer with its shade,  
In all the weary plain;  
No palm-trees with refreshing green  
To glad the dazzled eye were seen,  
But one wide sandy main.

“Dauntless and daring was the mind,  
That left all home-born joys behind  
These deserts to explore—  
To trace the mighty Niger's course,  
And find it bubbling from its source  
In wilds untrod before.

“And ah! shall we less daring show,  
Who nobler ends and motives know  
Than ever heroes dream—  
Who seek to lead the savage mind  
The precious fountain-head to find,  
Whence flows salvation's stream?”

Thus he felt, and in this spirit he laboured during the ten months of his assistantship, not confining himself to the duties of the pulpit, careful and anxious though his preparations in that department were, but visiting in every house, and endeavouring to make himself acquainted with the character, spiritual condition, and wants of every individual. A happy proof of his diligence and discriminating character in this the most important part of clerical duty, is contained in a letter which he afterwards wrote to his successor, recommending to his attention the persons in whom he felt most solicitude. “Take more heed to the saints,” he writes, “than ever I did. Speak a word in season to S. M. S. H. will drink in simple truth, but tell him to be humble-minded. Cause L. H. to learn in silence; speak not of *religion* to her, but speak to her case always. Teach A. M. to look simply at Jesus. J. A. warn and teach. Get worldliness from the B.'s if you can. Mrs. G. awake, or keep awake. Speak faithfully to the B.'s. Tell me of M. C., if she is really a believer, and grows? A. K., has the light visited her? M. T. I have had some doubts of. M. G. lies sore upon my conscience; I did no good to that woman; she always managed to speak of things *about the truth*. Speak boldly. What matter in eternity the slight awkwardnesses of time?” In these *notanda* what a beauti-

ful practical illustration we have of that chapter in the work of Herbert on clerical duties, which he has entitled, "The Parson Visiting!"

While Mr. M'Cheyne was thus occupied in the united parishes of Dunipace and Larbert, he was only in training for the full work of the ministry, which he was now about to enter. This event occurred in November, 1836, when, after having been invited by the managers and congregation of the new church, St. Peter's, Dundee, to become a candidate for that charge, he preached on trial two several Sundays before them, and was accepted as their minister. The duties into which he now entered were of the most arduous description. His parish of St. Peter's, detached from that of St. John's, as a *quoad sacra* parish, contained a population of 4000 souls; and the church itself, built in connection with the Church Extension Scheme, contained a congregation of 1100 hearers. His health, lately subject to severe trials, was in very indifferent condition, while the religious apathy of the townfolks of Dundee, was such as to strike him at first with anxiety. Here he commenced the same ministerial labours to which he had been accustomed as a preacher, but with a sense of still deeper responsibility—not only preaching faithfully on the Sabbath, after careful preparation and prayer, but visiting from house to house during the week-days, and often extending these evangelistic visits of examination and instruction, not only over the families of his own parish, but those of Dundee at large. Such superabundant labour was perhaps an error—but an error upon the safe side. In addition to these tasks, he superintended the labours of his elders over the several districts into which his parish was divided, held weekly evening classes for the young of his congregation, and trained the more advanced of their number for becoming Christian communicants. He also held prayer-meetings on the Thursday evenings. These manifestations of earnest, tender, indefatigable solicitude for the spiritual interests of the community among which he was placed, could not but be felt and appreciated, and the multitudes that repaired to his ministrations on the Sabbath, soon became permanent members of his flock, arrested as they were by the unction of his preaching, so correspondent to his whole character and actions; by the distinct arrangement of his ideas, and the clear as well as eloquent language in which they were expressed—even by the tones of his expressive voice, and unstudied yet graceful and appropriate action of his limbs, that had excelled in dancing and gymnastics before he became a student in theology. In the pulpit itself, such natural and personal advantages are no trivialities—and but for them, perhaps, even Whitefield himself, that prince of pulpit orators, would have lived and died an undistinguished Methodist preacher. As the fame of his popularity and usefulness extended over the country at large, other parishes wished to have Mr. M'Cheyne for their minister; but tempting though such offers were, on account of higher emolument and lighter labour, he respectfully declined them. His motives for this were well explained in his remarks on an application of this kind from the parish of Skirling. Writing to his father, he says:—"I am set down among nearly 4000 people; 1100 people have taken seats in my church. I bring my message, such as it is, within the reach of that great company every Sabbath-day. I dare not leave this people. I dare not leave 3000 or 4000 for 300 people. Had this been offered me before, I would have seen it a direct intimation from God, and would heartily have embraced it. How I should have delighted to feed so precious a little flock—to watch over every family—to know every heart—to 'allure to brighter worlds, and lead the way!' But God has not so ordered it. He has set me down

among the noisy mechanics and political weavers of this godless town. He will make the money sufficient. He that paid his taxes from a fish's mouth, will supply all my need."

From Scotland to Palestine, from Dundee to Jerusalem, is a strange transition—but this Mr. M'Cheyne was now called to undergo. The incessant action of mind and body during his ministerial course, upon a constitution naturally delicate, had, towards the close of 1838, completely impaired his strength, and occasioned such a violent palpitation of the heart, that he was imperatively ordered by his medical advisers to discontinue his public labours, and seek a cure in change of place and occupation. He reluctantly complied, and passed over to Edinburgh, where he had not been long domiciled, when a proposal was made to him to join a deputation about to be sent by the Church of Scotland into the East, for the purpose of making personal inquiries into the condition of the Jews. Nothing could have been more opportune than such an offer. It gratified the longing for missionary enterprise that had stirred up his heart from an early period, but hitherto without scope; it promised to restore that health of which he was now in quest, without dreary useless inaction as its price; and it would lead him through those hallowed scenes and localities, the memory of which is so dear to every Christian heart, and which it recognizes to the very end as its native birthplace and home. As one of the four ministers who composed the mission, he commenced that interesting journey of which a full account has been given to the public in the "Narrative of a Mission of Inquiry to the Jews, from the Church of Scotland, in 1839." After a six months' tour, in which every day brought a change of scene and incident, he returned home in November, 1839, renewed in health, and impatient to resume his wonted duties. It was time that he should return, for one of these mysterious religious epochs, called a "revival," had occurred within his own parish, as well as the town of Dundee at large. It was similar to the event which, under the same title, had occurred nearly a century earlier at Cambuslang. On departing upon his mission to the East, the assistant whom Mr. M'Cheyne left in his place had preached in Kilsyth, and there such a revival of religious feeling had occurred as seemed to recall the days of Pentecost. From Kilsyth the impulse reached Dundee, where its original agent was now stationed, and afterwards went with an electric sympathy through other parishes of Scotland. This religious popular movement, so peculiar to Scotland, and yet so alien to the national character—as if that were the fittest place where such a doubtful impulse could be best tried and tested—was in full operation among his people when Mr. M'Cheyne returned, and in its working he recognized the finger of God. On this account he threw himself without hesitation into it, and was now more employed than ever in speaking comfort to the afflicted, and giving instruction to the doubtful and inquiring. The immediate fruits of this revival, also, were such as to fill him with the most triumphant hope, notwithstanding the frequent instances that occurred among the seemingly converted, not only of wavering inconsistency, but even of positive downfall. As is well known, this great national religious stirring among the people preceded the Disruption, for which it served in some measure to prepare the way; and in these events, by which the Church of Scotland was finally rent in twain, Mr. M'Cheyne could not do otherwise than feel a deep vital interest. That principle of spiritual independence for which his brethren were contending, he had cherished and advocated from the beginning, and now

that it was in peril, he prepared himself to sacrifice all for its sake. He therefore attended the solemn clerical meeting held in Edinburgh on the 11th of August, 1841, and subscribed the engagement by which the Commission of the General Assembly bound itself to vindicate the liberties of the church, by proceeding against the recusant ministers of the Presbytery of Strathbogie, notwithstanding the state protection, within which they had intrenched themselves. In the following year he was one of a clerical deputation that visited the north of England, for the purpose of preaching in chapels or in the open air, and instructing all who repaired to them in the great common principles of religion, without reference to sect or party.

On returning to his charge at Dundee, Mr. M'Cheyne resumed his duties, and pursued them with a diligence which neither frequent attacks of sickness, nor a gradually decaying constitution, seemed in any way to abate. But his days were numbered, and his anticipations of a short life were about to be realized. In the midst of his preparations for the disruption that soon took place, in the event of which he had expressed his resolution to go forth as a missionary to our convict colonies, he was attacked by fever, the violence of which soon left no doubt of what would be its termination. Delirium followed, and in a few days he breathed his last. So intensely was he beloved, not only by the members of his flock, but the inhabitants of Dundee in general, that his death, coming especially with such suddenness, was lamented as a public calamity. The event occurred on the 25th of March, 1843, in the thirtieth year of his age, and seventh of his short but most useful and honoured ministry.

It is difficult, in so brief a notice, and in a life marked by so few striking incidents and changes, to convey a distinct idea of the worth of Mr. M'Cheyne, or the important character and results of his public labours. As a minister, he might be called the Whitefield of Scotland; and in that one word we endeavour to comprise, as well as to convey an impression of his apostolic life, character, and labours. Many indeed are the thousands still living, not only in his native land, but in England and Ireland, who will recognize the justice of such a title.

M'CRIE, THOMAS, D.D.—This most able and eloquent writer, whose generous selection of the chief subject of his authorship, as well as the felicitous manner in which he discharged the task, will connect his memory with the illustrious name of John Knox, was born in the town of Dunse. He was the eldest of a family of four sons and three daughters, and was born in November, 1772. His father was a manufacturer and merchant of the above-mentioned town, and lived to witness the literary celebrity of his son, as his death did not occur till 1823. The subject of this memoir was peculiarly fortunate in his parentage, especially in having a mother whose deep-toned, devoted, feminine piety seems, at a very early period, to have directed the feelings and moulded the religious character of her eldest son. As his parents belonged to that class of the Secession called Antiburghers, Thomas M'Crie was born and nursed in that communion, at a time, too, when it still retained much of the primitive earnestness and simplicity of the old days of the covenant. "What is the best book in the world?" was the first question usually put to his young compeers; to which the answer was prompt, "The Bible." "What is the next best book?" was the question that followed; and to this the answer was equally prompt, "The Confession of Faith." Could the covenanting banner lack a future champion from children so educated? On being sent to the parish school, young M'Crie soon became not only an apt scholar, but distinguished for those

habits of laborious application by which he was trained to his future work of historical and antiquarian research. This progress, however, was somewhat alarming to his cautious father, who saw no reason for impoverishing a whole family to make his first-born a finished scholar; and had his paternal purposes been carried out, perhaps the future biographer of Knox and Melville would have become nothing better than a thriving Berwickshire store-keeper, or, it may be, a prosperous mercantile adventurer in London. But kind relatives interposed, and the boy was allowed to follow his original bent. This he did so effectually, that before he had reached the age of fifteen, he was himself able to become a teacher in two country schools successively, and thus to proceed in his studies without occasioning the apprehended incumbrance.

It was soon settled that aptitudes so decided, and acquirements which had already brought him into notice, should be devoted to the work of the ministry; and accordingly, at the age of sixteen, Thomas M'Crie left home to be enrolled as a student in the university of Edinburgh. His pious, affectionate mother, accompanied him part of the way; and when the painful moment of farewell had arrived, she took him aside into a field upon Coldingham Moor, and there, kneeling down with him behind a rock, she solemnly commended him and his future career to that God who gave him, and to whose service she now willingly resigned him. In a year after she died; but the memory of that prayer abode with him, while its answer was attested in his future life and labours. His favourite studies at the university, as might be surmised, were those allied with ethics, philology, and history—all that is closely connected with the development of human character, and the most effectual modes of delineating its manifold and minute phases. It is no wonder, therefore, if, among the professors who at this time were the ornaments of the college, Dugald Stewart was his favourite instructor. In this way his course went on from year to year, his studies being frequently alternated with the laborious work of the schoolmaster, but his mind exhibiting on every occasion a happy combination of student-like diligence, with healthful elastic vigour. In September, 1795, he was licensed to be a preacher by the Associate Presbytery of Kelso; and in this capacity his first public attempts were so acceptable, that in little more than a month after being licensed, he received a call from the Associate congregation in the Potter Row, Edinburgh, to become their second minister. Thus early was he settled in the precise sphere, where not only his talents as a minister could be turned to best account, but the proper facilities afforded for that important literary career in which he was destined to become so eminent.

A short time after he had entered the work of the ministry, he married Miss Janet Dickson, daughter of a respectable farmer in Swinton, to whom he had long been attached, and found in her a suitable domestic friend and comforter, until death dissolved their union.

At the outset of his ministry, Mr. M'Crie's sermons were distinguished by a careful attention to those requirements of eloquence and rules of oratory, in which he was so well fitted to excel. Indeed, the more aged of his brethren seem to have been of opinion that he carried these to such an undue length, as to be in danger of recommending himself more highly than the great subject of which he was but the herald and messenger. He soon appears to have been of the same opinion himself, more especially after a missionary tour through the Orkney Islands, hitherto in a state of grievous spiritual destitution, but now eager to hear the word of life, in whatever form it was proclaimed; and there

he saw, in the demeanour of his primitive audiences, the vast importance of the great doctrines of salvation, as compared with those mere human appliances by which it is adorned and recommended. This wholesome conviction brought him back, not however with a recoil into the opposite extreme, but into that happy medium where the true grandeur of the subject is allowed its full predominance, and where its expression is only valued by how much the speaker himself is absorbed and lost sight of in his all-important theme. This, indeed, is the secret of true pulpit eloquence; and to this eloquence Mr. M'Crie attained after his return from the Orkneys. The consequence was, that his acceptability as a preacher increased, his auditory became greatly more numerous, and a deeper spirit of earnestness was manifested in the general bearing and character of his congregation. Such were the fruits of that act of self-denial, which talented aspiring young clergymen find so difficult to perform. The same spirit of disinterested devotedness to his work was also evinced by Mr. M'Crie in trials which some may reckon equally hard to be withstood. Though his flock was numerous, it was chiefly from the humbler classes, so that his income was a small one; and in 1798, the price of provisions rose so high that families of limited means were reduced to unwonted privations. In this state of things, the congregation of Potter Row adopted the generous resolution of increasing the salary of their minister; but no sooner did he hear of it, than he wrote to them a letter, earnestly dissuading them from the measure. "The allowance which you promised me," he said, "when I first came among you as your minister, and which has been always punctually paid, though not so liberal as what may be given to others of the same station in this place, has hitherto been sufficient. From any general knowledge I have of the state of your funds, it is as much as you can be supposed to give, especially considering the burdens under which you labour. The expense of living has indeed been increasing for some time past, but the incomes of trades-people have not increased in proportion; and as the most of you are of that description, I don't consider myself entitled to make any increasing demand upon you." This kind negation was gratefully received, and inserted in the minute-book of the congregation. Here, however, the disinterestedness of their pastor did not terminate. That period of famine, so universal throughout Britain, and still well remembered in Scotland under the title of "The Dearth," had reached its height in 1800, so that the middle were now transformed into the lower classes, while the lower were little better than paupers. At this crisis the minister stepped forward with a generous proposal; it was that, in consequence of the prevalent poverty, the amount of his stipend should be reduced. The people, however, who were able to appreciate his motives, refused to consent, and thus ended a contest that was equally honourable to both.

After this the life of Mr. M'Crie was fated for some time to be imbittered by ecclesiastical controversy. It is well known to our readers, that the great subject of religious debate in Scotland has been, since the Reformation, not so much about Christian doctrine as about Christian polity. What is the duty of the state in aiding, upholding, and fortifying the spiritual government of the church? And what is the nature and amount of that deference which the church should render to the state in return, compatible with her spiritual independence—or rather, her allegiance to her great Head and Sovereign? The relationship between these powers was fully established in Scotland by the first and second Books of Discipline, and finally ratified by the Confession of

Faith at Westminster. But toward the close of the last century, the principles of the French revolution, so active in other countries, had also found their entrance into Scotland; and there they menaced not only the civil but also the ecclesiastical authority of the state. This was especially the case in that body called the Secession, to a part of which Mr. M'Crie belonged. The Seceders had caught that Gallican spirit so hostile to kings and rulers, and they now found out that all connection between church and state should cease. Each was to shift for itself as it best could, without the aid or co-operation of the other; while kings and magistrates, instead of being bound by their office to be nursing fathers of the church, were engaged to nothing more, and could claim nothing higher, than what they might effect as mere members and private individuals. In this way the Voluntary principle was recognized as the only earthly stay of the church's dependence, and the party who adopted it thenceforth became, not seceders from the Establishment, but Dissenters. It was thus that they closed and bolted the door against any future reunion with the parent church, let the latter become as reformed and as pure as it might. In this painful controversy Mr. M'Crie was deeply involved; and, superior to that restless spirit of modern innovation by which it was animated, he took the unpopular side of the question, and held fast by those original standards of the Secession which the majority were so eager to abandon. The result was that numbers and votes prevailed, so that he, and three conscientious brethren of the church who held the same principles with himself, were formally deposed in 1806. The dissentients, under the new name of the Constitutional Associate Presbytery, were thus dispossessed of their churches, but not of their congregations, who still adhered to them; and in the new places of worship to which they repaired, they continued to exercise their ministry as before. In this way they formed a separate and distinct, though small and unnoticed body, until 1837, when they united themselves with another portion of protesters from the same synod, under the common title of Original Seceders.

During the progress of these events, which extended over a course of years, and with which Mr. M'Crie was so vitally connected, their whole bearing had a most momentous influence upon his future literary labours. They threw his mind back upon the original principles of the Scottish Reformation, and made them the chief subjects of his inquiry; they brought him into close contact with those illustrious characters by whom the Reformation was commenced; and they animated and strengthened that love of religious consistency, and hostility to ecclesiastical tyranny and oppression, that accorded so materially with his original character. In the following sentence from one of his letters in 1802, we can well recognize the man who set at nought the demolition of such things as cathedrals and monasteries, when they hindered the erection of a true church, and who was well fitted to become the biographer of him whose stern principle was, "Pull down the nests and the rooks will flee." "There is something," he thus writes, "in the modern study of the fine arts, *belles-lettres*, and mere antiquities, that gives the mind a *littleness* which totally unfits it for being suitably affected with things truly great in characters eminent for love of religion, liberty, and true learning. To demolish a Gothic arch, break a pane of painted glass, or deface a picture, are with them acts of ferocious sacrilege, not to be atoned for, the perpetrators of which must be *ipso facto* excommunicated from all *civil* society, and reckoned henceforth among savages; while to preserve these magnificent trifles, for which they entertain a veneration little



less idolatrous than their Popish or Pagan predecessors, they would consign whole nations to ignorance or perdition." Sentiments thus inspired, and researches so conducted, were not allowed to lie idle; and accordingly, from 1802 to 1806, he was a contributor to the "Christian Magazine," the pages of which he enriched with several valuable historical and biographical sketches. The titles of these sufficiently indicated the nature of his present studies, while their excellence gave promise of what might yet be accomplished. The chief of them were an "Account of the concluding part of the Life and the Death of that illustrious man, John Knox, the most faithful Restorer of the Church of Scotland," being a translation from the work of Principal Smeton; a "Memoir of Mr. John Murray," minister of Leith and Dunfermline, in the beginning of the 17th century; a "Sketch of the Progress of the Reformation in Spain, with an account of the Spanish Protestant Martyrs;" "The Suppression of the Reformation in Spain;" the "Life of Dr. Andrew Rivet," the French Protestant minister; the "Life of Patrick Hamilton;" the "Life of Francis Lambert, of Avignon;" and the "Life of Alexander Henderson." The journal in which they appeared was of but limited circulation, and its literary merits were little appreciated, so that these admirable articles were scarcely known beyond the small circle of subscribers to the "Christian Magazine," most of whom were Seceders. But it was better, perhaps, that it should be so. These were only prelusive efforts, and preparations for great achievements, that are generally best conducted in silence, and which the gaze of the public will only interrupt or impede.

In this way the mind of the author had been imbued with the subject of the Reformation at large; and he had been thus led to study its developments, not only in Scotland, but in Spain, France, and Italy. But in which of these important departments was his first great attempt in historical authorship to be made? Happily, his mind was not out at sea upon this conclusive question, for by the close of 1803 his choice had been decided. It was that of a leal-hearted Scotsman and zealous Covenanter, and on the proposal that had been made to him of writing a separate work instead of unconnected articles, he thus replies: "As you have suggested this, I shall use the freedom of mentioning to you a floating idea which has sometimes passed through my mind, without ever assuming the formality of a resolution or design; namely, a selection of lives of Scottish reformers, in some such order as to embrace the most important periods of the history of the Church of Scotland; in which a number of facts which are reckoned too minute and trivial for general history might be brought to bear upon, and occasionally illustrate it. The order, for instance, might be (I write merely from the recollection of the moment), Patrick Hamilton, George Wishart, John Knox, John Craig, Andrew Melvine, Patrick Simpson, Robert Bruce, &c." It is easy to see how this variety, comprising the chief personages of the first and second great movements of the Scottish Reformation, would finally resolve themselves into Knox and Melville, to whom the others were merely subsidiary. With Knox, therefore, he commenced; and the task was not an easy one. Obscure authors had to be discovered, and long-forgotten books resuscitated; contending facts had to be weighed, and contradictory statements reconciled; while a mass of manuscripts, such as might have daunted the most zealous antiquary at a period when Scottish antiquarianism was still in infancy, had to be pored over and deciphered, in quest of facts that were already fading away with the ink in which they were

embodied, but whose final extinction his patriotic zeal sufficed to prevent. And all this was to be accomplished, not by the snug Fellow of a college, reposing in learned leisure in the deep shadow of Gothic halls which the sound of the world could not reach, with half-a-mile of library before and behind him; or a church dignitary, whose whole time could be devoted to the defence of that church in which he was a high-titled and richly-guerdoned stipendiary; but by one who had the weekly and daily toil of a Scottish Secession minister to interrupt him, as well as its very scanty emoluments to impede his efforts and limit his literary resources. And all this for what?—not to write the life of one whose memory was universally cherished, and whose record all would be eager to read. The whole literary world was now united against John Knox, whose very name was the signal for ridicule or execration. The man whose heart was so hard and pitiless, that the tears of Mary fell on it as upon cold iron—who demolished stately architectures and fair churches from sheer hatred of whatever was grand or beautiful—who shared in, or at least who countenanced the foulest assassinations of the period—and who had finally imposed upon the land a sour, shrivelled, and soul-stunting creed, under the name of a reformation, which, thanks to *Moderatism*! the country was now getting rid of—this was he whom M'Crie, under every disadvantage, and at every hazard, was resolved to chronicle and to vindicate. Of all the thousands and myriads whom his "Life of Knox" has delighted, how few are able to take into account the difficulties under which the author laboured, and the high heroic devotedness in which the task was pursued to the close!

The materials for this important work, as may readily be surmised, had been long in accumulating: as for the Life itself, it appears to have been fairly commenced in 1807, and it was published in 1811. On its appearance, the public for a while was silent: many were doubtless astonished that such a subject should have been chosen at all, while not a few must have wondered that it could be handled so well. A complete change was to be wrought upon public feeling, and the obloquy of two centuries to be recanted; but by what literary organ was such a palinode to be commenced? At length "the song began from Jove,"—for the first key-note was sounded, and the chorus led by no less a journal than the "Edinburgh Review," now the great oracle of the world of criticism, while the article itself was written by no less a personage than Jeffrey, the hierophant and Pontifex Maximus of critics. After commencing his critique with an allusion to those distinguished benefactors whose merits the world has been tardy in acknowledging, the reviewer thus continues: "Among the many who have suffered by this partiality of fortune, we scarcely know any one to whom harder measure has been dealt, than the eminent person who is the subject of the work before us. In the reformed island of Great Britain no honours now wait on the memory of the greatest of the British reformers; and even among us zealous Presbyterians of the north, the name of Knox, to whom our Presbyterian Church is indebted, not merely for its establishment, but its existence, is oftener remembered for reproach than for veneration; and his apostolical zeal and sanctity, his heroic courage, his learning, talents, and accomplishments, are all coldly forgotten; while a thousand tongues are still ready to pour out their censure or derision of his fierceness, his ambition, and his bigotry. Some part of this injustice we must probably be content to ascribe to the fatality to which we have already made reference; but some part, at least, seems to admit of a better explanation." After having stated these

palliating circumstances, in which a portion of the general prejudice originated, the critic adds: "From these, or from other causes, however, it seems to be undeniable that the prevailing opinion about John Knox, even in this country, has come to be, that he was a fierce and gloomy bigot, equally a foe to polite learning and innocent enjoyment; and that, not satisfied with exposing the abuses of the Romish superstitions, he laboured to substitute for the rational religion and regulated worship of enlightened men, the ardent and unrectified spirit of vulgar enthusiasm, dashed with dreams of spiritual and political independence, and all the impracticabilities of the earthly kingdom of the saints. How unfair, and how marvellously incorrect these representations are, may be learned from the perusal of the book before us—a work which has afforded us more amusement and more instruction than any thing we ever read upon the subject; and which, independent of its theological merits, we do not hesitate to pronounce by far the best piece of history which has appeared since the commencement of our critical career. It is extremely accurate, learned, and concise, and, at the same time, very full of spirit and animation, exhibiting, as it appears to us, a rare union of the patient research and sober judgment which characterize the more laborious class of historians, with the boldness of thinking and force of imagination which is sometimes substituted in their place. It affords us very great pleasure to bear this public testimony to the merits of a writer who has been hitherto unknown, we believe, to the literary world either of this or the neighbouring country; of whom, or of whose existence at least, though residing in the same city with ourselves, it never was our fortune to have heard till his volume was put into our hands; and who, in his first emergence from the humble obscurity in which he has pursued the studies and performed the duties of his profession, has presented the world with a work which may put so many of his contemporaries to the blush, for the big promises they have broken, and the vast opportunities they have neglected."

This was much, coming as it did from the "Edinburgh Review," a work that hitherto had been by no means distinguished for its advocacy of Christian principles, or love of evangelical piety; and nothing, therefore, was better fitted to arrest the attention of the world in behalf of the volume that had lately appeared. The subject thus discussed in the great northern journal for July 1812, was taken up by its powerful southern rival, and in the "Quarterly Review" of July, 1813, appeared a critique, in which the reviewers, in their admiration of John Knox, seem to have allowed their well-known devotedness to Episcopacy and Toryism for the time to go to sleep. After expressing their admiration that the Scottish reformer should have found a better biographer than had yet fallen to the lot of even Calvin and Luther, they thus characterize the literary merits of the work:—"Compact and vigorous, often coarse, but never affected, without tumour and without verbosity, we can scarcely forbear to wonder by what effort of taste or discrimination the style of Dr. M'Crie has been preserved so nearly unpolled by the disgusting and circumlocutory nonsense of his contemporaries. Here is no puling about the 'interesting sufferer,' 'the patient saint,' 'the angelic preacher.' Knox is plain Knox, in acting and in suffering always an hero; and his story is told as an hero would wish that it should be told—with simplicity, precision, and force." Still, however, the reviewers could not well get over the demolished monasteries, or the tears of Queen Mary, and in their wrath they administered the following rebuke to the biographer, which, however, he accepted as no small compliment:—"But

of the literal subversion of many noble buildings, which, perhaps unavoidably, took place in the course of this great revolution, Dr. M'Crie permits himself to speak with a savage and sarcastic triumph, which evinces how zealous and practical an helper he would himself have proved in the work of destruction, had he been born in the 16th century. Less, we are persuaded, would then have been heard of Row or Willock, as auxiliaries of Knox, than of M'Crie." "Like Knox himself, he has neither a tear nor a sigh for Mary; and we doubt not that, like him, he would have voted to bring the royal adulteress and murderer, for such they both esteem her, to the block." "Is not that great praise?" says M'Crie, with good humour, while quoting to a friend this portion of the criticism. The other journals followed the lead of their two Titans; and encouraged by the reception of the work, and the high importance it quickly attained, the author commenced a second edition, in which he judiciously availed himself not only of the advice, but in many cases of the harsh censures of his numerous reviewers. The result was that in 1813, he published a second edition of the "Life of John Knox," so greatly amplified and improved, as to be almost a new work; and this, in course of time, was translated and published in French, Dutch, and German. Previous to the appearance of the second edition, the author had been honoured with the degree of doctor in divinity by the university of Edinburgh, the first instance in which it had ever conferred the title upon a Dissenting minister. *O si sic omnes!* This distinction, however, Dr. M'Crie had neither sought nor expected; it was frankly given upon the application of Mr. Blackwood, his publisher, and the chief difficulty lay in persuading the author to allow the initials to be appended to his name in the second edition of the work. His opinion was, that such distinctions were incompatible with the strictness of Presbyterian parity. A compromise, however, was effected. He could not prevent the world from terming him *Doctor*, or become deaf when he was thus hailed; but when he went to the church courts he there sought equality with his brethren, and nothing more, and would allow himself to be designated as nothing higher than the Rev. *Mr.* M'Crie. It would, indeed, have been passing strange if our northern seats of learning had failed to confer their highest honours upon him who had achieved a literary feat so difficult, and achieved it so well. For by one great effort he had rolled back the tide of obloquy under which the most honoured of our national names had been buried so long, and restored it to its proper eminence and lustre. He had enabled Scotsmen to avoid the shame which they and their fathers had felt when that name was mentioned in their hearing, and inspired them with an honest pride in the character of their reformer. He had even carried this success into England, and made John Knox as popular there as he was at first, when he was the friend and assistant of Cranmer, the chaplain of Edward VI., and the solicited but recusant object of an English mitre. But wider and wider still the circle of intelligence upon the character of the Scottish reformer had been expanded, until the pious and reflective of Europe at large were enabled to perceive, and obliged to confess, that the ruthless demolisher of goodly architecture, which every other country had spared, was neither an illiterate Goth nor a ferocious Vandal, but one of those illustrious few of whom history is so justly proud. All this was much, but it was not yet the utmost which Dr. M'Crie had effected. Knox had, as it were, been recalled to life, and sent once more upon his momentous mission. His presence was seen and his voice heard in every district in Scotland. A heedless generation, by whom he was

despised or neglected, had been compelled yet again to hear the instructions which he had formerly uttered, and to bethink themselves how wofully these instructions had been forgot. In short, their attention had been irresistibly called to the subject of the Scottish Reformation, and the principles upon which their church had been founded, and to the inquiry as to whether these principles were still in operation, or hastening to become a mere dead letter. And this inquiry was neither unnecessary nor in vain. A death-blow was struck at that Erastianism which had lately become so predominant in the Church of Scotland; and such was the spirit of research among the mouldering records of its long-neglected library, and the ardour with which they were published and diffused, that the former ignorance and indifference could be tolerated no longer. These effects went on from year to year, and their result we know. Scotland is now awake, and the creed which was almost filched from her relaxing hand, is held with as tight a grasp as ever.

The next literary undertaking in which we find Dr. M'Crie employed, was a conflict with an antagonist every way worthy of his prowess. The "Great Unknown" was now in the ascendant, and as he wrote to amuse, he was sure of the sympathies of at least three-fourths of the community. Such he must have felt when he gave to the world the tale of "Old Mortality," in which the Covenanters were held up to derision, while their sufferings were described as justly merited. All this was enough for the novel-reading public, that was too ignorant to know, and too idle to inquire, and accordingly the statements of Sir Walter Scott, embodied as they were in so attractive a form, were received as veritable history. Nothing was now more common in England, and it may be added in Scotland also, than to hear the martyr-spirit of the days of the covenant laughed at, and its choicest adherents represented as madmen, fanatics, and cut-throats. It was needful that the "Author of Waverley" should be met by a fitting antagonist, and this he soon found in the author of the life of John Knox. No two such other men could have been culled from the crowded ranks of British literature—the one so completely the type of ancient feudalism and Episcopacy ingrafted on modern Toryism, and the other of the sturdy independence of the good old Whiggamores, and the Presbyterian devotedness of Drumclog and the Grassmarket. Dr. M'Crie had also the greater right to step forward on this occasion, as the prince of novelists had intruded into a field too sacred for a mere holiday tale. An elaborate review of "Old Mortality" was therefore written, and published in the first three numbers of the "Christian Instructor" for the year 1817. It could scarcely have been expected from one so competent to the task as Dr. M'Crie, that it would have been otherwise than a complete historical refutation of the misstatements of the novel, and a successful vindication of the villified Covenanters. But it was also something more than this in the eyes of Scott and his admirers; for it attacked him with a strength of wit and power of sarcasm that threatened to turn the laugh against himself, and foil him at his own chosen weapon. So at least he felt, and his complaints upon the subject, as well as his attempted defence in the "Quarterly Review," bespoke a mind ill at ease about the issue of such a controversy. The result was that the novelist was generally condemned, and that his tale, notwithstanding the popularity which at first attended it, sank in popular estimation, and became one of the least valued of all his admired productions.

The success with which the Life of Knox was attended, would have been

sufficient to make most authors repeat the attempt; but, besides this, the task of Dr. M'Crie had already been chosen, of which his first great effort had only been the commencement. The distinguished lights of the Scottish Reformation had long stood arrayed before his view as successively demanding their due commemoration; and after having completed the first and best in the series, the choice of the next was not a matter of difficulty. "If the love of pure religion, rational liberty, and polite letters," he writes, "forms the basis of national virtue and happiness, I know no individual, after her reformer, from whom Scotland has received greater benefits, and to whom she owes a deeper debt of gratitude and respect, than Andrew Melville." Upon this, therefore, he had been employed for years, and towards the close of 1819 the "Life of Andrew Melville" was published. Such was the toil which this work occasioned him, that he was wont to say it had cost him "a hundred times more labour than the life of Knox." This will be apparent when we consider not only the immense quantity of facts which such a narrative involved, but the difficulty of finding them, as they were no longer the broad, distinct, and widely-published statements which so largely enter into the history of our first reformers. And yet, though the life of Melville is to the full as well written as that of Knox, and exhibits still greater learning and research, it never attained the same popularity. The cause of this is to be found in the subject itself. After the national hero has crossed the scene, all who follow in his path, be their deeds and merits what they may, must possess an inferior interest. Besides this, Melville was not a reformer from Popery, the common enemy of the Protestant Church, but from Episcopacy; and therefore, while the interest of the event was mainly confined to presbyterian Scotland, it excited dislike in England, while it awoke scarcely any sympathy in the continental reformed churches. But will the work continue to be thus rated beneath its value?—we scarcely think so. The great question of centuries, the question of the rights of the church in reference to its connection with the state, promises to become more generally felt and more keenly agitated than ever; and in this important controversy, the opinions and example of Andrew Melville are likely to assume their due weight. And where, in this case, will posterity be likely to find a record better written than that of Dr. M'Crie? It may be, that before the present century has closed, his "Life of Andrew Melville" will be more widely perused and deeply considered than the author himself could have anticipated.

Calamities and afflictions of various kinds were now at hand to try the temper and purify the patience of the hitherto successful author. The perils by which the principle of church establishment was beset, and the prospect of further division among Christian communities, clouded his spirit with anxious forebodings—for his was not a temper to rest satisfied that all should be well in his own day. Domestic sorrow was soon added to his public anxieties; for his amiable partner in life, who for the last six years had been an invalid, was removed from him by death in June, 1821. Soon afterwards his own health began to fail, in consequence of his intense application to study; and even his eyesight was so impaired with the poring of years over dim and difficult manuscripts, as to threaten total blindness. Cessation from labour and the recreation of travel were judged necessary for his recovery; and accordingly, in the summer of 1822, he made a short tour of two months to the continent, during which his studies were only changed, not suspended, and he returned home considerably

invigorated in health and spirits. On his return, a new and soul-inspiring subject quickly brought him into action; it was the cause of Greece, that land so trampled under foot and crushed into the dust by centuries of oppression, but now rising from the dead; the first to attempt the great historical problem, as to whether a whole nation may be capable of a resurrection and a new life, after ages of death and burial. But something more than mere historic curiosity was aroused by the event. Sympathy was also kindled throughout our whole island for the sufferings of the Greeks in their new war of independence, so that British swords and British money were freely tendered in their behalf. And not the least or the latest in this good cause was the city of Edinburgh, now rejoicing in the title of "Modern Athens," and prompt, by its brotherly sympathy, to make that title good. Public meetings were called for the purpose of raising money for the relief of the inhabitants of Scio, and for the promotion of education in Greece, and on both occasions Dr. M'Crie was enlisted as the advocate of suffering Hellas. He was now to appear before the public in a new phase. Hitherto he had carefully avoided addressing such meetings, while his pulpit oratory was the stern, unadorned, didactic theology of the old school. But eloquent as was the historian of Knox in the closet, and amidst historic details, was he also capable of eloquence in the crowded popular assembly, with a subject so delicate as Greece for his theme? The answer was given in addresses so imbued with the spirit of ancient heroism and Marathonian liberty, so pervaded by the classical tone of Athenian poetry, and so wide in their range, from playful, refined, subtle wit, to the most vehement and subduing appeals of outraged indignant humanity, that the audiences were astonished and electrified. Under what strange bushel had Dr. M'Crie hid such eloquence so long? It was now evident that, had he so pleased, he might have been among the first of our orators. But hitherto he had been content to be known as a theologian and historian, while he magnanimously left it to others to shine upon the platform; and having now performed his allotted task, he retired, amidst the deep wonderment of his hearers, to the modest seclusion of his study, and the silent labours that awaited him there.

And these labours were not pursued remissly. Besides his studies for the pulpit, which he prosecuted with all the diligence of his early days, he continued his researches into the history of the period of the Reformation; and in 1825 he published his edited "Memoirs of Mr. William Veitch and George Bryson, written by themselves," narratives which he considered of high importance, as illustrative of the covenanting days of Scotland, and to which he appended biographical sketches and illustrative notes. In 1827 appeared his "History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Italy," a work that had formed the subject of his earlier studies, but for many years had been laid aside. It was a most complex and laborious task, as he was obliged to trace the origin, progress, and decline of the Reformation through twenty-five of the Italian states, among which the great movement was divided. Such was the interest of this work, that it was translated into French, German, and Dutch, and inserted by the ecclesiastical tribunal of Rome in the *Index Expurgatorius*. In 1829 he published "The Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Spain in the Sixteenth Century," a sequel to "The History of the Reformation in Italy" during the same period. As a proof of his indefatigable diligence and zeal in the study of history, it may be mentioned here, that in order to make himself fully acquainted with the two last subjects, he had mastered, in

the decline of his days, the Spanish and Italian languages, that he might study the proper authorities from their original sources. While Dr. M'Crie was thus occupied, the bill introduced in 1829 for the emancipation of Roman Catholics from political restrictions, and their admission into places of authority and trust, was passed. It is perhaps unnecessary to add, that one who had studied and written as he had done, was entirely opposed to the measure. He not only thought it unsafe to concede such privileges, in a Protestant country, to men doing homage to a foreign ecclesiastical power and a hostile creed, but he was also of opinion that by such concessions our country abandoned the solemn covenants to which it had pledged itself since the Reformation, and forfeited the privileges which it enjoyed as the head of European Protestantism. In the old covenanting spirit, he carried the subject to the pulpit, where it had but too much right to enter, and in his lectures on the book of Ezra, where it could be appropriately introduced, he uttered his prophetic warnings. "We have been told from a high quarter," he said, "to avoid such subjects, unless we wish to rekindle the flames of Smithfield, now long forgotten. Long forgotten! where forgotten? In heaven? No. In Britain? God forbid! They may be forgotten at St. Stephen's or Westminster Abbey, but they are not forgotten in Britain. And if ever such a day arrives, the hours of Britain's prosperity have been numbered." He drew up a petition against the measure, which was signed by 13,150 names, but this, like other petitions of the same kind, was ineffectual. The bill was passed, and silly, duped, disappointed Britain is now ready, like the Roman voter in favour of Coriolanus, to exclaim, "An' it were to do again—but no matter!"

The career of Dr. M'Crie was now drawing to a termination. His literary labours, especially in the lives of Knox and Melville, combined with his extreme care that every idea which he gave forth to the public, and every sentence in which it was embodied, should be worthy of those important subjects in which he dealt—all this, connected with the daily and almost hourly avocations of his ministerial office, and the numerous calls that were made upon him, in consequence of his interference with the great public movements of the day, had reduced him to the debility and bodily ailments of "threescore and ten," while as yet he was ten years short of the mark. But his was a mind that had never rested, and that knew not how to rest. In 1827 he had enjoyed the satisfaction, after much labour and anxiety, of seeing a union effected between the church party to which he belonged, and the body who had seceded from the Burgher and Antiburgher Synods in 1820, under the name of Protesters; and in 1830 his anxieties were excited, and his pen employed, in endeavours to promote a union between his own party, now greatly increased, and the Associate Synod of Original Burghers. Many may smile at these divisions as unnecessary and unmeaning, and many may wonder that such a mind as that of Dr. M'Crie should have been so intent in reconciling them. But religious dissension is no triviality, and the bond of Christian unity is worth any sacrifice short of religious principle; and upon this subject, therefore, the conscientious spirit of Dr. M'Crie was as anxious as ever was statesman to combine jarring parties into one, for the accomplishment of some great national and common benefit. While thus employed, a heavy public bereavement visited him with all the weight of a personal affliction; this was the death of the Rev. Dr. Andrew Thomson, who, in the full strength and vigour of his days, suddenly fell down and expired upon the threshold of his home, which he was just about to enter.



By this event, which occurred on the 9th of February, 1831, Dr. M'Crie was bereaved of a close affectionate intercourse which he had for years enjoyed with a most congenial heart and intellect, and saw himself fated to hold onward in his course, and continue the "good fight," uncheered by the voice that had so often revived his courage. After he had rallied from the unexpected blow, Dr. M'Crie was employed in what was called the "Marrow Controversy," which, notwithstanding the uncouth title it bore, had for its object the vindication of the important doctrine of justification by faith from the perversions of Arminianism. This was followed by the Anti-patronage controversy in 1833, a subject which the Kirk of Scotland had never lost sight of since the time when patronage was first imposed upon it, and which was now fast ripening into such important results as neither friend nor enemy could anticipate. As might be expected, Dr. M'Crie was no mere onlooker. He belonged to a body whose conscientious hope was a return to the church of their fathers, when it was loosed from its bonds and purified from its errors; but who saw no prospect of the realisation of that hope until the right of pastoral election was conceded to the people. Upon this question Dr. M'Crie published what proved to be the last work he was to produce as an author, in the form of an anonymous pamphlet, entitled "What ought the General Assembly to do at the Present Crisis?" His answer to the question was express and brief: "Without delay, petition the legislature for the abolition of patronage." The outcry in Scotland against patronage became so loud—so deafening—that statesmen saw they must be up and doing, and a committee of the House of Commons was appointed to hold an inquest upon the alleged grievance. It was natural that the most distinguished of Scotland's ecclesiastical historians should be heard upon the subject, more especially as his testimony was likely to be unbiassed either by party feeling or self-interest; and accordingly, besides the many eminent ministers of the Established Church who were summoned before the committee, Dr. M'Crie was called to give his statement upon the effects of ecclesiastical patronage. He repaired to London at this authoritative summons, although with reluctance, and underwent two long examinations before the committee, the one on the 2d, the other on the 7th of May, 1834. It was not thus, however, that the question was to be settled; and he returned from London, wondering what would be the result, but comforting himself with the conviction that an overruling wisdom predominated over earthly counsels, and that all would be controlled for the best.

Amidst these public cares, and a debility that was daily increasing, Dr. M'Crie now addressed himself in earnest to accomplish what, in all likelihood, would have proved the most laborious of his literary undertakings. It was nothing less than a Life of Calvin, to which his attention had been directed during his studies upon the progress of the Reformation on the continent, and for which he had collected a considerable amount of materials. This, however, was not enough, for he felt that to accomplish such a work in a satisfactory manner, it would be necessary to consult the ancient records of Geneva, a step which his ministerial duties prevented. His friends, aware of his wishes on the subject, had offered to send, at their own expense, a qualified person to Geneva to transcribe the required documents; but this kind offer, which was made in 1831, he declined. In 1833, however, his son John, a young man of high talent, who was studying for the church, had repaired with two pupils on a travelling excursion to Geneva, and to him the task was committed of making

the necessary extracts upon the subject. The commission could not have been better bestowed. "John has been so laborious in his researches," said the affectionate father, "and sent me home so many materials, that I found myself shut up to make an attempt, if it were for no other reason than to show that I was not altogether insensible to his exertions." He felt more and more the growing lassitude that was stealing upon him, and thus wrote, eight months afterwards, about the materials that were pouring in upon him from Geneva: "I have neither time nor leisure to avail myself of them; and instead of rejoicing, as I used to do, at the sight of such treasures, I rather feel inclined to weep. Yet if I can make nothing of them, some other may." Thus he went on till the middle of the following year, his attention to Calvin being in the meantime divided by the great ecclesiastical events that were hastening onward to the disruption of the Church of Scotland. Of the Life of the great Reformer, however, he had already written out, and prepared for the press three ample chapters, in which Calvin's career was traced through the studies of his youth, onward to his adoption of the reformed doctrines, his preface to the "Institution of the Christian Religion," and his residence in Geneva. But here the historian's task was to terminate, and terminate most unexpectedly and abruptly. On the 4th of August, 1835, he was suddenly taken unwell; a stupor succeeded, from which it was impossible to rouse him; and on the following day he breathed his last, without a groan or struggle, but insensible to the presence of his grieving friends who were assembled round his death-bed. Thus died, in the sixty-third year of his age, and fortieth of his ministry, the Rev. Dr. M'Crie, whose whole life had been a preparation for death, and whom death, therefore, could not take at unawares. His remains were buried in the churchyard of Greyfriars, and over the grave a simple monument was erected by his congregation, with an inscription commemorative of his worth and their regret. At his death he left a widow, for he was twice married, upon whom government, to show their sense of his worth, settled a liberal pension. His children, who were all by his first marriage, consisted of four sons, of whom John, the third, his faithful assistant among the archives of Geneva, died only two years after his father. Besides these, he had one daughter, married to Archibald Meikle, Esq., Flemington. It is pleasing to add, that of the family of such a man, there is one who inherits not only his name and sacred office, but also his tastes and studies, and not a small portion of his talent.

Besides those works to which we have already adverted, Dr. M'Crie was author of the following publications:

"The Duty of Christian Societies towards each other, in relation to the Measures for Propagating the Gospel, which at present engage the attention of the Religious World; a Sermon, preached in the meeting-house, Potter Row, on occasion of a Collection for promoting a Mission to Kentucky." 1797.

"Statement of the Difference between the Profession of the Reformed Church of Scotland as adopted by Seceders, and the Profession contained in the New Testimony and other Acts lately adopted by the General Associate Synod; particularly on the Power of Civil Magistrates respecting Religion, National Reformation, National Churches, and National Covenants." Edinburgh, 1807.

"Letters on the late Catholic Bill, and the Discussions to which it has given rise. Addressed to British Protestants, and chiefly Presbyterians in Scotland. By a Scots Presbyterian." Edinburgh, 1807.

"Free Thoughts on the late Religious Celebration of the Funeral of her

Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales; and on the Discussion to which it has given rise in Edinburgh. By Scoto Britannus." 1817.

"Two Discourses on the Unity of the Church, her Divisions, and their Removal." Edinburgh, 1821.

"Sermons" (posthumous volume). Edinburgh, 1836.

"Lectures on the Book of Esther" (posthumous). Edinburgh, 1838.

MACDONALD, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOHN, F.R.S., F.A.S.—This scientific soldier and voluminous writer possessed, by the mere accident of birth, a distinction which his productions in authorship, excellent though they were, would have failed to acquire; for he was the son of Flora Macdonald, that heroine whose name is so intimately connected with the romantic history of "the young Chevalier." All know the dangers she underwent, and the address she exhibited, in procuring his escape from his pursuers in 1746, and the enthusiasm which her romantic fidelity excited among the Jacobites of the day, after her exertions had been successful. She was the daughter of Mr. Macdonald, a tacksmen or gentleman farmer of Melton, in South Uist; and in 1746, the period of her adventurous career, she was about twenty-four years old. After her return from London, whither she was summoned to answer for her political offence in effecting the escape of such an enemy, she married; but notwithstanding the rich gifts with which her generous conduct had been rewarded by the adherents of the Stuart cause in the great metropolis, she and her husband had become so poor at the time of Dr. Johnson's visit to her in 1773, that they had resolved to emigrate to America. This they afterwards did; but either having not succeeded to their wish, or finding the love of country too strong for voluntary exile, they returned to Skye, where Flora died, on the 4th of March, 1790, leaving behind her a son, John, the subject of the present memoir, and a daughter, married to a Mr. Macleod, a distant relation to the chief of that name. "It is remarkable," writes Sir Walter Scott, "that this distinguished lady signed her name Flory, instead of the more classical orthography. Her marriage contract, which is in my possession, bears the name spelled Flory."

At an early period John Macdonald went to India, and on his way thither had occasion to reside for a short time in London. This was at a period when the alarm of the Jacobite war of 1715 and 1745 had ceased to be remembered, and when the Celtic dress had not as yet become familiar to the English eye. At this transition period, the Highland costume of our young Scottish adventurer appears to have excited as much astonishment, and also displeasure, as the kaross of the Caffre, or the sheep-skin of the Tartar would have done, had they been paraded upon the pavement of Cheapside. Writing of this event in the "Gentleman's Magazine," in 1828, he says, "I well recollect my arrival in London, about half a century ago, on my way to India, and the disapprobation expressed in the streets of my tartan dress; but now I see with satisfaction the variegated Highland manufacture prevalent, as a favourite and tasteful costume, from the humble cottage to the superb castle. To Sir Walter Scott's elegant and fascinating writings we are to ascribe this wonderful revolution in public sentiment."

As it was to the scientific departments of the military profession that Macdonald devoted his labours, his career to the close was that of a studious observer and philosophic writer, rather than a stirring, adventurous soldier. He passed many years in the service of the East India Company, and attained the rank of Captain of Engineers on the Bengal establishment. While thus employed, the

important subject of the diurnal variation of the magnetic needle occupied much of his attention, and on this he made a series of observations in 1794 and the two following years, at Bencoolen, Sumatra, and St. Helena, which he communicated in 1798 to the Royal Society, who published them in their Transactions, and elected him a Fellow in 1800. About the last-mentioned period he also returned to Britain, and was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the Royal Clan-Alpine Regiment, and commandant of the Royal Edinburgh Artillery.

After his arrival, the life of Colonel Macdonald was one of diligent useful authorship, so that his history from this period is best comprised in the titles of his works, and the dates of their publication. Of these we give the following list :—

In 1803 he published "Rules and Regulations for the Field Exercise and Manceuvres of the French Infantry, issued August 1, 1791; translated from the French, with Explanatory Notes and Illustrative References to the British and Prussian systems of tactics," &c., &c., in two volumes 12mo.

In 1804, when he belonged to the 1st Battalion of Cinque Ports Volunteers, and when every kind of military instruction was most needed for our home-bred soldiery, while in training against the menaced invasion of the country from France, Colonel Macdonald published another work, in one volume, entitled, "The Experienced Officer; or, Instructions by the General of Division, Wimpffen, to his sons, and to all young men intended for the military profession, being a series of rules laid down by General Wimpffen, to enable officers of every rank to carry on war in all its branches and descriptions, from the least important enterprises and expeditions, to the decisive battles which involve the fate of empires. With Notes and an Introduction."

In 1807, while chief engineer at Fort Marlborough, he published "Instructions for the Conduct of Infantry on actual Service." This was also translated from the French, and published in two volumes, with explanatory notes.

In 1808 appeared his first work upon a subject which had employed his attention for years. This was "A Treatise on Telegraphic Communication, Naval, Military, and Political," 8vo, in which he proposed a different plan from that hitherto adopted.

In 1811, Colonel Macdonald produced a work in startling contrast to his former subjects, but which was only one among the studies of a comprehensive philosophic mind, under the title of "A Treatise, explanatory of the Principles constituting the Practice and Theory of the Violoncello." This work was published in one volume folio.

In 1812, reverting to his military avocations, he published a translation of "The Formations and Manceuvres of Infantry, by the Chevalier Duteil," 12mo. This was the last of his productions in military science, and, as may be surmised from the date, the last that was needed—for the French science of warfare was now well understood by our armies, as their hostile instructors were learning to their cost. This fact, however, shows the judiciousness of the plan which Macdonald had adopted as an expositor of warlike science, and indicates in some measure the probable benefit with which his own individual labours were followed.

In 1816, Colonel Macdonald returned to the important subject of telegraphic communication, by publishing his "Telegraphic Dictionary," a laborious work, containing 150,000 words, phrases, and sentences. The estimate formed of the value of this work was shown by the directors of the East India Company, who

voted the sum of £400 to assist in defraying the expense of publication; it was also highly recommended by the Secretary of the Admiralty, and the Adjutant-General of the Army.

In addition to these separate productions, Colonel Macdonald was a contributor to the "Gentleman's Magazine" for several years, until the close of his life; but the subjects of these essays are too numerous to specify. They were chiefly connected, however, with the philosophical studies which had occupied his attention from an early period, and were characterized by the philanthropy that had always animated his pen in seeking to promote the best interests of society. The same spirit was manifested in his personal exertions; and during the last twelve or fifteen years of his life, which were spent in Exeter, the charitable institutions of that city always found him an active co-operator, as well as liberal contributor. He died there on the 16th of August, 1831, aged seventy-two, and was buried in Exeter Cathedral.

MACGILL, STEVENSON, D.D., professor of theology in the university of Glasgow, was born at Port-Glasgow, on the 19th January, 1765. His father, Thomas Macgill, a native of Dunbar, had been apprenticed to a ship-builder of that town; and one evening, when only seventeen years of age, he happened to step into a prayer-meeting, kept by a party of pious Methodist soldiers who had just returned from Germany. Such was the influence produced by this incident, that he joined the Methodist connection, and from that period, till his death in 1804, adhered steadily to that body, while his piety and worth were an example to every Christian community. The mother of the professor was Frances Welsh, daughter of Mr. Welsh, of Locharet, in East Lothian, a family supposed to be connected with that of John Welsh, the son-in-law of our great reformer, John Knox. She too, in the words of her son, "was a true Christian, of fervent piety, and habitually animated by the Divine principle of faith in the Son of God." Stevenson Macgill received the earlier part of his education in the parish school of Port-Glasgow; and at the age of ten, was sent to complete it at the university of Glasgow. Here, as his destination was for the ministry, he went through a nine years' course, where his proficiency in literature, science, and theology, obtained a considerable number of class honours, and secured the approbation of his professors. On the completion of his studies, Mr. Macgill was licensed as a preacher by the presbytery of Paisley in 1790, and soon after, received the offer of the chair of civil history in St. Andrews, a charge which was to be united with a small country parish. But even thus early, and in spite of so alluring a temptation, he was the uncompromising enemy of ecclesiastical plurality, and therefore the offer was refused. In the year after he was licensed to preach, he was presented to the parish of Eastwood; and while he continued there, his ministry was distinguished not only by careful study and preparation for the duties of the pulpit, but also by his attention to the moral and religious instruction of the young of his parish, and the proper support of the helpless poor. The diffusion of infidel and revolutionary principles, which the recent events in France had occasioned, also called forth the anxiety of Mr. Macgill; and in 1792, he published a small tract, entitled "The Spirit of the Times," particularly addressed to the people of Eastwood, in which he temperately and judiciously warned them against the anarchical theories of the day. After having been for six years minister of Eastwood, he was translated, in 1797, to the charge of the Tron Church of Glasgow, that had become vacant by the death of the Rev. Dr. McCall. Here his pastoral labours were at

least of threefold amount, in consequence of the rapid growth of the population, and the increase of poverty, ignorance, and crime, with which it was accompanied. But to these he addressed himself in a right apostolic spirit, and with an effectiveness of which Glasgow still reaps the fruits. Soon after his arrival in Glasgow, the well-known period called "the dearth" occurred, and Mr. Macgill became an active advocate for the establishment of soup-kitchens, and other means for the relief of the poor. The comforts and cure of the sick, and the coercion and reformation of the criminal, were continual objects of his pastoral solicitude, and therefore he became a careful superintendent of the wants of prisons and the infirmary. In him, too, the Lunatic Asylum of Glasgow, which has been so efficient an institution for the relief of the worst of all maladies, found not only its best friend, but also its chief originator, in consequence of the impulse which he gave towards the erection of that noble structure. One defect also under which Glasgow laboured, until it had grown into an evil of the first magnitude, called forth his active exertions. This was the deficiency of church accommodation, which, although common to Scotland at large, from the increase of the population, was particularly felt in Glasgow, where the ratio of increase had been unprecedented, and was still continuing to go onward with a constantly growing magnitude, while the number of the city churches remained stationary. Nothing could more effectually encourage dissent than such a state of things; and accordingly, the great mercantile city of the west, once so famous for its hearty attachment to the Kirk which the Reformation had established within its walls, was now becoming the great emporium of Scottish sectarianism. Nor was this the worst; for even the numerous chapels that were erected by the different sects were still inadequate either for the growth of the population, or for the poverty of the masses, who were unable to contribute their prescribed share for the maintenance of the self-supporting principle. All this struck the observant eye of Dr. Macgill, who tried every method, both with the church-court and town-council, to have the evil removed, by the erection of new churches, as well as the way prepared for their full efficiency, by the extension and improvement of the civic parochial education. For the present, however, he laboured in vain; for the city dignitaries of the day were more intent upon the great wars of the continent, and the movements in the peninsula, than those evils around them that required no far-seeing sagacity to detect; and thus "the righteousness that exalteth a nation" was left to a future hearing. But his appeals were not ineffectual, although, for the present, they seemed to be scattered to the winds, or buried in the earth; for after many years the harvest shot up, and before he closed his eyes he had the satisfaction of seeing the principle of church extension reduced to vigorous action, in that very city where his former appeals on the subject had been unheeded.

While Dr. Macgill was thus actively employed upon the important subject of civic economy as developed in prisons, schools, and churches, he was far from being remiss in those studies with which the more sacred duties of the ministerial office are connected. Seldom, indeed, in any man, was a life of contemplation more harmoniously blended with a life of action; and, therefore, amidst a career of practical hard-working usefulness, which he continued until he was stretched upon a death-bed, he was an inquiring and improving student, who felt that he had still something to learn. Such was the disposition with which he commenced his ministry in Glasgow. He knew the quantity of out-

door work that would beset him in the discharge of his duty, and he was aware of its tendency to mar the occupations of the study, and arrest or throw back the mind of the minister, and shut him up within the narrow circle of his early acquirements. But he knew, withal, that the duty of intellectual self-improvement was equally urgent with that of active everyday usefulness. On this account, he proposed to his brethren of the presbytery the plan of a literary and theological association for mutual instruction, by the reading of essays, and oral discussions; and the proposal was so acceptable, that in 1800 a society for the purpose was formed, whose meetings were held once a-month. The important subjects which it kept in view, and its plan of action, were admirably fitted for the clergy of a large city, who, of all men, must keep abreast of the learning and intelligence of the age. While he was a member of this literary and theological association, Dr. Macgill read, in his turn, a series of essays which he had written on the pastoral office and its duties, and the best ways of discharging them with effect. These essays, which were afterwards published in the form of letters, entitled, "Considerations addressed to a Young Clergyman," gave ample proof of his high appreciation of the ministerial office, and sound views of an appropriate clerical training. The work, also, as well as the consistent manner in which he had always acted upon its principles, pointed him out as the fittest person to occupy a most important office in the church. This was the chair of theology in the university of Glasgow, which became vacant in 1814, by the death of Dr. Robert Findlay, who had held it for more than thirty years.

On his election to the professorship of divinity, Dr. Macgill addressed himself in earnest to the discharge of its onerous duties. And that these were neither few nor trivial, may be surmised from the fact, that the general number of the students in the Divinity Hall was above two hundred, while their exclusive instruction in theology, instead of being divided among several professors, devolved entirely upon himself. The mode, also, of teaching that most complex, as well as most important of sciences, was still to seek; for as yet the training to the ministerial office was in a transition state, that hovered strangely between the scholastic pedantry and minuteness of former years, and the headlong career of innovation and improvement that characterized the commencement of the 19th century. And in what fashion, and how far, was it necessary to eschew the one and adopt the other? It is in these great periodic outbursts of the human mind that universities stand still in astonishment, while their learned professors gaze upon the ancient moth-eaten formulas, and know not what to do. To teach theology now was a very different task from the inculcation of Latin and Greek, which has continued the same since the days of Alfred. The first years, therefore, of Dr. Macgill's labours as a professor, consisted of a series of experimenting; and it was fortunate that the duty had devolved upon one so patient to undergo the trial, and so observant of what was fittest and best. At length the whole plan of theological instruction was methodized into a system that worked harmoniously and effectively under the control of a single mind. It was felt to be truly so by the students who passed under its training; so that each fell into his own proper place, and the daily work of the Divinity Hall went on with the regularity of a well-adjusted machine. It was sometimes objected to the course of lecturing, that it attempted to comprise too much; that it descended to too many minutæ; and that the fit proportion which each subject should bear to the whole, was thus lost

sight of. Dr. Macgill himself was sensible of these defects, and many years before his death employed himself in lopping off whatever he considered to be redundant in his lectures, and condensing whatever was too diffuse. But let it be remembered, also, that when he commenced he was groping his way along an untried path. Even his learned predecessor, Dr. Findlay, had laid out for himself a theological course of such vast range as an ordinary life would have been utterly insufficient to overtake; and thus, at the end of each four years' course, his pupils escaped with a few theological ideas that had been extended and ramified to the uttermost; a little segment, instead of a full body of divinity. But in the other duties of his professorship, where his own individuality was brought into full play, unfettered by forms and systems, Dr. Macgill was unrivalled. In his oral examinations of the class, he seemed to have an intuitive sagacity in entering at once into the character of each pupil, and discovering the kind of management which he most needed. In this case, it was most gratifying to witness with what gentleness, and yet with what tact, he repressed the over-bold and animated the diffident, stimulated the slothful and encouraged the career of the diligent and enterprising; while his bearing, which was in the highest degree that of a grave divine and accomplished scholar, adorned by the graces of a Christian gentleman, won the reverence, the confidence, and affection of his students. But it was not alone in the class-room that these qualities were exhibited in their fullest measure. His evenings were generally devoted to his students, of whom he was wont to have a number in rotation around the tea-table, so that at the end of the session none had been omitted; and while, at these *conversaciones*, he could unbend from the necessary formality of public duty, and encourage a flow of cheerful intercourse, it always tended more or less to the great object which he had most at heart—the formation of a learned, pious, and efficient ministry. Nor was this all. Few, indeed, can tell or even guess his cares, his labours, and his sacrifices in behalf of these his adopted children, whom once having known, he never ceased to remember and to care for, and for whose welfare his library, his purse, and his personal labours were opened with an ever-flowing liberality. These were the very qualities most needed by a professor of theology, and best fitted to influence the pupils under his training. Dr. Macgill, indeed, was neither a man of high genius nor commanding eloquence; at the best he was nothing more than what might be called a third-rate mind—a man who, under different circumstances, might have passed through life unknown and unnoticed. But with a mind so balanced, and animated with such high and holy principles, he was enabled to acquire an ascendancy and accomplish a work which first-rate intellects have often attempted in vain.

After having continued for several years exclusively devoted to the duties of the theological chair, Dr. Macgill suddenly found himself summoned to the arena of a church-court, and that, too, upon a question where the conflict would be at *outrance*. Hitherto he had been the enemy of ecclesiastical plurality, modified though it was in the Church of Scotland by the union of some professorship with the ministerial charge of a parish, instead of the care of two or more parishes vested in one person. And while some confined their hostility to the objection that the chair and the pulpit generally lay so far apart that the holder must be a non-resident, the objections of Macgill were founded upon higher principles. He knew that plurality was totally opposed to the laws and spirit of the Scottish Church; and he was too well aware of the important



duties of a minister, to have his office conjoined with any other pursuit. And now the time and occasion had arrived when he must boldly step forward and speak out. In 1823, the Rev. Dr. Taylor, principal of the university of Glasgow died, and the Rev. Dr. Macfarlan, minister of Drymen, was appointed to succeed to the office. And few were better fitted to occupy that important charge, which he still so worthily adorns. But, hitherto, the principal of the college had also been minister of St. Mungo's, or the High parish of Glasgow, and it seemed a matter of course that Dr. Macfarlan should hold both livings conjointly, to which he was appointed accordingly. It was the gentlest form in which plurality had ever appeared in Scotland, for both charges were in the same city, while the one, it was thought, could not infringe upon the duties of the other. But to Dr. Macgill it appeared far otherwise. By the statutes of the college, the principal was bound to superintend its secular affairs, and teach theology, which was a task sufficient for any one man; and thus the holder would be compelled either to give half-duty to both offices, or reduce one of them to a sinecure. It was upon these arguments that Dr. Macgill opposed the double induction. It was a stern and severe trial that thus devolved upon one who had hitherto been such a lover of peace; and it was harder still, that his opposition must be directed against one who was thenceforth, let the result be what it might, to become his daily colleague as well as official superior. Many in his situation would have contented themselves with a simple *non liquet*, whispered with bated breath, and thought their vote a sufficient testimony of their principles. Superior, however, to such considerations, and anticipating the great controversy that would be at issue upon the subject, Dr. Macgill, several months before it took place, brought the question before the senate of the university, and finding that his learned brethren would not coincide with him, he had entered, in the college records, his protest against the induction. In the keen debates that afterwards followed upon the subject in the presbytery of Glasgow, the synod of Glasgow and Ayr, and at last the General Assembly, to which it was carried for final adjudication, Dr. Macgill assumed the leadership; and few, even of his most intimate friends, were prepared for that masterly eloquence which he exhibited at the first step of the controversy. In taking his chief ground upon the argument of the responsibility of city ministers, and the immense amount of labour which they had to undergo, especially in such a city as Glasgow, he invoked his brethren of the presbytery in language that was long afterwards felt and remembered. The question, as is well known, was lost by the evangelical party; and the union of the offices of principal of the university of Glasgow, and minister of the church and parish of St. Mungo was confirmed, as well as the continuance of plurality sanctioned. But this was only a last effort. The opposition which Dr. Macgill so boldly and bravely commenced, had aroused the popular feeling so universally upon the subject, as to command the respect of the government; and the Royal Commission, which was afterwards appointed for visiting the universities of Scotland, confirmed the popular expression. Let us trust that the evil thus denounced and banished, will never again find an entrance into our national church.

Besides his hostility to ecclesiastical plurality, Dr. Macgill was decidedly opposed to patronage, and earnest for its abrogation. He did not, however, go the whole length of his brethren in advocating the rights of popular suffrage. On the contrary, he was opposed to merely popular elections, and

held that they had never been the law of the Church of Scotland. Still, he was of opinion that the existing patronage was a great evil, that required a total amendment. He declared it to be a hard thing upon the people of Scotland, that an individual, who might be deficient in principles, knowledge, and morals, should dictate to the worthy and respectable the man whom they should receive as their minister. And it was harder still, he thought, that this patron might be of any or of no religious belief, and in either case, opposed to the faith of those over whom he appointed a minister. But, worst of all, this right, originally intended for the good of the people in their highest interests, might be bought, like any marketable commodity, by a person wholly unconnected with the parish, and who had no interest in its welfare. The church, indeed, had power to judge and decide on the qualifications of the presentees, by previously trying them as licentiates, and finding them competent for the work of the ministry in general, in life, doctrine, and knowledge. But the preacher thus approved of might be unqualified for the particular charge to which he was designated; so that, however orthodox, learned, and pious, his manners, his habits, and mode of preaching might be such as to make him unsuitable for the people over whom he was appointed. For all this a remedy was necessary; and that which Dr. Macgill had long contemplated, he propounded before the Committee of the House of Commons appointed to try the question of patronage in Scotland. For this purpose his first desideratum was, the abolition of the act of Queen Anne for the restoration of patronage in our church. This being obtained, he proposed to divide the representation of the parish between three bodies, consisting of the heritors, the elders, and the male communicants, each body to be represented by three delegates, to whom the nomination of the future pastor might be intrusted. Let this committee of nine, after having weighed the case, present to their constituents the person of their choice, whom they had approved by a majority of votes; and should any disputes afterwards arise upon the concurrence of the people, let the case be settled by the decision of the church-courts. Such is an abstract of his plan, by which he hoped the despotism of patronage on the one hand, and the anarchy of popular election on the other, would be equally avoided. But subsequent events showed that this, as well as many other such plans, was but a "devout imagination." The agitation against patronage was followed by the Veto-law, and finally by the Disruption. No compromise or half measures—nothing short of a total abrogation of the evil complained of, was found sufficient to satisfy the remonstrants.

After this the course of Dr. Macgill's life went onward tranquilly but usefully; and of the events that occurred till the close, a brief notice may suffice. In 1824, in consequence of a discovery by Dr. McCrie, the able biographer of John Knox, that our Scottish reformer was educated, not at St. Andrews, as had hitherto been supposed, but at the university of Glasgow, Dr. Macgill conceived that Glasgow was the proper place in which a monument should be erected to his memory. The idea was eagerly caught by several of the spirited citizens, and the result was that stern column on the height of the Fir Park, better known as the Glasgow Necropolis, surmounted by the statue of Knox himself, with the Bible in one hand, and the other stretched out towards the rapidly-growing city, as if he were in the act of uttering the old civic motto, "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the word." In 1828, Dr. Macgill was unanimously elected to the office of moderator of the General Assembly—an office which it was thought

he should have occupied at a still earlier period, but for the predominance of that party in the church to which his views in doctrine and discipline were opposed. In 1835 he was made one of the deans of the Chapel-Royal, a merely honorary appointment, having neither emolument nor duties at that time attached to it. Three years after (1838) he was busily occupied with the plan of erecting a house of refuge for juvenile delinquents in Glasgow—one of his many successful public efforts for the instruction of the young, and reformation of the vicious. During 1838 and 1839 he was also employed in preparing two volumes for the press. In 1839, though now borne down by age, and the pressure of domestic misfortunes, he resolved to encounter the labours of the winter as he had been wont; and in October, he opened the Divinity Hall, and went through the half-year's course without having been absent a single day. But it was life's last effort. In the end of July, while returning from Bowling Bay, where he had been visiting a friend, he was caught in a heavy shower of rain: a cold and sore throat ensued, that soon turned into fever, accompanied with delirium, in which he was generally either in the attitude of prayer, or employed in addressing an imaginary audience. It was indeed the ruling passion strong in death—the predominance of that piety and activity which had formed his main characteristics through life. He died on the morning of the 18th of August, 1840, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

Dr. Macgill was not a voluminous writer; this, his devotedness to his daily public duties prevented, as well as the fastidious views which he entertained of authorship, that made him unwilling to commit to the press anything which he had not deeply studied and carefully elaborated. Whatever, therefore, he has written, he has written well. Besides his "Letters to a Young Clergyman," he published "Discourses and Essays on Subjects of Public Interest," "Collection of Translations, Paraphrases, and Hymns"—several of which were his own composition—"Lectures on Rhetoric and Criticism, and on Subjects introductory to the Critical Study of the Scriptures," and a volume of Sermons, dedicated "to his former pupils, now his brethren, as a remembrancer of past times." But even when his writings are forgot, his labours in the Scottish Church, rent asunder though it has been since his death, and the benefits of these labours upon all parties, will continue to remain a unanimous and hallowed remembrance.

MACINTOSH, CHARLES, F.R.S., an inventor of several chemical manufactures, was born at Glasgow, December 29, 1766. He was the son of Mr. George Macintosh, who introduced the manufacture of cudbear and Turkey-red dyeing into Glasgow. His mother was the daughter of the Rev. Charles Moore, of Stirling, the brother of Dr. John Moore, author of "Zeluco," and her nephew was Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, K.B., who fell in the disastrous retreat at Corunna. Charles received the elements of his education in his native city, and afterwards was sent to a school at Catterick Bridge, in Yorkshire. On his leaving the latter, he was placed in the counting-house of Mr. Glassford, of Dugaldston, to acquire habits of business. He studied chemistry under the celebrated Dr. Black, then settled in Edinburgh, and turned his knowledge to practical account at an early period, having embarked in the manufacture of sal-ammoniac before he had attained the age of twenty. He subsequently introduced from Holland into this country, the manufacture of acetate of lead and acetate of alumina, employed in calico-printing. In 1797 he was associated with Mr. Charles Tennant, then a bleacher at Darnley, near Glasgow, in working the patent for the production of chloride of lime in the dry state and in

solution, since employed so extensively as a bleaching agent. In the same year he became a partner in a firm at Hurler for the manufacture of alum from alum schist; and, in 1805, similar works, on a larger scale, were established by the same company at Campsie. On the death of his father, in 1807, Mr. Macintosh took possession, with his family, of the house at Dunchattan, near Glasgow, where he continued till the end of his life to prosecute his chemical researches. In 1822 he obtained a patent for his celebrated invention of the waterproof cloth distinguished by his name. With a view to the obtaining of ammonia to be employed in the manufacture of cudbear, Mr. Macintosh, in 1819, entered into a contract with the proprietors of the Glasgow gas-works, to receive the tar and other ammoniacal products of the distillation of coal in gas-making. After separating the ammonia, in converting the tar into pitch, the essential oil named naphtha is produced; and it occurred to the inventive mind of Mr. Macintosh to turn this substance to account as a solvent of caoutchouc or India rubber. He succeeded in producing a waterproof varnish, the thickness and consistency of which he could vary, according to the quantity of naphtha employed in the process. Having obtained a patent for this process, he established a manufactory of waterproof articles, which was first carried on in Glasgow, but was eventually transferred to a partnership in Manchester, under the name of Charles Macintosh & Co. In 1828 Mr. Macintosh joined a copartnership in working the hot-blast patent of Mr. J. B. Neilson. He first established in Scotland the manufacture of Prussian blue and prussiate of potash; invented the mode of topical printing of calico, silks, &c., by the application of the caoutchouc and naphtha varnish; and invented and patented a process for converting iron into steel, by means of carburetted hydrogen gas. Mr. Macintosh closed a career of great usefulness to science and the arts on the 25th of July, 1843, in his seventy-seventh year.

M'KAIL, HUGH.—Of this young martyr for the cause of religious liberty little has been recorded, except his martyrdom itself. That, however, was an event so striking, that it stands out in strong relief among the similar events of the period, filled though it was with such atrocities of religious persecution as made Scotland for the time an Aeldama among the nations.

Hugh M'Kail was born about the year 1640. His boyhood and youth were thus spent among the most stirring incidents of the Covenant, when the patriotic and religious spirit of our country made a life of ease or indifference almost an impossibility. His studies were prosecuted, with a view to the ministry, at the university of Edinburgh, and when he had entered his twenty-first year he was licensed as a preacher by the presbytery. At this time, also, he appears to have lived with Sir James Stuart of Kirkfield, as his chaplain.

In those days preaching behoved to be a very different matter from what it generally is at present; and when we wonder at the frequency with which public measures were introduced into the pulpit, as well as the severity with which they were often reprobated, we must remember that this was nothing more than what necessity required and duty justified. The age of journalism had not yet fully commenced; and those political movements by which the interests of religion were affected, had no place of discussion or reprobation but the church, so that to "preach to the times" was reckoned the duty of the minister, not only in Scotland, but in England. The pulpit was thus constrained to occupy that place from which the public press has happily relieved it. Besides, a war at this time was going on in Scotland, that proposed nothing

short of the utter annihilation of the national church; and every faithful minister, therefore, felt himself standing upon a watch-tower, from which he was to look anxiously over the whole country, and sound the alarm whenever danger approached, let the quarter from which it issued be what it might.

To this duty, so full of imminent peril, M'Kail, as a preacher, was soon summoned. The bishops, who had been imposed upon the country by royal authority, complained that their offices were not respected, nor their behests obeyed; and Middleton's mad parliament had passed, under the inspiration of wine and strong drink, that sweeping decree by which 400 ministers were ejected from their charges for non-compliance. It was in September, 1662, while this measure was impending, by which the best pulpits of Edinburgh as well as Scotland at large were soon to be deprived of their ministers, that Hugh M'Kail, who had frequently officiated in the city as a preacher with great acceptance, delivered his last public sermon in the High church, on the Sabbath before the edict was to take effect. His text was from Canticles I. 7; and in illustrating this passage as applicable to the persecutions which religion had generally endured, he declared that the "church and people of God had been persecuted both by an Ahab on the throne, a Haman in the state, and a Judas in the church." He made no particular or personal application of this general truth; he merely stated it as a well-known historical fact; but so close was the parallel to the present state of affairs, that Charles II. was found to be the Ahab, the persecuting royal favourite, Lord Middleton, to be the Haman, and the apostate Sharp, now Archbishop of St. Andrews, to be the Judas Iscariot whom the preacher meant. To suspect was to convict and condemn, and a party of horse was sent to his residence near Edinburgh to apprehend him. But having received a hasty notice a moment previous to their arrival, he escaped from his bed into another chamber, and managed to elude the pursuers. He fled, in the first instance, to his father's house, where for a time he was safe from detection. But, as some victim was necessary, M'Kail's patron, Sir James Stuart, and Walter Stuart, his second son, were apprehended instead of the preacher, and accused of having listened to, or at least having been informed of, the aforesaid sermon, which "had maliciously inveighed against, and abused his sacred majesty, and the present government in church and state, to the great offence of God, and stumbling of the people;" and that, notwithstanding their knowledge of it, they had still continued to harbour and entertain its author. Both were imprisoned, and did not obtain their liberty until they had cleared themselves of the charge. In the meantime, M'Kail went abroad, and, as Wodrow informs us, "accomplished himself in travelling for some years."

After a residence of four years upon the continent, Mr. M'Kail returned to Scotland in 1666. It was not to a peaceful home that he returned, for the persecution was hotter than ever; and in the desperate insurrection which commenced at Dumfries, and ended in the defeat at Pentland, he joined the devoted band, and shared in the toils and privations of their march until they came to Cramond, on their way to Rullion Green, where his strength, unfitted for such rough service, broke down, so that he was left behind. He then endeavoured to shift for himself; but while on his way to Libberton, he was set upon by some peasants on the watch for stragglers, and apprehended, his enfeebled state, and the light rapier which he wore, being insufficient for the least resistance.

This was upon the 27th of November; and on the following day he was examined by a committee of the secret council. He refused to criminate himself by answering their questions or subscribing to their charges; but on the following day he complied so far as to confess that he had joined in the insurrection. This, however, was not enough: the rulers of Scotland were determined, for their own purposes, to prove that the rising of Pentland was a great national conspiracy, abetted by the Presbyterians of England and our enemies upon the continent; and if proof could not be obtained from the confessions of the prisoners, it was resolved to wring it from them by torture. The selection of their victims from among the prisoners for this experiment was in keeping with the injustice of the infliction; for these were Hugh M'Kail, who had not been at Pentland at all, and John Neilson, of Corsack, in Galloway, a gentleman who, though he had been plundered of his all, and driven to the fields for his adherence to the covenant, had yet saved the life of Sir James Turner when the latter was taken prisoner, and behaved throughout the insurrection with gentleness and clemency. It was in vain they protested that they had already confessed all, and knew nothing of a conspiracy; the boot, the instrument of torture, was laid upon the council table, and they were assured that on the morrow, if they still refused to confess, they should undergo its infliction. The very name of that engine can still raise a shudder in Scotland, though few are acquainted with its peculiar construction. It was a wooden frame composed of four pieces of narrow board hooped with iron, into which the leg was inserted; wooden plugs of different sizes were then successively introduced between the boards and the limb, and driven home by the executioner with the blows of a heavy mallet, while at each stroke the sufferer was exhorted to confess whatever might be demanded by the judges. In this way the anguish of the victim was increased or prolonged at pleasure, until it often happened that nature could endure no more, so that for present relief he was ready to confess whatever might bring him to the more merciful alternative of the axe or the halter.

On the following day the council assembled, and, true to their promise, they proceeded to examine the prisoners by torture. The experiment was first tried upon Mr. Neilson, and as the wedges proceeded to crush his leg at each descent of the mallet, his cries were so loud and piteous, that even savages would have melted with compassion to hear them. But not so the judges: bent upon learning the particulars of a plot that had no existence except in their own craven fears, their command at each interval was, "Give him the other touch!" As no confession was forthcoming after their worst had been inflicted, they next proceeded to deal with M'Kail, hoping, perhaps, to find greater compliance, from his youth and gentleness of disposition. It was in vain for him to allege that he was aware of no conspiracy—that he had confessed all that he knew already: although so much time had elapsed, they still remembered what he had said about an "Ahab on the throne." His leg was placed in the boot, and after the first blow, while every nerve was tingling with the shock, the usual questions were put to him; but he was silent: the strokes were repeated, until seven or eight had been given; but to the questions he solemnly declared, in the sight of God, that he could reveal nothing further, though every joint of his body should be subjected to the same torture as his poor leg. This was unsatisfactory to the judges, who ordered another and another "touch," which their victim endured without a murmur of impatience or

bitterness; and after ten or eleven strokes in all, and given at considerable intervals, he swooned, and was carried back to prison.

Thus, no crime had been either discovered or confessed, and even according to the barbarous law of torture, it might have been thought that M'Kail should have been set at liberty, as one against whom no offence could be proved. And had he not suffered enough already to satisfy the most vindictive? But such was not the reasoning of the day, and the judges resolved to fall back upon the fact that he had joined the insurgents, and accompanied them to Ayr, Ochiltree, Lanark, and other places. It mattered not to them that he had not been present at the battle of Pentland; it was enough that he would have been there if he could, and therefore must be punished as a convicted traitor for his traitorous intentions. The day after his examination, ten of these unfortunate insurgents were tried and sentenced to execution; and only five days afterwards, other seven were ordered to prepare for trial. It was resolved that among these already foredoomed victims, M'Kail should be impanelled; but the torture he had undergone had thrown him into a fever, accompanied with such debility, that compareance was impossible, and this he represented, while he craved a few days of delay. Nothing could be more natural than his present condition after the treatment he had experienced, or more reasonable than his request; and yet his judges would not be satisfied until they had sent two physicians and two surgeons to examine the patient, and attest, "upon soul and conscience," that his case was as he had stated. Of what did these men think the bones and flesh of Covenanters to be composed, that they could endure so much, and yet recover so quickly? It would be well, we opine, if no judges were to inflict torture, until they had previously tried its effect upon themselves. In this way, William III. adventured upon a taste of the thumbscrew, and declared that under it a man might confess anything.

On the 18th of December, while still a sufferer, M'Kail was brought out to trial. Into this we do not enter more particularly, as it was a matter of daily occurrence in the judiciary proceedings of the period. The answers he gave, and the arguments by which he justified his conduct, were such as his judges cared nothing about; and while he talked of conscience and the Divine law as binding upon every community, they silenced him with the statute-book, and charged him with rebellion. The sentence, which was probably nothing else than he expected, was, that on Saturday, the 20th of December (only two days after), he should be taken to the market-cross of Edinburgh, there to be hanged on a gibbet till dead, and his goods and lands to be escheated for his Highness's use. This was summary work; and three others, who were tried along with him, were sentenced to the same doom. He was then led back to the Tolbooth, the people lamenting him as he passed by, to whom he addressed the words of consolation and comfort, as if they, and not himself, were to suffer. Among others, to some tender-hearted women, who bewailed such an untimely termination of his labours, he said, "Weep not: though I am but young, and in the budding of my hopes and labours in the ministry, I am not to be mourned; for one drop of my blood, through the grace of God, may make more hearts contrite, than many years' sermons might have done." As the time allowed him to dissolve the affectionate ties of nature was so brief, he requested that his father might be allowed to visit him in prison, which was granted. And of how many such tender yet heroic partings, were the cells of the Tolbooth

of Edinburgh to be witnesses at this period! The meeting of father and son was accompanied with much affectionate endearment, as well as earnest Christian prayers for support and resignation. "Hugh," said the senior, "I called thee a goodly olive-tree of fair fruit, and now a storm hath destroyed the tree and his fruit." The son deprecated this estimation as too high; but the other burst forth into the declaration that he had spoken only the truth, and that it was assuredly his own sins, and not those of his amiable boy, that had brought the latter to such a close. "It is I," he cried, "who have sinned; but thou, poor sheep, what hast thou done?" The other blamed himself that, for failure in the observance of the fifth commandment, his days were to be short in the land. He added also his fear, that God had a controversy with his father for over-valuing his children, and especially himself.

During his short stay in prison, M'Kail was employed in private devotion, and in the duty of encouraging and confirming his fellow-sufferers. At times, also, such was his cheerfulness, that his language was full of humour. To a friend who visited him in prison, and condoled with him upon his mangled limb, he replied, "The fear of my neck makes me forget my leg." On the evening of the 19th of December, while eating his final supper with those who were to be executed with him on the following day, he said to them merrily, "Eat to the full, and cherish your bodies, that we may be a fat Christmas-pie to the prelates." After supper he read to them the 16th psalm, and then said, "If there were anything in the world sadly and unwillingly to be left, it were the reading of the Scriptures." He comforted himself, however, with the thought that he would soon be in that place where even Scripture is no longer necessary. After writing his will, which was an easy work, as it consisted of the bequest of the few books he possessed to his friends, he slept soundly, and on wakening his comrade at five o'clock in the morning, he said pleasantly, "Up, John, for you are too long in bed; you and I look not like men going to be hanged this day, seeing we lie so long." Before going to execution, he bade farewell to his father, with the assurance that his sufferings would do more hurt to the prelates, and be more edifying to God's people, than if he were to continue in the ministry twenty years. Such was his heroic hope, and the history of Scotland has told us how fully it was verified.

As soon as M'Kail appeared on the scaffold, a sound of wailing arose from the numerous spectators. And indeed it was no wonder, for he had a high reputation for learning and talent, such as was rare among the persecuted of this period. He was also in much estimation for his fervent piety and steadfast devotedness. And then, too, there were other circumstances that never fail to deepen the popular sympathy at such a tragic spectacle, for besides being still in the bloom of early youth, we are told that he was a "very comely, graceful person." "There was scarce ever seen," it is added, "so much sorrow in onlookers; scarce was there a dry cheek in the whole street or windows at the cross of Edinburgh." With gentleness and dignity he prepared for his departure, and after delivering his testimony, which he had written out, and sung his last psalm, he exclaimed to his friends as he ascended the ladder, "I care no more to go up this ladder than if I were going home to my father's house. Friends and fellow-sufferers, be not afraid; every step of this ladder is a degree nearer heaven."

Having seated himself mid-way, M'Kail addressed the spectators with his parting farewell. He expressed his belief that all this cruelty which drove so



many to the scaffold, was not so much owing to the Scottish statesmen and rulers, as to the prelates, by whom the persecution was urged onward, and at whose hands the blood of the sufferers would be required. He then declared his cheerful readiness to die for the cause of God, the covenants, and the work of reformation, once the glory of Scotland. Here, on being interrupted by loud weeping, he told the people that it was their prayers not their tears which were needed now. After expressing his triumphant assurance of the bliss into which he was about to enter, and consoling them with the thought, he suddenly broke off into the following sublime, prophet-like declaration, which has so often stirred the heart of Scottish piety to its lowest depths: "And now, I leave off to speak any more to creatures, and begin my intercourse with God, which shall never be broken off. Farewell father and mother, friends and relations, farewell the world and all delights, farewell meat and drink, farewell sun, moon, and stars! Welcome God and Father; welcome sweet Jesus Christ, the mediator of the new covenant; welcome blessed Spirit of grace, and God of all consolation; welcome glory, welcome eternal life, and welcome death!"

Such was the departure of Hugh M'Kail, standing upon an ignominious ladder, and yet upon the threshold of heaven, and all but glorified before he had departed. And below was a crowd among whom nothing was heard but heavy groans and loud lamentation. It was a death such as only a martyr can die, and which the living might well have envied.

**MACKENZIE, SIR ALEXANDER.**—In the list of those adventurers who have explored the wild recesses of North America, and acted as the pioneers of Anglo-Saxon civilization, the name of Sir Alexander Mackenzie occupies a place inferior to none. Originally, however, an obscure mercantile adventurer, we are unable to ascertain the early training through which he not only became such an enterprising and observant traveller, but so excellent a writer in the account he has left of his journey. He is supposed to have been a native of Inverness, and to have emigrated to Canada while still a very young man. The first account we have of him is from himself, in his general history of the fur trade prefixed to the narrative of his travels, when he held a situation in the counting-house of Mr. Gregory, one of the partners of the North-West Fur Company. After he had been in this situation for five years, Mackenzie, in 1784, set off to seek his fortune at Detroit, having been intrusted for this purpose with a small venture of goods, on condition of proceeding to the back settlements or Indian country in the following spring. He accordingly set off on this half-mercantile half-exploratory journey with a party of associates; but on arriving at the scene of enterprise, they soon found themselves regarded as intruders by those Europeans who had established themselves in the country and full pre-occupation of the trade, and who not only opposed their progress, but stirred up the natives against them; and after the "severest struggle ever known in that part of the world," in which one of the partners of the company was murdered, another lamed, and a clerk shot through his powder-horn, by which the bullet was prevented from passing through his body, the jealous occupants at last admitted the new-comers to a share in their trade in 1787.

The acquaintanceship which Mackenzie had acquired of the country and the native tribes, during a residence of several years at Fort Chipewyan, situated at the head of the Athabasca Lake, in the territory of the savages to the west of Hudson's Bay, and the intelligence, courage, and enterprising character which he had already displayed, pointed him out to his employers as a fit person to be

sent out on an exploring expedition through the regions lying to the northwest of their station—at this time still a *terra incognita* to British exploration, and supposed to be bounded by the Arctic Ocean. Upon this Argonautic quest he accordingly set off, in a canoe of birch bark, from Fort Chipewyan, on the south side of the Lake of the Hills, on June 3, 1789. His crew consisted of a German, four Canadians, two of whom were attended by their wives, and an Indian chief; and in a smaller boat were the chief's two wives, and two of his young men who were to serve as hunters and interpreters: a third canoe that followed was in charge of one of the company's clerks, and carried also their provisions, clothing, and ammunition, as well as mercantile presents for the Indians along whose territories they would have to pass. This voyage, which continued 102 days, was of a sufficiently eventful character; and the difficulties, dangers, and privations which the party encountered, as well as the courage, wisdom, and perseverance with which Mackenzie encountered and surmounted them, can scarcely be appreciated in the present day, when the districts which he visited have now become familiar, while the wild tenants by whom they were occupied have disappeared. Six days after he had embarked on the Slave River he reached the Slave Lake, that was almost wholly frozen over; and after encamping six days among the ice, that sometimes gave way under them, he once more embarked, and skirting along the edge of the lake, he reached, on the 29th of June, the entrance of the river which flows from its western extremity, afterwards called, in honour of his discovery, the Mackenzie River. On the 15th of July, the principal purpose of his search was crowned with success, for after having followed the north-west course of the river, he arrived at the great Northern Ocean, in lat. 69°. After having erected a post at the place of discovery, on which he engraved the latitude of the place, his own name, and the number of persons who accompanied him, he retraced his course, and arrived in safety at Chipewyan Fort, on the 12th of September.

After little more than a year of repose at home, or rather a year of active trading, the bold traveller was alert upon a new journey, and one of greater importance than the former, being nothing less than an attempt to reach the Pacific—an adventure which no European in North America had as yet accomplished, or, as far as is known, had even attempted. Again, therefore, he left Fort Chipewyan, on the 10th of October, 1792, and proceeded up the Peace River. "I had resolved," he says, "to go as far as our most distant settlement, which would occupy the remaining part of the season, it being the route by which I proposed to attempt my next discovery, across the mountains from the source of that river; for whatever distance I could reach this fall would be a proportionate advancement of my voyage." He set off, accompanied by two canoes laden with the necessary articles of trade, and prosecuted the enterprise partly by water and partly by land. The dangers he underwent were, if possible, still greater than before, not merely from natural obstacles, but the hostility or the blunders of the wild tribes with whom he came in contact; and it is strange, as well as not a little interesting, to read in his narrative, not only of manners that are fast disappearing from the world, but of large Indian communities that have either dwindled into families, or utterly passed away. After nine months of persevering travel his aim was accomplished, for he had penetrated across the mountains, and through the North American continent, to the shores of the Pacific; and having reached the point of his ambition, he mixed up some vermilion in melted grease, and inscribed upon a rock on which he had passed the

night, this short memorial: "Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada by land, the twenty-second of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three." It was a necessary precaution, as only the day after, when he was upon his return homeward, he very narrowly escaped assassination from the natives. He arrived at the fort on the 23d of August, 1793, and thus takes leave of his readers: "Here my voyages of discovery terminate. Their toils and their dangers, their solicitudes and sufferings, have not been exaggerated in my description. On the contrary, in many instances language has failed me in the attempt to describe them. I received, however, the reward of my labours, for they were crowned with success."

After he had returned to Fort Chipewyan, Mackenzie appears to have devoted himself, for a time at least, to that profitable trade in furs which his enterprises had so greatly tended to enlarge and benefit. He also prepared for the press his narrative, which was published in London in 1801, with the following title: "Voyages from Montreal, on the River St. Lawrence, through the Continent of North America to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans, in the years 1789 and 1793. With a Preliminary Account of the Rise, Progress, and Present State of the Fur Trade of that Country. Illustrated with Maps, &c." The value of his exertions were so justly appreciated, that soon after the publication of this work he received the honour of knighthood. From this period we so completely lose sight of Sir Alexander, that we know neither his after history, nor the period of his death; but from a biographical volume of living authors, published in 1816, we ascertain that he was still alive at that date.

**MACKINNON, COLONEL DANIEL.**—This brave soldier, who acquired high military reputation in the Peninsular war and at Waterloo, was born in 1791, and was second son of William Mackinnon, chieftain of the ancient clan of that name in the Western Highlands of Scotland. This chieftainship, however, had dwindled into a mere lairdship, in consequence of the abolition of the patriarchal government in the Highlands, and Daniel, whose energies a century earlier might have been wasted in some petty feud or *spreagh*, was reserved to be one of the honoured heroes in a great European warfare. At the early age of fourteen he entered the army as ensign in the Coldstream Guards, and quickly won the esteem of his brother officers by his activity, cheerfulness, and kind disposition, which was further increased when he had an opportunity of showing his valour in the field. His first service, however, was nothing more than a little harmless marching and countermarching; for his regiment, which was ordered to Bremen in 1806, to co-operate with the Prussians and their allies, never came in sight of the enemy. After its return, the Coldstream in 1807 was sent with the armament against Copenhagen, where the land-service was not in requisition. Two years more elapsed of mere parade and warlike demonstration, which, however, was brought to an end when Mackinnon embarked with his regiment for the Peninsula in 1809, after he had attained the rank of lieutenant in the Guards.

The military life of an officer so young as Mackinnon, and holding his subordinate rank, can be nothing else than a record of personal daring and hair-breadth escapes; he obeys the commands and fulfils the wishes of his superiors, through every difficulty and at whatever risk, and thus establishes his claim to be a commander in turn. Such was the case with the subject of this brief notice. He was appointed aide-de-camp to General Stopford, who commanded the Guards, and had thus an opportunity of distinguishing himself through the

whole course of that terrible and eventful war from 1809 to 1814. And these opportunities were neither shunned nor neglected, so that the bivouac and the mess-table were enlivened with tales of his personal prowess and daring. On one occasion, his supreme contempt of danger partook of the ludicrous. While our army was passing a defile, and debouching from it, there was one spot in which part of the troops were exposed to a very heavy fire. But in this post of peculiar peril, Captain Mackinnon was found performing the duties of the toilet, and lathering and shaving his chin, as coolly as if he had been fifty miles from the scene of action. No sight was better calculated to animate dispirited soldiers; they rushed immediately to the onset, and drove the French before them. No wonder that the soldiers loved and were ready to follow an officer who, let the risk be what it might, was ready to encounter or abide his full share. But he was equally endeared to his brother officers, by his overflowing kindness and invincible good nature, so that, during the whole of these trying campaigns, in which patience was tempted to the uttermost, he never gave offence, or adopted a subject of quarrel. Some of these veterans still survive, by whom the amiable qualities of the gallant Celt are affectionately remembered.

After having taken part in every battle from Talavera to Toulouse, the peace of 1814 released Mackinnon from active military duty. It is pleasing also to add, that his services had been appreciated, for he was at once raised from the rank of captain to that of lieutenant-colonel in the Coldstream regiment. Relying upon the promise of a lasting peace, he returned to England, but was suddenly roused, like many of his brethren upon leave of absence, by the escape of Bonaparte from Elba, and the astounding events that followed in quick succession. Napoleon was once more upon the throne of France, and a fresh war was inevitable. Knowing this, Colonel Mackinnon hurried to Ramsgate to join his regiment, now quartered in Brussels, but not finding the expected vessel ready to sail, he threw himself, with another officer, into an open boat, and reached Ostend in time to join in the engagements of the 16th and 17th of June, and finally, in the great battle of Waterloo.

Of the many hundreds of episodes that constitute this great military assize of the nations, and out of which so many volumes of history and biography have been constructed, and amidst the *mêlée* of wonderful charges and brave deeds that occurred every moment, and over every part of the field, we must limit our attention to a thousandth part of the great event, and attend exclusively to the movements of Mackinnon. Amidst the fire, he had three horses shot under him. In one of these volleys by which he was successively brought down, he was himself shot in the knee, his sword flew from his hand, and in falling, he alighted upon a prostrate French officer, who was wounded like himself. Mackinnon immediately took possession of the Frenchman's sword, with an apology for using it, as he had lost his own, mounted a fresh horse, and continued to charge at the head of his regiment, until he was detached with 250 of his Coldstreams, and 1st regiment of Guards, for the defence of the farm of Hougomont. This was the key of Wellington's position, and Mackinnon was ordered to defend it to the last extremity. And well do the records of Waterloo testify how faithfully this command was obeyed. For a considerable period, the whole interest of the conflict was converged round this farm and its outhouses, the possession of which was of the utmost importance to Napoleon, so that mass after mass of French grenadiers was hurled against it in rapid suc-

cession, with golden promises to the first who entered; but as fast as they approached the walls, the close, steady fire from within tore their ranks into shreds, and strewed the ground with the dead and wounded; and as fast as they fell back, Mackinnon and his little band sallied from their defences, piled up the dead bodies in front of the doors as a rampart, and hurried back to their posts as soon as a fresh inundation of fire and steel came sweeping down upon them. Again and again was this manœuvre successfully performed, but in the midst of imminent peril, by which the brave band of defenders was reduced to a handful. Still, the utmost efforts of Napoleon upon this point were defeated, and Hougoumont was saved. At last the farm-house was relieved, and Mackinnon with his party joined the British army, now assailants in their turn. But the wound which he had previously received in his knee from a musket-shot, and which he had disregarded during the whole of the action, now occasioned such pain, accompanied with loss of blood, that he fainted, and was carried off the field in a litter to Brussels, where he was treated with the utmost courtesy and kindness. The wound was healed, but the buoyant activity which had hitherto made exercise a necessary of life to him was broken. As for the sword, which he had appropriated to his own use at such a curious crisis, he not only fulfilled his promise, by using it gallantly in the defence of Hougoumont, and through the whole action, but ever afterwards wore it on field-days and parade, as a fair trophy of Waterloo.

Thus, at the early age of twenty-four, the military career of this intrepid soldier was closed by the return of universal peace—not, however, without a ten years' service, and having won by his merits a rank which few soldiers so young are privileged to occupy. He still continued to hold his commission in the army; and a majority in the Coldstream having become vacant, he was induced to purchase it, by which he obtained the rank of a full colonel in the service, and the ultimate command of the regiment.

From the foregoing account, it could scarcely be expected that Colonel Mackinnon should also obtain distinction in authorship. Entering the army at the raw age of fourteen, when a stripling's education is still imperfect, and returning to domestic life at a period when few are willing to resume their half-conned lessons, and become schoolboys anew, we are apt to ask, how and where he could have acquired those capacities that would enable him to produce a well-written book? But this, by no means the easiest or least glorious of his achievements, he has certainly accomplished. Soon after the accession of William IV., his majesty was desirous that a full history of the Coldstream Guards should be written, and he selected no other than the gallant colonel of the regiment to be its historian. Such a choice, and the able manner in which it was fulfilled, show that Mackinnon must have possessed higher qualities than those of a mere swordier however brave, and that he must have cultivated them with much careful application after his final return to England. For this, indeed, if nothing more than recreation had been his motive, there was an especial inducement, arising from his wound received at Waterloo, by which he was prevented from more active enjoyments. Although such a task required no small amount of historical and antiquarian research, the origin of the Coldstreams dating so far back as the year 1650, he ably discharged it by his work in two volumes, entitled "*The Origin and Services of the Coldstream Guards*," published in 1833, and dedicated by permission to his Majesty. In this work he has traced the actions of this distinguished brigade in England and Scotland during the wars

of the Commonwealth, Restoration, and Revolution; its services in Ireland, in Holland, and upon the continent; and finally in the Peninsula, and at Waterloo; and while he has shown a thorough acquaintanceship with the history of these various wars, his work is pervaded throughout not only with the high chivalrous magnanimity of a British soldier, but the exactness of a careful thinker, and the taste of a correct and eloquent writer.

The rest of Colonel Mackinnon's life may be briefly summed up, as it was one of peace and domestic enjoyment. After he had settled in England, he married Miss Dent, the eldest daughter of Mr. Dent, M.P. for Pool, a young lady of great attractions, but who brought him no family. With her he led a happy and retired life, surrounded by the society of those who loved him; and cheered, as we may well think, by those studies which he turned to such an honourable account. It was thought that, from his strong robust frame and healthy constitution, he would have survived to a good old age; but the sedentary life to which his wound confined him, proved too much for a system so dependent upon active and exciting exercise. After having scarcely ever felt a day's illness, he died at Hertford Street, May Fair, London, on the 22d of June, 1836, being only forty-six years old.

MACNISH, ROBERT, LL.D.—The literary age in which we live, the age of periodical writing, is peculiarly unfavourable to individual distinction. A magazine or even a newspaper of the present day, instead of being the mere thing of shreds and patches which it usually was at the beginning of the nineteenth century, is now a repertory of the best writings, both in prose and verse; and the ablest of our writers, instead of trying their mere infant strength and boyish preludings in the columns of a journal, where, in the event of failure, they can hide themselves in the incognito of a letter of the alphabet, often spend their whole intellectual existence as periodical writers, and under a fictitious signature. Hence it is, that in the columns of a common daily print, or a weekly or monthly magazine, we find such essays, tales, and poems, such profound, original thinking, and eloquent writing, as would compose whole libraries of good standard authorship. But who is the Thunderer of this newspaper, or the Christopher North of that magazine?—the A and B and Z whose contributions we so eagerly expect, and from which we derive such pleasure or instruction? We cannot tell: their individuality is only known to their own personal circle, while beyond they are mere letters of the alphabet, and as such, are but undistinguished particles in the mighty world of thought. Thus would many of our best writers pass away, were it not that the biographer arrests them in their passage to oblivion, and gives them a local habitation and a name. And among these was a personage only known under the mystic title of the "Modern Pythagorean," but who was no other than Robert Macnish, the subject of the present notice.

This physician, philosopher, poet, and miscellaneous writer, was born in Henderson's Court, Jamaica Street, Glasgow, on the 15th of February, 1802. As his father and grandfather were both of the medical profession, it was resolved that Robert should be devoted to the same course; and, with this view, his education was conducted first at the private schools of Glasgow and Hamilton, and afterwards at the university of his native city. At the age of eighteen, having passed his examination before the College of Surgeons, he obtained the degree of *Magister Chirurgiæ* from the college of Glasgow. Being thus qualified to commence the duties of his profession, he went as assistant of Dr. Henderson

of Clyth, to Caithness, where he endured for eighteen months the labour of professional visiting over a wide and wild circuit of country. Although he lost his health under such labour, so that at last he was glad to escape to the more genial region of his native city, he seems to have pursued in the Highlands, and with success, those poetical and literary studies from which his after-life derived its chief distinction. Here, also, influenced no doubt by the bleak and scowling scenery, he wandered in thought among the lands of the sun and their scenes of enchantment, by way of pleasing contrast, until he composed the greater part of a poetical tale, of which the locality was an Armida garden at the foot of the Himalaya mountains, and the actors, Pharem, a mighty Indian magician, and Ima, daughter of the Khan of Shiraz. Besides this lucubration, which he no doubt found beyond his powers to finish, the young dreamer had already tried his strength in authorship in the columns of the "Inverness Journal." The chief of these contributions was "The Tale of Eivor, a Scandinavian Legend," and the "Harp of Salem," a lament over fallen Jerusalem.

On returning from Caithness to Glasgow, Macnish made a journey to Paris, where he resided a year, for the double purpose of recruiting his constitution and continuing his medical education. In the French capital, among other opportunities of improving his taste, he frequented the Louvre, while its vast collection of the treasures of art, the spoils of conquered nations, were as yet unreclaimed; and here he learned to appreciate the beauties of painting and sculpture, without expressing his emotions in that artistic phraseology which is too often made the cloak of ignorant pretension. But of all places in Paris, the cemetery of Pere-la-Chaise, that city of the dead, became his favourite resort; and it was there that, in all likelihood, he increased that love of strange musing and mysticism which he had commenced in Caithness, and among the second-sighted Highlanders. On coming home he became assistant to his father, and completed his medical education at the university of Glasgow, where he took out his diploma of surgeon in 1825. His thesis which he delivered on this occasion, was an essay on the Anatomy of Drunkenness, which he afterwards expanded into his well-known work of the same title.

Before this period, however, Macnish had written articles, both in prose and verse, for the "Literary Melange," and for the "Emmet," periodicals of the Glasgow press. In 1822, also, he sent two productions to Constable's "Edinburgh Magazine," the one entitled "Macvurich the Murderer," and the other, "The Dream Confirmed." Both were incidents which he had learned in the Highlands, and expanded into regular stories. But in 1825, a more popular and lasting field was opened to him in "Blackwood's Magazine," of which he afterwards became one of the most distinguished contributors. His first contribution to this periodical, was his tale entitled "The Metempsychosis;" and he was encouraged to persevere from its being published in the monthly number as the leading article. This was no small distinction; for it will be remembered by the admirers of this most famed of magazines, that at the period we mention, it was in no want of highly talented correspondents. During the same year were inserted his "Man with the Nose," and the "Barber of Gottingen;" and on the following, the "Adventures of Colonel O'Shaughnessy," and "Who can it be?" articles whose classical style and rich, racy, original humour, arrested the attention of *Ebony's* readers, who at this time might well be called the reading *public*, and raised the question of

loud and general interest, Who is this "Modern Pythagorean?" In 1827, while Macnish was employed in these fugitive but important literary avocations, he was introduced by Mr. Blackwood to Dr. Moir, ever after his fast friend, who loved him like a brother, and lived to commemorate his worth.

It was not only in prose but in verse that Macnish excelled, and had he devoted himself to the Delilah of poetry, we doubt not that he would have been still more highly distinguished in this department of intellectual excellence, than he was as a prose writer of essays and tales. But already the field of the Muses had been so over-trodden and be-mired, that the best of our bards had escaped from it into the more ample and diversified regions of prose—Scott, Coleridge, Southey, and Moore, who were a-weary of having their kibes trode upon and grazed by the eager ambitious toes of awkward followers and imitators. Macnish, however, had been wont to express his deeper feelings in verse; and an event in 1827 called from him more than one mournful lyric of domestic sorrow. This was the death of his youngest sister, Christian, a child only ten years old, who was drowned on the banks of the Clyde near Glasgow, while crossing a plank laid athwart a small arm of the river.

The life of a man who devotes himself to the settled profession of a physician, and the peaceful occupations of authorship, presents few materials for the biographer. As a physician, indeed, we have little to say of Macnish, except that his career in this capacity was of even tenor, and was attended with a fair proportion of profit and success in his native city of Glasgow. In his literary capacity, every moment of spare time seems to have been fully occupied; and the articles which he contributed, both in prose and verse, not only to "Blackwood's Magazine," but also to Fraser's, and other less distinguished periodicals, obtained a prominent place in that species of light literature, and made the good folks of Glasgow justly proud of their fellow-citizen. These productions it is the less necessary to particularize, as they have been published in a compact volume under the editorship of his biographer, Delta. It may be merely mentioned in passing, that they are all more or less distinguished by a lively creative fancy, and chaste subdued classical style, reminding us more of the best writers of the Addison and Goldsmith periods, than the slashing, *outré*, and abrupt, though sparkling tales and essays that form the staple of our modern periodical writing. Among the happiest of these attempts of Macnish, we may particularly specify the "Metempsychosis," an "Execution at Paris," a "Night near Monte Video," and "A Vision of Robert Bruce." Still, Macnish might soon have been forgot by the magazine-reading public, had he not established his literary reputation upon a more secure basis; and it is by his "Anatomy of Drunkenness" and "Philosophy of Sleep," two able and substantial treatises, and his "Book of Aphorisms," that he is now best known and estimated.

The first of these works, which Macnish commenced before he had reached the age of twenty, and during his toilsome sojourn in Caithness, was the fruit of much reading and research, aided, perhaps, occasionally by the practical illustrations which he witnessed among the inhabitants of that whisky-smuggling county. Afterwards, he matured it into a thesis, which he read before the Medical Faculty in 1825, when he took out his degree, and published it in 1827 in a thin octavo of fifty-six pages. The subject was comparatively an untrodden field, as hitherto the vice of drunkenness had been rather analyzed by the divine and moralist, than anatomized by the surgeon. The novelty of



such a work, and the felicity of his style and mode of illustration, excited a deeper interest among the readers than generally falls to thesea, the most neglected of all literary productions, so that Macnish was encouraged to prosecute his inquiries. The result was, that the subject grew and improved upon his hands, while each edition was more popular than its predecessor, until, in 1834, a fifth edition of the "Anatomy of Drunkenness" was published by its author. Such success upon so unpromising a theme, was one of those triumphs which only true genius can accomplish. In this treatise he contemplates the vice in its physiological character, and writes like a learned physician on its origin, growth, and effects upon the constitution. He then expatiates upon its moral character, and illustrates with fearful power, but yet with the utmost patience and gentleness, the influence of this pernicious habit upon the intellectual and moral organization of its victim. And finally, knowing that all this is not enough, and that people will get drunk in spite of every dissuasive, he shows them in what way this crime may be committed in its least odious form, and with the smallest harm, upon the same benevolent principle that he would have applied the stomach-pump to those who had refused to be benefited, either by his warnings or instructions. His next work, the "Philosophy of Sleep," although of a more metaphysical character, fully sustained the reputation which his "Anatomy" had acquired, and rapidly passed into a second edition. These works not only obtained a wide popularity both in Scotland and England, but in America, where they were republished; they were also translated into the French and German languages, an honour exclusively accorded to philosophical treatises that possess unquestionable merit.

In 1833, Macnish published his "Book of Aphorisms." This little work, which is now almost forgotten, consisted of some fifty dozen fag-ends and quaint remarks, in the fashion of Rochefoucault, or rather of Lord Bacon, but without pretending to soar to the eminence of these illustrious models. It was thought, however, a clever work in its day, among the circle to which it was limited. Another literary task which he executed, was an "Introduction to Phrenology," which he published in 1835. A second edition of this volume, which he had carefully prepared for publication, appeared two years after—but by this time Macnish had finished his appointed round of labour, and was beyond the reach of criticism; and this event, as well as a just appreciation of his character, was so well expressed in the "Phrenological Journal," in giving a review of the work itself, that we cannot refrain from quoting it, as a fitting close to this brief narrative:—

"This work appears breathing with life, spirit, and observation, as if its author were himself ushering it into the world. There is no indication within it, or announcement about it, that would lead the reader to believe that the mind which had conceived it had fled, and that the hand which had written it was cold in death; yet such are the facts! The work was just completed, and the last sheets of the appendix prepared for the press, when, in the beginning of January, 1837, the gifted author was seized with influenza, which speedily degenerated into typhus fever, and on the fourteenth day after the attack, he died. One of the distinguishing characteristics of Mr. Macnish's mind was vivacity. Whether he gave way to ridicule and sarcasm, of which he was a master; or to fancy, with which he was brilliantly endowed; or to tenderness and affection, which he felt strongly, and could touchingly express; there was always a spring of life about him that vivified his pages, and animated and

delighted his readers. This quality abounds in every page of the present work, and invests it with a new and extraordinary interest, when we regard it as the last words of a talented intellect now in the grave."

A circumstance sufficiently trivial in the literary life of Macnish, so that we had almost forgotten it, was, that in 1835 he was made an LL.D. by Hamilton College, United States, America. That deluge of doctorships had already commenced which threatens to level all literary distinction. His remains were interred in the burial-ground of St. Andrew's Episcopal Chapel, Glasgow, but with neither tablet nor inscription to mark the spot, as his fellow-townsmen were soon bestirring themselves in collecting subscriptions to erect a monument to his memory.

**MAITLAND, JOHN, Duke of Lauderdale.**—This nobleman, who occupies so unenviable a position during one of the most disastrous periods of his country's history, was descended from the Maitlands of Lethington, a family undistinguished among the barons of Scotland, until it was brought into notice by that talented and versatile personage who officiated as secretary to Mary of Guise, and also to her daughter, Mary Stuart, whom he successively benefited and betrayed, and who was an adherent and afterwards an opponent of the Scottish Reformation. As the Macchiavelli of Scotland, he will long continue to be admired for his remarkable political talents, as well as wondered at for those manifold changes of principle that only ended in disappointment and a miserable death. The subject of our present notice was grandson of John Maitland, Lord of Thirlstane, the younger brother of the famous statesman; and eldest son of John, second lord of Thirlstane, and first earl of Lauderdale, by Isabel, daughter of Alexander Seton, Earl of Dunfermline, and Chancellor of Scotland.

John Maitland, the future duke, was born at the ancient family seat of Lethington, on May 24, 1616. In the learned languages, which at that period constituted almost the whole round of education, he made great proficiency; and as he was carefully trained in Presbyterian principles, he entered public life as a keen abettor of the Covenant, and adherent of its principal champions. On this account, as well as his talents, he was employed by them in confidential commissions, and especially in their negotiations with the Presbyterians of England during the Civil war; and in 1643 he was one of a deputation of the principal men of Scotland sent to reason with Charles I. on his despotic views both in church and state government, and endeavour to bring him to milder measures, as a preparative for the restoration of monarchy. During the same year, also, he attended, as an elder of the Church of Scotland, the Assembly of Divines held at Westminster. On the following year, having succeeded to the earldom of Lauderdale and family estates by the death of his father, he was sent by the Scottish Parliament, a few weeks after, as one of their four commissioners for the treaty of Uxbridge. Here his zeal was so hot and his language so intemperate, that it has been thought the negotiation was considerably retarded on that account. As events went onward, he crowned his anti-monarchical and anti-prelatic zeal by being a party to the act of delivering up Charles I. to the English army at Newcastle.

Having gone thus far with the men whose cause he had adopted, and even exceeded them in some of his proceedings, the Earl of Lauderdale was now to undergo that change to which extreme zeal is so often subject. The recoil was manifested in 1647, when he was sent, with other Scottish commissioners, to persuade the king to sign the Covenant. This was at Hampton Court,

while his majesty enjoyed a temporary liberty; but after Charles was confined as a prisoner in Carisbrook Castle, Lauderdale and the commissioners so effectually wrought, that they prevailed with him to sign the Engagement, a secret proposal, which formed a separate treaty for Scotland. By the terms of this compact the king agreed, among other important concessions, that the Scots should be equally admitted into all foreign employments with the English; that a third part of all the offices about the king, queen, and prince, should be bestowed upon Scotchmen, and that the king and prince, or one of them, should frequently reside in Scotland. But the crowning concession of all was contained in his consent that the church throughout his dominions should be subjected to the provisions of what he had already termed their "damnable covenant." It requires no profound knowledge of that kind of kingcraft which Charles inherited from his father, to surmise with what facility he would have broken these engagements, had he been restored to place and power. His reposition they engaged on their part to do their utmost to effect, by raising an army for the invasion of England. The Earl of Lauderdale, thus pledged to become a staunch royalist, and with the restoration of royalty in full perspective, of which he might hope to reap the first-fruits, returned to Scotland, and set everything in train for the accomplishment of his promises. In conformity with the terms of the Engagement, he also went to Holland, for the purpose of persuading the Prince of Wales to put himself at the head of the Scottish army destined for the invasion of England; but in this delicate negotiation he conducted himself with such dictatorial arrogance of temper, and in such a coarse blustering manner, that the prince saw little temptation to follow such a leader, especially into the dangers of a doubtful war, and therefore contented himself with his residence at the Hague. Here, too, Lauderdale was compelled to remain, just when he was on the point of embarking for Scotland, for at that critical moment tidings arrived of the utter defeat of the Scottish army by Cromwell at Preston, the condemnation of the Engagement by the Scottish Parliament, and the pains and penalties denounced against its authors and subscribers. He returned to the little court at the Hague, which he appears only to have disturbed by his divisive counsels and personal resentments. Such was especially his conduct in the plan of the last fatal campaign of the Marquis of Montrose, whom he seems to have hated with a perfect hatred. On Charles II. being invited to Scotland, to be invested with the ancient crown of his ancestors, Lauderdale accompanied him, but was so obnoxious to the more strict Presbyterians for his share in the Engagement, that he was forbid to enter the royal presence, and even compelled to fly into concealment until the popular anger had abated. On being recalled to the royal councils, he seems to have ingratiated himself wonderfully with the young king, who perhaps found in him a less severe censor than Argyle, and the other leaders of the Covenant by whom he was surrounded. This favour, however, for the present was of little advantage to him, as it made him a necessary participator in the ill-fated expedition into England, where he was taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester. For nine long years after he was subjected to close confinement in the Tower of London, Portland Castle, and other places, until the arrival of Monk in London, in 1660, by whom he was set at liberty.

On recovering his freedom, and seeing how the wind was setting in favour of royalty, Lauderdale repaired to the Hague, and was received by Charles II.

with greater favour than before. To this, indeed, his nine years of bondage must have not a little contributed. Perhaps the king also saw in Lauderdale the fittest person through whom he might govern Scotland with absolute authority, and revenge himself upon the Presbyterians, by whom he had been so strictly curbed and schooled. Shortly after the Restoration, therefore, he was appointed secretary of state for Scotland, and soon after, the influential offices were added of president of the council, first commissioner of the treasury, extraordinary lord of session, lord of the bedchamber, and governor of Edinburgh Castle. In the meantime, however, he did not rule alone; for while his place was the court at London, from which his influence could only be indirect upon Scotland, the Earls of Middleton and Rothes, bitter enemies of Presbyterianism, and unscrupulous actors in the restoration of Episcopacy, had the chief direction of Scottish affairs, which they signalized by a frightful course of persecution. But on Middleton being disgraced in 1662, and Rothes in 1667, Lauderdale, who had procured their removal, was now enabled to rule the north without rival or impediment.

This change in the government of Scotland had at first a propitious appearance. Lauderdale had all along been the advocate of a limited monarchy, as well as a staunch adherent of Presbyterianism; and it was hoped, by a people who had been trampled into the dust by the rule of Middleton, Rothes, and Archbishop Sharp, that his sympathies would have been awakened in their behalf. Nor were these expectations in the first instance disappointed. He procured the demolition of those fortresses which Cromwell had erected to overawe the country. He prevented the establishment of a Scottish Privy Council that was to sit in London, by which the liberties of Scotland would have been imperilled. He also obtained the royal pardon for those of his countrymen who had been arrayed against Charles I. during the Civil war. But more than all, he steadily resisted the imposition of Episcopal rule upon the country, disbanded the standing army, by whom the people had been persecuted and plundered, and dismissed the principal agents under whom this misrule had been conducted. But events subsequently showed that he cared neither for religion nor liberty, neither for Presbyterianism nor constitutional government, but was all for royal supremacy, and his own personal interests as connected with it; and that for these he was prepared to sacrifice everything, or worship anything, whether in church or state. He thus became the most merciless persecutor of the Covenanters, whom he sent "to glorify God at the Grass-market;" and the most despotic of tyrants, when, upon a remonstrance of the noblest and highest of the kingdom, he made bare his arms above the elbows at the council board, and "swore by Jehovah that he would make them enter into these bonds." In the meantime, the king took care that so compliant an instrument for the entire subjugation of Scotland to the royal will, should have ample means and authority for the purpose, for in May, 1672, he created him Marquis of March and Duke of Lauderdale; a month afterwards, Knight of the Garter; and in June, 1674, he elevated him into the English peerage, by the titles of Viscount Petersham and Earl of Guilford, and appointed him a seat in the English Privy Council.

It was these last honours, which raised Lauderdale to the culminating point, that occasioned his downfall. Having now a place in the English government, he endeavoured to bring into it the same domineering arrogance which had disgusted the people of Scotland, and was a member of that junto of five ministers

called the "Cabal," from the initials of their names, by which the whole empire for a time was governed. But he soon became odious to his colleagues, who were weary of his arrogance; to the people, who regarded him as an upstart and an alien; and to the Duke of York, who thought he had not gone far enough in severity, and suspected him of being a trimming Presbyterian and secret enemy to the divine right of kings. Thus mistrusted and forsaken by all parties, he was deprived of all his offices and pensions in the beginning of 1682, and thrown aside as a worn-out political tool, that could be serviceable no longer. These bitter reverse, combined with old age and gross unwieldiness of body, hastened his death, which occurred at Tunbridge, in the summer of the same year. It was recorded by Burnet, and eagerly noticed by the Covenanters of Scotland, whom he had so cruelly betrayed and persecuted, that when he died, "his heart seemed quite spent; there was not left above the bigness of a walnut of firm substance; the rest was spongy; liker the lungs than the heart."

Such is but a brief sketch of the political life of one with whose proceedings so large a portion of Scottish biography is more or less connected. The character of the Duke of Lauderdale is thus severely but truthfully limned by Bishop Burnet, who knew him well, but was no admirer of his proceedings:—"He was very learned, not only in Latin, in which he was a master, but in Greek and Hebrew. He had read a great deal of divinity, and almost all the historians, ancient and modern, so that he had great materials. He was a man, as the Duke of Buckingham once called him to me, of a blundering understanding. He was haughty beyond expression; abject to those he saw he must stoop to, but imperious to all others. He had a violence of passion that carried him often to fits like madness, in which he had no temper. If he took a thing wrong, it was a vain thing to study to convince him; that would rather provoke him to swear he would never be of another mind. . . . He at first despised wealth; but he delivered himself up afterwards to luxury and sensuality, and by that means he ran into a vast expense, and stuck at nothing that was necessary to support it. . . . He was in his principles much against Popery and arbitrary government; and yet, by a fatal train of passions and interests, he made way for the former, and had almost established the latter; and whereas some, by a smooth deportment, made the first beginnings of tyranny less discernible and unacceptable, he, by the fury of his behaviour, heightened the severity of his ministry, which was liker the cruelty of an inquisition, than the legality of justice. With all this he was a Presbyterian, and continued his aversion to King Charles I. and his party to his death." So unfavourable a disposition and character was matched by his personal appearance. "He was very big," says the same authority; "his hair red, hanging oddly about him. His tongue was too big for his mouth, which made him bedew all that he talked to; and his whole manner was rough and boisterous, and very unfit for a court."

Although twice married, the Duke of Lauderdale left no male issue; and his sole heir was Anne, his daughter, married to John Hay, second Marquis of Tweeddale, while he was succeeded in the title of his earldom by his brother, whose son Richard was the author of a poetical translation of Virgil.

**MALCOLM III., or CANMORE, KING OF SCOTLAND.**—Few sovereigns in the obscure and barbarous periods of nations have been more fortunate in their chances of posthumous renown than Malcolm Canmore. He has had Buchanan for his historian, and Shakspeare for his eulogist. What the former learned of

him from Fordun, and detailed with all the grace and majesty of the Roman language, the latter embodied in poetry, and such poetry as will endure till the end of time. Every age will feel as if Malcolm Canmore had lived but yesterday, and was worthy of every inquiry.

He was the son of Duncan, who succeeded to the throne of Scotland by the assassination of his grandfather, Malcolm II. This "gracious Duncan" of the great poet appears to have been a soft, easy king, and little fitted for the stormy people over whom he was called to rule. Still less does he appear to have been adapted to those difficult trials by which he was quickly beset, in the first instance, from the insurrection of Macdonald, one of the powerful thanes of Scotland, who called in the Ialesmen to his aid; and afterwards, from the invasion of the Danes, who tried the barren shores of Scotland, after they had wasted to the uttermost the rich coasts of France and England. In both cases, however, he was delivered by the military prowess of his cousin, Macbeth, who not only quelled the revolt of the islanders, but drove the Danes to their shipping with great slaughter. To understand aright the importance of these military services of Macbeth, we should remember that the great question at issue in Scotland now was, what race should finally predominate in the country. So large a portion of what had been England during the heptarchy, had been won and incorporated into Scotland, that the Anglo-Saxon race bade fair to outnumber and surpass the Celtic; and the rebellion of Macdonald was nothing more, perhaps, than one of that long series of trials between the two peoples, in which the Celt finally succumbed. As for the Danish invasion, it might have ended either in a permanent settlement in Scotland, like that which had been effected by the Danes in Normandy, or a complete conquest, like that which they had achieved in England, while, in either case, Scotland would have been a sufferer.

After these dangerous conflicts had terminated, Duncan made his eldest son, Malcolm, Prince of Cumberland, by which he designated him heir to the Scottish throne. This appointment, however, was anything but pleasing to Macbeth. Here the reader will remember the predictions of the weird sisters, which form a very important fact in the strange history of the period. But Macbeth had enough to incite him in his ambitious career independently of witch or propheteess. By the Tanist law of succession, common to the Celts of Scotland as well as Ireland, Macbeth, who was the cousin-german of Duncan, should have succeeded to the government on the death of the latter, should his son be still a minor; but Duncan, by this movement in favour of young Malcolm, set aside the Tanist law, which had been the general rule of Scotland, and precluded Macbeth from all hope of being king. To be requited for his public services by exclusion from his inheritance, was too much for such an ambitious spirit, while the only chance of remedy was the possible death of Duncan, before Malcolm was old enough to be his father's successor. We know how such a prospect has paved the way to a throne in every nation, whether barbarous or civilized. Duncan was assassinated. This foul deed of Macbeth, however, was not committed under trust, and in his own castle, as Shakspeare, for the purposes of poetry, has represented; but at Bothgowan (or the Smith's Dwelling), near Elgin, by an ambuscade appointed for the deed. This event is said to have occurred A.D. 1039. Macbeth immediately placed upon his own head the crown which he had so violently snatched, while the two sons of Duncan fled, Malcolm, the elder, to Siward, Earl of Northumber-

land, his mother's brother, and Donald, the younger, to his father's kindred in the Hebrides.

The commencement of the reign of Macbeth, like that of many usurpers, was one of conciliation. He won over the powerful by donations of crown lands, and the common people by a vigorous administration of justice, through which their safety was secured and their industry encouraged. He also made several excellent laws; and if those attributed to him by Boece are to be relied on, they give a curious picture of the times, and the condition of Scotland. They begin with the rights of churchmen, in this manner: "He that is in orders shall not answer before a secular judge, but shall be remitted to his judge ordinary." Then comes the royal authority: "No man shall possess lands, rents, offices, or buildings, by any other authority than by the king's license." Following the heels of lord or laird, that vice of Scotsmen during the feudal ages, found no favour in the eyes of Macbeth, for he thus enacted: "He that follows a man to the kirk or market shall be punished to the death, unless he lives by his industry whom he follows." But the most terrible of all is the following sharp statute: "Fools, minstrels, bards, and all other such idle people, unless they be specially licensed by the king, shall be compelled to seek some craft to win their living: if they refuse, they shall be yoked like horses in the plough and harrows." All this was well; but either fearing the nobles whose power he so vigorously curbed, or being naturally of a cruel disposition, Macbeth began to oppress them with such severity that revolts in favour of Malcolm, whom they regarded as the true heir, ensued, which, however, were easily suppressed. At last, after a reign of ten years, during which he daily became more unpopular, his cruel conduct to Macduff, Thane of Fife, procured his downfall. The latter fled to Northumberland, where young Malcolm was sheltered, and besought him to march against the tyrant, whose doom he represented as certain; but Malcolm, who had been previously tried in a similar manner by the emissaries of Macbeth, and who had learned to suspect such invitations, is said by our historians to have made those objections to Macduff's appeal which Shakspeare has little more than versified in his immortal tragedy. Truth and patriotism finally prevailed over the doubts of Malcolm; and aided by an English force from Siward, the prince and thane entered Scotland, where they were joined by the vassals of Macduff, and a whole army of malcontents. Even yet, however, Macbeth was not without his supporters, so that the contest was protracted for a considerable period, Macbeth retiring for that purpose into the fastnesses of the north, and especially his strong castle of Dunsinane. At length, deserted by most of his followers, he intrenched himself in a fort built in an obscure valley at Lunnannan, in Aberdeenshire. Here Boece records, with his wonted gravity, all the marvels that accompanied the dying struggle of the tyrant as facts of unquestionable veracity. Leaving these, however, to histrionic representation, it is enough to state that Macbeth fell by the hand, it is generally supposed, of Macduff, who had personal injuries to revenge, and who, like a true Celt, was prompt enough to remember them. Instead of claiming from the grateful Malcolm what rewards he pleased in lands, titles, and pre-eminence, the thane of Fife contented himself with stipulating that himself and his successors, the lords of Fife, should have the right of placing the Scottish kings upon the throne at their coronation; that they should lead the van of the Scottish armies when the royal banner was displayed; and that if he or any of his kindred committed "slaughter of suddeny," the

deed should be remitted for a pecuniary atonement. Malcolm's next duty, immediately after his accession, was to replace those families that had been deprived of land or office through the injustice of Macbeth. It is also added, that he caused his nobles to assume surnames from the lands they possessed, and introduced new titles of honour among them, such as those of Earl, Baron, and Knight, by which they are henceforth distinguished in the histories of Scotland.

By these changes Malcolm Canmore became king of Scotland without a rival, for although Macbeth left a step-son, called Lulach (or the Fool), his opposition did not occasion much apprehension. A greater subject of anxiety was the consolidation of that strange disjointed kingdom over which he was called to rule, and here Canmore was met by difficulties such as few sovereigns have encountered. A single glance at the condition of the country will sufficiently explain the severe probation with which his great abilities were tried.

Scotland had originally consisted of the two states of Pictland and Albin, comprised within the limits of the Forth and the Clyde, while all beyond these rivers formed part of England. The troubles, however, of the latter country, at first from the wars of the heptarchy, and afterwards the Danish invasions, enabled the Scots to push the limits of their barren inheritance into the fertile districts of the south, and annex to their dominion the kingdom of Strathclyde, which comprised Clydesdale, Peebles-shire, Selkirkshire, and the upper parts of Roxburghshire. The conquest of this important territory was accomplished by Kenneth III., about one hundred years before the accession of Malcolm Canmore. In addition to this, the district of Cumbria had been ceded by Edmund I., the English king, in 946, to Malcolm I. of Scotland. Thus Malcolm Canmore succeeded to the kingdom when it was composed of the three states of Albin, Pictland, and Strathclyde. But besides these there was a fourth territory, called Lodonia or Lothian, which at one period appears to have formed part of the Anglo-Saxon kingdom of Northumbria, but had been partially conquered by the Picts in 685; and as it lay between the two countries, it had formed, from the above-mentioned period, a bone of contention between the English and the Scots until A.D. 1020, or about thirty-seven years before Malcolm Canmore's accession, when it was finally ceded by Eadulf, Earl of Northumberland, to Malcolm II., the great-grandfather of Canmore.

Thus the sovereignty of Scotland at this time, barren though it was, consisted of four separate kingdoms, all the fruits of successive conquests, and as yet not fully incorporated, or even properly united; and each was at any time ready either to resume an independent national existence of its own, or commence a war of conquest or extirpation against the others. And for such an explosion there was abundance of fierce materials in the population by which the country was occupied. For there were first the Caledonians or Picts, the earliest occupants of the land, who had successfully resisted the Roman invaders; after these were the Scoti or Irish, from Ulster, who had entered Scotland about the middle of the third century; and lastly, the Saxons, of different race, language, and character from the others, who, though originally conquered by the Scots and Picts, already bade fair to become the conquerors of both in turn. But besides these there was a large infusion of a Danish population, not only from the annexation of Strathclyde, but the invasions of the Danes by sea, so that many of the northern islands, and a portion of the Scottish coast, were peopled by the immediate descendants of these enterprising rovers.



Turning to another part of the kingdom, we find a still different people, called the "wild Scots of Galloway," who had emigrated from the opposite coast of Ireland, and occupied Galloway and part of Ayrshire, along with the wildest of the Pictish population among whom they had thus won a footing. Here, then, we have a strange medley of Caledonians, Cymbrians, Celts, Anglo-Saxons, and Danes, men of different race and language, and of rival interests, all thrust into one sterile country, to contend not merely for empty glory, but absolute subsistence. And by whom was the scanty loaf to be finally won?—but the loaf had first to be created from a flinty soil, that had hitherto produced nothing but thistles; and of all these races, the Anglo-Saxon, by its skill, industry, and perseverance, showed itself the best adapted for the purpose. On the accession of Malcolm Canmore, it was evidently necessary that he should identify himself with some one of these rival parties; and had he followed a short-sighted or selfish policy, he would have placed himself at the head of the Celtic interest, not only as it was still predominant, but also as he was the lineal descendant and representative of Kenneth Macalpine, the founder of the Scots-Irish dynasty. But he was the son of an Anglo-Saxon mother; he had resided in England for fifteen years; and he had been finally established in his rights chiefly by Anglo-Saxon auxiliaries, in spite of the Tanist law of succession, which had favoured the usurpation of Macbeth. Besides, his long stay in England must have convinced him of the superiority of the Anglo-Saxons in civilization, industry, and the arts of life, as well as aptitude for order and a settled government. He therefore adopted the chance of becoming a Saxon king, rather than the certainty of being a Celtic chief of chieftains; and the result showed the wisdom of his choice. He was thenceforth the Alfred of his country; and the Scots under his rule became a nation and a people, instead of a heap of tribes and chieftainries.

During the first nine years of Canmore's reign, England was governed by Edward the Confessor, who was more intent on building churches than making conquests, and thus a friendly relationship was maintained between the two countries, which allowed the Scottish king to consolidate his dominions. On the death of the Confessor, and accession of Harold, the latter king was soon occupied with a civil war, at the head of which was his own brother, Tostig, whom he had made Earl of Northumberland. At this period, indeed, there was some danger of Malcolm being drawn into a dangerous war with England; for while there, he had formed an acquaintanceship with Tostig, whom, according to an old English chronicler, he loved as a brother, so that when the Northumbrian earl fled after his first unsuccessful attempt, he betook himself for shelter to the Scottish court, and endeavoured to stir up its king to an English invasion. But Malcolm had too much good sense, or too much right feeling, to be allured by such a tempting opportunity where two brothers were at deadly variance. Disappointed in Scotland, Tostig obtained an ally in Haradrada, king of Norway, with whom he invaded England; but in the battle of Stamford Bridge, their forces were completely defeated, and both king and earl were left among the slain.

Events soon followed that made the continuance of peace between the two kingdoms impossible. The veering of the same wind that had brought Haradrada from Norway, wafted William the Conqueror from Normandy to England; and Harold, weakened by the victory at Stamford Bridge, fell, with all the flower of his military array, at the terrible battle of Hastings. William

was now king of England, and Scotland became not only a place of refuge to Saxon fugitives, but a mark for Norman ambition and revenge. Among those who thus fled to the Scottish court, was Edgar Atheling, nearest of kin to Edward the Confessor, and chief claimant to the throne of England, with his mother Agatha, widow of Edmund Ironside, and his sisters Margaret and Christina. On reaching Dunfermline, the royal seat of the Scottish king, they found many of the English nobles, who had preceded them, while from Malcolm they experienced that full hospitality which he had himself enjoyed in England. Of the two sisters of Edgar, Margaret, who was young and beautiful, captivated the heart of her royal host, and a marriage quickly followed. Seldom has a marriage union been fraught with such advantages to a nation as that of the king of Scotland with this descendant of the noble line of Alfred, for Margaret was not only gentle, affectionate, and pious, but learned and accomplished beyond the people of her new country, and anxious to introduce among them the civilization of England. Her labours in this way form a beautiful episode in the history of the period, and have been fully detailed by her biographer, Turgot, who was also her chaplain and confessor. Her first care was the improvement of her husband, whose vigorous mind she enlightened, and whose fierce spirit she soothed by the wisdom and gentleness of her counsels. The effect of this upon Malcolm was such, that though unable to read her missals and books of devotion, he was wont to kiss them in token of reverence, and he caused them to be richly bound, and ornamented with gold and jewels. On arriving in Scotland, Margaret, as a Christian according to the Romish Church, was grieved to find the Eastern form predominant, which she had been taught to regard as heresy, and not long after she became queen, she set herself in good earnest to discountenance and refute it—for hers was not a mind to comprehend the uses of persecution in achieving the conversion of misbelievers. She invited the Culdee clergy to a debate, in which the chief subject was the proper season for the celebration of Lent—the great theological question of the day between the Eastern and Western churches; and as she was unacquainted with the language of these Culdees, Malcolm, who spoke the Celtic as well as the Saxon tongue, attended as her interpreter. This strange controversy lasted three days, and on this occasion, says Turgot, “she seemed another St. Helena, out of the Scriptures convincing the Jews.” The temporal concerns of her husband’s subjects were also taken into account, and she invited merchants from various countries, who now for the first time pursued their traffic in Scotland. Their wares chiefly consisted of ornaments and rich clothing, such as had never been seen there before; and when the people, at her persuasion, put them on, he informs us they might almost be believed to have become new beings, they appeared so gay and comely. Who does not see in this, the commencement of an industrial spirit—the first great step of a people from barbarism to civilization? Her influence was also shown in the royal household, the rude coarseness of which was exchanged for a numerous retinue, and orderly dignified ceremonial, so that when Malcolm appeared in public, it was with a train that commanded respect. Not only his attendants, but his banquets were distinguished by the same regal splendour, for Turgot informs us that Margaret caused him to be served at table from vessels of gold and silver plate; but suddenly checking himself, he adds, “at least they were gilt or silvered over.”

From this pleasing picture we must now turn to the stormy career of Malcolm Canmore. The arrival of Edgar Atheling was followed by a fresh

immigration of Saxons, and soon after of Normans, whom William had either disgusted by his tyranny or defrauded of their wages, while Malcolm, who needed such subjects, received them with welcome, and gave them broad lands; and from these refugees the chief nobility of Scotland were afterwards descended. The latter country became of course very closely connected with the struggles of the English against the Norman ascendancy, while Malcolm by his marriage was bound to support the pretensions of his brother-in-law to the crown of England. But Edgar was no match for William, and, in an attempt that he made in Northumberland and Yorkshire with the aid of a Danish armament, he was so effectually defeated, that he was obliged a second time to flee to Scotland. How Malcolm, who was considered as the head of this coalition, failed to invade England when his aid was most expected, does not clearly appear, but he thereby escaped the evils of an ill-concerted and most disastrous enterprise. Two years after (in 1070) he crossed the border with an army, but found the northern counties so wasted by the previous war, that after a hasty incursion into Northumberland and Yorkshire, he was obliged to retreat. But brief as this inroad was, and unaccompanied with battle, it was not without its share of the horrors of war, for Malcolm commanded his soldiers to spare only the young men and women, who accordingly were carried into Scotland, and there sold as slaves. So great was the number of these unhappy captives, that according to Simeon of Durham, there was not a village, and scarcely even a hovel in Scotland without them. And yet those English who escaped the visitation, in many cases seem to have envied their fate, for such was the general desolation which their own Norman sovereign had inflicted, that they repaired in crowds to Scotland, and sold themselves into slavery, to avoid certain death from famine or the sword.

Had William the Conqueror not been otherwise occupied, a swift retaliation would have been certain; but from the dangerous revolts of the English, he found no leisure for the purpose till 1072, when he entered Scotland with such an army as the undisciplined forces of Malcolm were unable to meet. The whole of the Norman cavalry, in which William's principal strength consisted, and every foot soldier that could be spared from garrison, were mustered for the purpose, while his advance on land was supported by a fleet that sailed along the coast. He marched as far as the Tay, the Scots giving way as he approached; but in their retreat they laid waste the country in the hope of driving him back by famine. In this way, Malcolm Canmore anticipated the wise plan of defence that was afterwards so successfully adopted by Bruce and Wallace. He also refused to deliver up those English and Norman nobles who had fled to him for protection. At last, William, finding "nothing of that which to him the better was"—nothing in the shape of booty or even of subsistence, was obliged to abandon his purposes of a complete conquest of Scotland, and content himself with terms of agreement. These, which were ratified between him and Malcolm at Abernethy, consisted in the latter giving hostages, and doing homage to William, as his liege lord. But for what was this homage rendered? Not for Scotland certainly, the greater part of which was still untouched, and which William would soon be obliged to leave from sheer hunger. It appears that this homage was merely for the lands of Cumberland and part of the Lothians, which Scotland had formerly held of the English crown, but which feudal acknowledgment Canmore had withheld, as not judging the Norman to be the lawful king of England. Now, however, he prudently

yielded it, thus recognizing William as the English sovereign *de facto* at least, if not *de jure*; and with this concession the latter seems to have been satisfied, for he returned to England without any further attempt. And this homage, as is well known, implied neither inferiority nor degradation, for even the most powerful sovereigns were wont to give such acknowledgment, for the dukedoms or counties they might hold in other kingdoms. In this way, the kings of England themselves were vassals to the French crown for their possessions which they held in France. At the utmost, Malcolm did nothing more than abandon the claims of Edgar Atheling, which experience must have now taught him were scarcely worth defending. Edgar indeed was of the same opinion, for soon after he abandoned all his claims to the crown of England, and was contented to become the humble pensionary of the Norman conqueror.

A peace that lasted a few years between England and Scotland ensued, during which, although little is heard of Malcolm Canmore, it is evident from the progress of improvement in his kingdom, that he was by no means idle. Scotland was more and more becoming Anglo-Saxon instead of Celtic or Danish, while the plentiful immigrations that continued to flow from England filled up the half-peopled districts, enriched the barren soil with the agriculture of the south, and diffused the spirit of a higher civilization. The superiority of these exiles was quickly manifested in the fact, that they laid the foundations of those great families by whom Scotland was afterwards ruled, and by whom the wars of Scottish independence were so gallantly maintained. Malcolm, too, their wise and generous protector, was able to appreciate their worth, for he appears to have been as chivalrous as any man of the day, whether Norman or Saxon. Of this he on one occasion gave a signal proof. Having learned that one of his nobles had plotted to assassinate him, he concealed his knowledge of the design, and in the midst of a hunt led the traitor into the forest, beyond the reach of interruption. There dismounting, and drawing his sword, he warned the other that he was aware of his purpose, and invited him to settle the contest, man to man, in single combat, now that there was no one at hand to prevent or arrest him. Conquered by such unexpected magnanimity, the man fell at the feet of Malcolm, and implored forgiveness, which was readily granted. This generosity was not thrown away, for the noble was converted from an enemy and traitor into a faithful and affectionate servant.

Peace continued between England and Scotland during the rest of the Conqueror's reign; but in that of William Rufus, the national rancour was revived. An invasion of England was the consequence, while Rufus was absent in Normandy; but the English nobility, who governed during his absence, offered such a stout resistance, that the invaders retreated. On the return of Rufus, he endeavoured to retaliate by a counter-invasion both by land and sea; but his ships were destroyed before they arrived off the Scottish coast, and the army on reaching a river called *Scotts Uatra* (supposed to be Scotswater), found Malcolm ready for the encounter. Here a battle was prevented by the interposition of mutual friends, and the discretion of the Scottish sovereign. "King Malcolm," thus the Saxon Chronicle states, "came to our king, and became his man, promising all such obedience as he formerly rendered to his father; and that he confirmed with an oath. And the king, William, promised him in land and in all things, whatever he formerly had under his father." In this way the storm was dissipated, and matters placed on their former footing; but thus they did not long continue. On returning from Scotland, Rufus was

struck with the admirable position of Carlisle, and its fitness to be a frontier barrier against future invasions from Scotland; upon which he took possession of the district without ceremony, drove out its feudal lord, and proceeded to lay the foundations of a strong castle, and plant an English colony in the town and neighbourhood. It was now Malcolm's turn to interpose. Independently of his kingdom being thus bridled, Carlisle and the whole of Cumberland had for a long period belonged to the elder son of the Scottish kings, and was one of the most valuable of their possessions on the English side of the Tweed. War was about to commence afresh, when Malcolm was invited to Gloucester, where the English king was holding his court, that the affair might be settled by negotiation; but thither he refused to go, until he had obtained hostages for his safe return—a sure proof that he was an independent king of Scotland, and not a mere vassal of the English crown. His claims were recognized, and the hostages granted; but on arriving at Gloucester, he was required to acknowledge the superiority of England by submitting to the decision of its barons assembled in court. It was an arrogant and unjust demand, and as such he treated it. He declared that the Scottish kings had never been accustomed to make satisfaction to the kings of England for injuries complained of, except on the frontiers of the two kingdoms, and by the judgment of the barons of both collectively; and after this refusal he hurried home, and prepared for instant war.

That war was not only brief, but most disastrous to Scotland. At the head of an army composed of different races not yet accustomed to act in concert, Malcolm crossed the border, and laid siege to Alnwick. While thus occupied, he was unexpectedly attacked by a strong English and Norman force, on November 13, 1093. His troops, taken by surprise, appear to have made a very short resistance, and Malcolm himself, while attempting to rally them, was slain in the confusion of the conflict. With him also perished his eldest son, Edward, who fell fighting by his side.

While an event so mournful to Scotland was occurring before the walls of Alnwick, another was about to take place within the castle of Edinburgh. There Queen Margaret, the beloved of the kingdom, lay dying. She had already received the viaticum, and was uttering her last prayer, before her eyes should be closed in death, when her son Edgar, who had escaped from the battle, entered the apartment, and stood before her. She hastily asked, "How fares it with the king and my Edward?" The youth could not speak. Eagerly perusing his face with her looks, "I know all," she exclaimed, "I know all; by this holy cross, and by your filial love, I adjure you to tell me the truth." He told her that husband and son had fallen. She raised her eyes to heaven, and said, "Praise and blessing be to thee, Almighty God, that thou hast enabled me to endure such bitter anguish in the hour of my departure, thereby purifying me, as I trust, from the corruption of my sins. And thou, Lord Jesus Christ, who, through the will of the Father, hast given life to the world by thy death, O deliver me!" Instantly after she was dead. To this a touching legend has been added. After being canonized by the church, her relics were to be removed from their grave to a more honourable tomb; but it was found impossible to lift the body until that of her husband had been removed also.

It is to be regretted that for the biography of such a man as Malcolm Canmore, the particulars are so few, so obscure, and, in several cases, so contradictory. His life, however, is chiefly to be read not in particular incidents, but in its great national results. If Bruce was the liberator, and Knox the reformer

of Scotland, Canmore was its founder; and should a future age expand the few pillars upon the Calton Hill into a National Monument, these three illustrious men would undoubtedly be selected as the impersonations of Scottish character, and the sources of Scottish history.

**MALCOLM, SIR CHARLES.**—The family to which this naval commander belonged, was remarkable for producing not less than four brothers, who all won their way to rank and distinction by the greatness of their public services. Sir Charles was the tenth and youngest son of George Malcolm, and was born at Burnfoot, Dumfriesshire, in 1782. Being destined for the naval profession, he entered it when only nine years old, and was so fortunate in a course of active service that followed, as to have his brother, Pulteney, for his commander, under whom he was master's mate of the *Fox*, 32. In this ship he served in 1798, when, in company with the *Sybil*, 38, they entered the harbour of Manila under Spanish colours, made a dashing attack upon three ships of the line and three frigates, and captured seven boats with a large quantity of military stores, and took 200 prisoners. Rising still in the service, he was in course of time promoted to the command of the *Narcissus*, 32, and in 1807 was slightly wounded in an attack upon a convoy of thirty sail in the Conquet Roads. In 1809 he aided in the capture of the *Saintes* Island in the West Indies. In June of the same year, having been appointed to the command of the *Rhine*, 38, he was employed in active co-operation with the patriots on the north coast of Spain, a service in which several of our most distinguished naval commanders were occupied at the same period. After this, he was employed in the West Indies, and upon the coast of Brazil; and on the 18th of July, 1815, he landed and stormed a fort at Corigion, near Abervack. Thus briefly are we obliged to sum up a course of service that lasted several years, with little intermission. It was a period, however, of great naval events, in which the public attention was regaled with such a succession of splendid victories by sea, that it had little inclination for the exploits of single ships, or the details of privateering. Still, an idea of the active and important nature of Captain Malcolm's services may be gained from the fact, that while in command of the *Narcissus* and the *Rhine*, he not only captured great numbers of merchantmen, but took more than twenty privateers, carrying 168 guns and 1059 men.

On the return of peace, Malcolm's services were not to be dispensed with; and in 1822 he was appointed to the command of the *William and Mary*, royal yacht, lying at Dublin in attendance upon the Marquis of Wellesley, lord-lieutenant; and on the following year, he had the honour to receive knighthood from the vice-regal hand. In 1826 he was appointed to the command of the *Royal Charlotte* yacht, also commissioned on the same service. But these, though sufficiently honourable employments, and indicative of a due sense of his past services, were of too quiescent a character for an active spirit still in the prime of life; and in 1827 his best aspirations were gratified by his being appointed superintendent of the Bombay Marine. To this service he diligently devoted himself for ten years, and so highly improved it, that from an imperfect sea establishment, it grew into a regular Indian navy, adequate to the extensive wants and protection of our Eastern empire. Sir Charles was also the promoter of many important surveys within the extensive sphere of his command, and took an influential part in the establishment of steam-navigation in the Red Sea. Well-merited promotion continued to follow these exertions, for he was raised to the rank of rear-admiral in 1837, and to that of vice-admiral in 1847.

In turning to his personal history, it is only necessary to add, that in 1803 Sir Charles married his cousin Magdalene, daughter of Charles Pasley, Esq., by whom he had one daughter; and on becoming a widower, he married in 1829 Elmira Riddell, youngest daughter of Major-General Shaw, by whom he had three sons, two of these being now in the royal navy. In his character, he fully abounded in that seaman-like courage, frankness, and courtesy, which Napoleon so much admired in his brother, Sir Pulteney Malcolm. The death of Sir Charles occurred at Brighton, on the 14th June, 1851, at the age of sixty-nine.

MALCOLM, SIR PULTENEY, Admiral of the Blue, G.C.B. and G.C.M.G.—This gallant admiral was one of that brotherhood of the Malcolms, whose talents raised them to such high distinction. He was born on the 20th of February, 1768, at Douglan, near Langholm, Dumfriesshire, and was the third son of the family. Having chosen the naval profession as his path to fame and fortune, he embarked as midshipman on the 20th of October, 1778, on board the *Sybille* frigate, commanded by Captain Pasley, afterwards Admiral Sir James Pasley, Bart., his mother's brother. Thus launched at the early age of ten, young Pulteney's first trial of his profession was a voyage to the Cape of Good Hope; and at his return he was transferred to the *Jupiter* of 50 guns. His first promotion, after nearly five years' service, was to the rank of lieutenant in 1783. After having served successively in several ships, and upon various stations, he was employed as first lieutenant of the *Penelope* of 32 guns at Jamaica; and as the war kindled by the French Revolution had commenced, it was not long until he was called into active employment. Among his services was the capture of the French frigate, the *Inconstante*, and a corvette, in which he assisted as first lieutenant, and afterwards carried the prizes to Port Royal. He also saw hot service as commander of the *Penelope's* boats, in cutting out vessels from the ports of St. Domingo, and was so successful that he was promoted to the rank of commander in 1794, in which capacity he had the charge of the seamen and marines who were landed at the mole of Cape Nicola, to garrison that place, which had been surrendered to the British by their allies, the French royalists. After his return from that station to England, Lieutenant Pulteney Malcolm was advanced to the rank of post-captain in October, 1794, and on the following month was appointed to the command of the *Fox* frigate. In the early part of the next year he convoyed a fleet of merchantmen to Quebec, and afterwards another to the East Indies; and upon that station he captured *La Modeste*, a French frigate of 20 guns. In 1797 he was employed in the China seas, under the command of Captain Edward Cooke of the *Sybille*; and during the same year he had for his passenger homeward, Colonel Wellesley, who was then returning from India. Neither storm nor enemy occurred by the way to put the *Quid times? Casarem velis* to the test.

In this manner Captain Malcolm was making way by useful services, in which his courage and professional skill were fully attested, and the singular fortune that seemed to have rested upon his family insured his well-merited advancement. In 1798 he was appointed to the command of the *Suffolk*, a third-rate of 74 guns, bearing the flag of Admiral Rainier, commander-in-chief in the Indian seas, and was afterwards transferred to the *Victorious*, in consequence of the flag being removed to the latter ship. On this station Captain Malcolm served till the end of the war; and on his passage homeward in 1803, he encountered one of those casualties to which his profession must be always subject.

In the Bay of Biscay the *Victorious* encountered such a violent gale, that it was kept with the utmost difficulty from foundering; all that could be done was to make for the Tagus, where she was run on shore and broken up, while her commander and crew returned in two vessels that were hired at Lisbon for the purpose. After this disaster, Captain Malcolm had the command of several ships successively in the Mediterranean, until, in 1805, he was appointed to the *Donegal*, a third-rate, where he continued for six years. His ship formed part of the fleet under Nelson employed in the pursuit of the combined French and Spanish squadron to the West Indies; and at its termination he was sent to reinforce the ships under Collingwood off Cadiz. As the *Donegal* had been long at sea, it was necessary to refit her; and for this purpose she was carried to Gibraltar, where she lay at anchor in the mole almost wholly dismantled. This was on the 17th of October, only four days before the victory of Trafalgar. While thus reduced to inactivity, tidings reached Captain Malcolm on the 20th, that the combined fleet were in the act of leaving Cadiz, and knowing that when Nelson was afloat and on the watch a fight would follow, he strained every nerve to get the *Donegal* ready for action. He was so successful that before night his ship was out at sea; and on the 23d, he joined Collingwood in time to capture the *El Rayo*, a large Spanish three-decker, which had issued with Gravina's division from the port in which they had taken shelter, to attempt the recovery of the disabled prizes. Malcolm continued on this station till near the end of 1805, under the command of Admiral Sir John Duckworth, whom he accompanied in pursuit of a French squadron that had left port for the West Indies. In the naval engagement that ensued off St. Domingo on the 6th of February, 1806, the *Donegal* took an ample share, and at the close was intrusted with the charge of the prizes, which were safely conveyed to Port Royal, Jamaica, and afterwards to England. On returning home Captain Malcolm, for his gallant conduct in the action, received, with his brother-commanders, the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, and was honoured with a gold medal; he was also presented with a silver vase of one hundred pounds value, by the committee of the Patriotic Fund.

It often happens that services of the highest importance, even in warfare itself, are neither conducted with the roar of cannons, nor signalized with the fanfare of trumpets; and yet their right performance demands not only the highest amount of skill, but also of devoted patriotism. Such was the next duty in which Captain Malcolm was employed in the summer of 1808; it was to escort the army of Sir Arthur Wellesley from Cork to Portugal, and superintend its debarkation. And how strangely the veriest nautical flaw upon this momentous occasion might have altered the whole course of European history! With Cæsar and his fortunes once more committed to his care, Captain Malcolm conveyed the officers to their destination in Mondego Bay, and superintended the landing of the troops, which was accomplished with the utmost precision and success, notwithstanding the obstacles of a heavy surf. This critical task being happily accomplished, he returned to England, where an affair of some importance to himself was his next transaction. This was his marriage to Clementina, eldest daughter of the Hon. William Fullerton Elphinstone, and niece of Admiral Lord Keith, which occurred on the 18th of January, 1809. Brief, however, was his enjoyment of a new and happy home on shore; for in little more than two months after, we find him afloat, and employed under Lord Gambier in the successful attack upon the French ships in Aix Roads. After



this event, he was invested with the command of a squadron sent out on a cruise; and subsequently to superintend the blockade of Cherbourg, where he captured a number of privateers, and shut up others within the shelter of their land batteries. Little afterwards occurred till 1812, when he was appointed Captain of the Channel fleet; and in the year following raised to the rank of rear-admiral. In this capacity he was employed to convey a body of troops under General Ross to North America, and afterwards to assist Sir Alexander Cochrane in the conveyance and subsequent return of our forces employed against Washington and New Orleans. As great deeds and important services had accumulated to an immense amount during this stirring period, it was found necessary, at the commencement of 1815, to extend the order of the Bath into three classes; and on this occasion Admiral Malcolm was not forgot. He was created a knight-commander; and it was an unwonted spectacle to see three brothers, all distinguished in their several departments, invested with this honour at one and the same period.

On the return of peace by the deposition of Napoleon, Sir Pulteney Malcolm's naval career seemed to have been terminated. But the escape of Bonaparte from Elba, compelled the weather-beaten admiral to weigh anchor once more; and he was appointed on this occasion to co-operate with the Duke of Wellington and the allied armies in their last great campaign. At its close, which consigned Napoleon to perpetual exile, Sir Pulteney was appointed commander-in-chief of the St. Helena station—a ticklish office, which brought him into frequent and friendly intercourse with the man whose movements he was obliged to watch, and whose chances of escape it was his duty to frustrate. In this trying situation, however, he conducted himself with such firmness and gentleness combined, and so greatly to the satisfaction of the fallen hero, that the latter, while he discharged the whole brunt of his indignation upon the unlucky head of Sir Hudson Lowe, had an entirely different feeling for the admiral. “Ah! there is a man,” he exclaimed, “with a countenance really pleasing: open, frank, and sincere. There is the face of an Englishman—his countenance bespeaks his heart; and I am sure he is a good man. I never yet beheld a man of whom I so immediately formed a good opinion as of that fine soldier-like old man. He carries his head erect, and speaks out openly and boldly what he thinks, without being afraid to look you in the face at the time. His physiognomy would make every person desirous of a further acquaintance, and render the most suspicious confident in him.” Such was the striking portrait of Sir Pulteney drawn by the hand of a master—one who was the greatest of painters through the medium of language, as well as the first of epic poets by deed and action. On one occasion, when the impatient spirit of the exile burst forth, he exclaimed to the admiral, “Does your government mean to detain me upon this rock until my death's-day?” “Such, I apprehend, is their purpose,” replied Sir Pulteney, calmly. “Then the term of my life will soon arrive,” cried the indignant ex-sovereign. “I hope not, Sir,” was the admiral's answer, “I hope you will survive to record your great actions, which are so numerous, and the task will insure you a term of long life.” Napoleon bowed at this gratifying and well-merited compliment, and quickly resumed his good humour. Sir Pulteney continued in the command of the St. Helena station from the spring of 1816 till near the close of the following year; and when he left it he was on the best terms with Napoleon, who frequently afterwards used to speak of the pleasure he had enjoyed in his society.

As there was no further naval service for Sir Pulteney Malcolm, his rank in the navy continued to rise according to the established routine. He was advanced, therefore, to the rank of vice-admiral in 1821, and of full admiral in 1837. During this interval he was also invested with the Grand Cross of the Bath in 1833. To some of our narrow-minded political economists, who can only measure the value of public services by their noise and glitter, the rewards that had been conferred upon him were thought to be beyond his deserts; and an attack of this kind upon Sir Pulteney in Parliament, produced from one of his friends an indignant reply. We quote from it the following just and rapid summary of the admiral's career:—

“He was the son of a humble sheep farmer, and had won his fame, as his brother, Sir John, also had done, without the aid of powerful friends. He had risen to the highest honours of his profession by his own exertions, and his honour, till the other night, had never been questioned; he enjoyed a spotless reputation, and possessed the friendship not only of the great men that were at present in existence, but those who had departed. He was the comrade in arms of the gallant Nelson; and in the last action in which that great man was engaged, he commanded a ship which had the splendid distinction of being called the *Happy Donegal*. He had the friendship of the first general of the day (the Duke of Wellington). He had the honour of conveying in the ship under his command the hero of Assaye. Sir Pulteney Malcolm at Vigo, landed the future conqueror of the Peninsula. At the special desire of the Duke of Wellington, the flag of Sir Pulteney Malcolm was flying at Ostend when the destinies of the convulsed world were decided in the field of Waterloo. As a conqueror, he became the friend of the conquered. His flag was at St. Helena during the time Napoleon was there, and by the cordiality of his disposition and manners, he not only obtained the confidence, but won the affections of that great man, who, in his last moments, acknowledged his generosity and benevolence.”

Thus honoured in his public, and beloved in private life, Sir Pulteney Malcolm died at East Lodge, Enfield, on the 20th of July, 1838, in the eighty-first year of his age. A public monument has since been erected to his memory.

MAYNE, JOHN.—This amiable and talented poet was born at Dumfries, on the 26th of March, 1759, and was educated at the grammar-school of that town, under Dr. Chapman, whose learning and worth his grateful pupil afterwards commemorated in the “*Siller Gun*.” His stay at school was a short one, and his progress in scholarship afterwards was chiefly accomplished by self education, as he became a printer at a very early age, and was employed upon the “*Dumfries Journal*,” which was conducted by Professor Jackson. He had not been long thus occupied, when he left Dumfries for Glasgow, to which latter city he accompanied his father's family, and took up his residence with them at the farther extremity of the Green of Glasgow, this locality being commonly called Greenhead by the citizens, who have, time out of mind, been proud of this their place of public recreation on the banks of the Clyde. At a very early period, the chief predilection of John Mayne appears to have been towards poetry, and that, too, in his own native dialect, instead of the statelier and more fashionable diction of Pope and Addison. In him such a preference was the more commendable, because it was before the poetry of Burns had arrested the decay of our Doric tongue, and given it a classical permanency. It deserves

to be noticed also, that one of Mayne's poems on Halloween appears to have suggested to Burns both the subject and style of the happiest production of the national muse of Scotland.

So early as 1777, John Mayne's chief poem, entitled the "Siller Gun," was published. The history of this poem is curious, as indicative of a mind that steadfastly adhered to a single idea until it had completely matured it, and that would not rest satisfied with an inferior amount of excellence. At first the "Siller Gun" consisted of not more than twelve stanzas, which were printed at Dumfries on a single quarto page. Soon afterwards it was reprinted in the same town, extended into two cantos. It became so popular that other editions followed, in the course of which it swelled into three cantos; afterwards it extended to four, in an edition printed in 1808; and when the last version, with the author's improvements and final corrections, appeared in 1836, the same year in which he died, the poem, that originally consisted of only a dozen stanzas, had expanded and grown into five goodly cantos. It should be mentioned, also, that this unwonted process of amplification had by no means impaired either the strength or the excellence of the original material; on the contrary, every successive edition was an improvement upon its predecessor, until the last was also the best.

This poem, at present too little known compared with its remarkable merit, is founded upon an ancient custom in Dumfries, called "Shooting for the Siller Gun." This practice, strangely enough, was instituted by James VI., who, of all sovereigns, was the one most averse to every kind of lethal weapon, and has continued till modern times, while the events of such a weaponslaw, were generally well adapted for the purposes of a comic poet. Mr. Mayne selected that trial which was held in 1777; and in his subsequent editions he took the opportunity of introducing many of the public characters of his native Dumfries, who were wont to figure at these annual competitions. The preparations for the festival are thus humorously described:—

"For weeks before this fete sae clever,  
The fowk were in a perfect fever,  
Scouring gun-barrels in the river—  
At marks practising—  
Marching wi' drums and fifes for ever—  
A' sodgerizing.

"And turning coats, and mending breeks,  
New-seating where the sark-tail keeks;  
(Nae matter though the clout that eeks  
Be black or blue);  
And darning, with a thousand steeks,  
The hose anew!"

The shooting, as he describes it, was by no means the most efficient kind of practice for the contingency of a French invasion:

"By this time, now, wi' mony a dunder,  
Auld guns were brattling aff like thunder;  
Three parts o' whilk, in ilka hunder,  
Did sae recoil,  
That collar-banes gat mony a lunder,  
In this turmoil.

"Wide o' the mark, as if to scar us,  
 The bullets ripp'd the swaird like harrows;  
 And fright'ning a' the craws and sparrows  
 About the place,  
 Ramrods were fleeing thick as arrows  
 At Chevy Chace."

After the first publication of the "Siller Gun," Mr. Mayne continued to write poetry, but with that careful fastidiousness, in which quality rather than quantity was the chief object of solicitude. These productions generally appeared in "Ruddiman's Magazine," a weekly miscellany, and it was there that his "Halloween," which was to be honoured by such an illustrious successor, first saw the light. He also exchanged verses in print with his fellow-townsmen, Telford, afterwards so distinguished among our Scottish engineers. Among Mayne's few and short poetical productions of this period, may be mentioned his beautiful song of "Logan Water," which first appeared about the year 1783. The tune of "Logan Water," one of our most simple and touching old national melodies, for which the verses were composed, and especially the intrinsic merits of the verses themselves, made the song such a universal favourite, that after taking complete hold of Scotland, it was published with the music in England, and established as one of the choice performances of Vauxhall. Burns, also, who mistook it for one of our old Scottish songs, as it was published anonymously, produced an imitation, under the same title, which scarcely equals the original. In simplicity, in tenderness, and classic elegance, we would match the "Logan Water" of Mayne even with the "Fountain of Bandusia" of Horace.

The other chief poetical production of Mr. Mayne, next to the "Siller Gun" in point of extent, was "Glasgow," a descriptive poem, which was published with illustrative notes in 1803. It is a work of considerable merit, and all the more worthy of attention, that it describes a state of men and things that has utterly passed away. Who would recognize in the Glasgow of that day the gorgeous Tyre of the west, whose merchants are princes, and whose population is numbered by myriads? In the same year that his "Glasgow" appeared, he also published "English, Scots, and Irishmen," a patriotic address to the inhabitants of the three kingdoms.

Although John Mayne loved his country with all the patriotic ardour of a Scotchman, and celebrated its people and its scenery as few Scotchmen could do, yet, like many of his countrymen, he was doomed, during the greater part of his life, to contemplate it at a distance, and to speak of it to strangers. As a printer, his occupation was chiefly with the Messrs. Foulis, of the University Press, Glasgow, under whom he entered into an engagement that continued from 1782 to 1787. He visited London, probably for the first time, in 1785; and, having been attracted by the facilities that presented themselves there of permanent and profitable occupation, he moved thither in 1787, when his engagement in Glasgow had expired, and, during the rest of his long life, never happened to revisit the land of his nativity. It is well that Scottish patriotism, instead of being impaired, is so often enhanced by the enchantment of distance. In London he was singularly fortunate; for after the usual amount of enterprise and perseverance in literature, to which all his hopes and energies were devoted, he became printer, editor, and joint proprietor of the "Star" evening paper. Under his excellent management, the journal was a thriving

one; and, from year to year, he continued to indulge his poetical likings not only in its columns, but also in the "Gentleman's Magazine," to which he occasionally contributed from 1807 to 1817. After a long life of usefulness and comfort, which extended to seventy-eight years, he died in his residence, No. 2, Lysson Grove, South, on the 14th of March, 1836, and was buried in his family vault, Paddington church-yard.

As a poet, John Mayne must be allowed a much higher standing than is usually given to the Scottish bards of the present century; and in comparing him, it must be with Ramsay, Ferguson, and Hogg, to whom he approached the nearest, rather than with inferior standards. The moral character of his writings, also, cannot be too highly commended. "He never wrote a line," says a popular author, "the tendency of which was not to afford innocent amusement, or to improve and increase the happiness of mankind." Of his private character, Allan Cunningham also testifies that "a better or warmer-hearted man never existed."

MIDDLETON, JOHN, EARL OF MIDDLETON.—This man, although neither good nor great, demands, like the Duke of Lauderdale, a place in Scottish biography, in consequence of the pernicious influence he exercised upon Scottish events, and the destinies of better men than himself. He was the eldest son of John Middleton, of Caldham, in the county of Kincardine, the descendant of an ancient Scottish family, that derived its name from the lands of Middleton, in the same county, which had been a donation to the founder of the race by the "gracious Duncan." John, the future earl, like many of the nobly-descended, but scantily-endowed young Scots of this period, appears to have devoted himself to the profession of arms, and "trailed a pike" in Hepburn's regiment during the Huguenot wars in France. Returning from that country during the civil wars of his own, he took service in the parliamentary army of England, and, in 1642, commanded a troop of horse, with the rank of lieutenant-general, under Sir William Waller. After this he returned to Scotland, and obtained a command, first under Montrose, while still a Covenanter, and afterwards under General Lesley; and with the former of these he saw hot service at the Bridge of Dee, and had a considerable share in the defeat of the Gordons, who were in arms for the king. When the Marquis of Montrose abandoned the ranks of the Covenanters for the service of the king, he afterwards found in Middleton one of his most determined opponents; and for this, indeed, according to all Scottish reckoning, there was but too good a cause, for his father had been shot by the soldiers of the marquis in 1645, while sitting peacefully in his hall in the mansion of Caldham. Middleton soon obtained both revenge and honour, for he greatly contributed, as Lesley's lieutenant-general, to the defeat of Montrose at Philiphaugh, on the 13th September, during the same year; and so highly were his services valued on this occasion, that the Scottish parliament voted him a gift of 25,000 marks. When the formidable marquis raised a fresh army, and renewed the war, Middleton was sent against him as commander of the Covenanters; and so well did he acquit himself in this charge, that he raised the siege of Inverness, and pressed so vigorously upon Montrose as to compel him, in July, 1646, to sign a capitulation, by which he agreed to leave the kingdom, on condition of an indemnity being granted to his followers.

The change of political events now threw Middleton into a new course of action, and prepared him for that life of apostasy and persecution by which he was afterwards signalized. The Scottish parliament, that had done so much

not to destroy, but repress royalty, and confine it within due limits, found it time to interpose when the life of Charles I. was menaced, and the throne itself overturned; and, accordingly, when the Duke of Hamilton was about to be sent into England as commander of the Scottish army, Middleton was appointed major-general of the cavalry. But while the army was in the act of being assembled for their march, tidings arrived at head-quarters of a formidable muster of not less than 2000 foot and 500 horse at Mauchline, composed of malcontents hostile to the movement in behalf of royalty, and resolved to oppose it, upon which Middleton was detached with six troops of horse to break up the meeting. If, however, we are to believe Wodrow, who had his account from some of the parties engaged in it, this gathering on Mauchline moor was nothing more formidable than a sacramental meeting of the peasantry, who were not only few in numbers, but peaceable, and entirely unarmed. Still, following the royalist accounts, which afterwards obtained the ascendancy, Middleton charged and routed this army with his wonted courage and success; but, in turning again to the simple covenanting story, it appears that he had agreed to permit the people to depart peaceably, and that, while they were doing so, hard words had passed between them and the soldiers, and that the latter, in consequence, had driven them off the moor with unnecessary bloodshed. After this, Middleton accompanied the expedition into England, and was present at the battle of Preston (August 17, 1648), but, being wounded, and his horse shot under him, he was taken prisoner, and sent to Newcastle, from which, however, he contrived to make his escape. Next year he appeared in the Highlands at the head of a body of royalists; but his rising in favour of the royal cause was as unseasonable as that of Montrose at the same period, and was attended with the same untoward result; for, in 1650, his handful of troops were dispersed by Colonel Strachan. It is probable that the arrival of Charles II. from Breda, and the necessity for mustering every good sword in his cause, allowed Middleton to escape the fate of Montrose, and even caused his trespass to be overlooked. His restless spirit, however, and rash zeal for royalty, soon involved him in fresh difficulty, so that, in the conspiracy which was formed to detach the young king from the Covenanters, and invest him with unlimited rule, in defiance not only of Scotland, but England to boot, Middleton was to assume the command of the emancipating army in the Highlands, and wage the war of absolutism in the true Montrose fashion. It is well known how this blundering scheme was strangled in the outset, when Charles and his compeers were pursued and led back to head-quarters like runaway schoolboys. Although Middleton, on this occasion, escaped the civil penalties of the trespass, in consequence of a general indemnity, he did not escape the censures of the church, by whose decree he was excommunicated, the Rev. James Guthrie executing the sentence to that effect in the church of Stirling. This sentence was soon relaxed, but Middleton never afterwards forgave it. During the same year (1651) he marched with the Scottish royalist army into England, and behaved gallantly at the battle of Worcester, where the chief resistance was attributed to his bold charges and persevering efforts; but here he was severely wounded, taken prisoner, and sent to the Tower of London. As he was too dangerous an enemy to be spared, his end now seemed certain, more especially as he had held a commission in the parliamentary army, so that Cromwell resolved to proceed against him as a traitor; but here Middleton's usual good luck prevailed, for he managed to escape from prison,

and even to find concealment for some time in London itself, notwithstanding the vigilant espionage which the Protector had established over the metropolis. At length he reached Paris, where Charles II. resided, and by whom he was sent to Scotland, in 1653, to attempt a diversion in his favour at the head of the Scottish royalists in the Highlands. But Monk, who exercised a watchful rule over Scotland, attacked and routed him at Lochgeary, on the 26th of July, 1654, and Middleton, after vainly lingering and shifting a few months longer in the country, escaped in the following year to Cologne, where Charles at that time resided, and with whom he remained in exile till the Restoration.

Hitherto the career of Middleton had been that of an unscrupulous and successful soldier of fortune, veering with the changing wind, and adapting, or at least trying to adapt, every mutation to his own advancement. He was not, therefore, slow to avail himself of the advantages which the Restoration promised, more especially to those who had amused the king in his exile, as well as fought for him in the field. Accordingly, in 1660, he was created Earl of Middleton, and Lord Clermont and Fettercairn; appointed commander-in-chief of the forces in Scotland, governor of Edinburgh castle, and royal commissioner to the Scottish parliament. Perhaps it was not without a deep purpose on the part of the king, or the counsellors by whom he was directed, that such a man as Middleton should have been thus invested with almost unlimited power over his native country. "The commissioner, the Earl of Middleton," says Wodrow, with his usual shrewdness; "his fierce and violent temper, agreeable enough to a camp, and his education, made him no improper instrument to overawe Scotland, and bring us down from any sense of liberty and privilege, unto a pliant submission to arbitrary designs, absolute supremacy and prerogative. And this was the more easily accomplished, that this nation, now for ten years, had been under the feet of the English army, and very much inured to subjection." Let Middleton, too, rule as despotically as he might, there was no lack of instruments with which to execute his wildest purpose. For during the late civil wars, a new generation of Scottish nobles and gentlemen had sprung up, whose finances were exhausted and estates incumbered, but whose thirst for pleasure, under the new state of things, was only the more keen, in consequence of their former abstinence, and who were ready, for pay and plunder, to second the commissioner, let him violate the laws as he pleased. These men were little likely to care either for Presbyterianism or patriotism, more especially when it interposed against their career of unlimited indulgence. It was out of such wretched elements, too, that the Scottish parliament was chiefly constituted—men who hated alike the strictness of the national church, and the rebuking lives of its faithful ministers, and were therefore ready, in their official and collective character, to pass laws for the coercion of the former and persecution of the latter, without examination or scruple. Such was the ominous state of unhappy Scotland when Charles II., one of the worst and most depraved of its royal house of the Stuarts, ascended the British throne.

As Middleton was no politician, his first proceedings went in soldier fashion to the mark, which was the suppression of Presbyterianism, and the overthrow of everything that opposed the absolute rule of his master. This was apparent in his first opening of parliament, upon the 1st of January, 1661, an opening accompanied with an amount of pomp and splendour to which Scotland had long been unaccustomed. The deed was prefaced by the appointment of ministers, not by the General Assembly, as heretofore, to preach during the sittings of

parliament, but by the king's advocate, who selected men that would prophesy smoothly; and, accordingly, their sermons were laboured condemnations of solemn leagues, national covenants, and rebellion, and eulogiums on passive obedience and the divine right of kings. Then came the oath of parliament, modelled in new fashion upon the English oath of supremacy, and so worded that it acknowledged the king to be "only supreme governor of this kingdom, over all persons, and in all causes;" thus making him not only a supreme civil, but also ecclesiastical power. To this the oath of allegiance succeeded, by which the subject was bound to acknowledge the supreme power of the king in all matters civil and religious, and making it high treason to deny it. In this way they established the kingly power in its fullest latitude, and could bring every religious assembly that might displease them within a charge of high treason. But this process of rescinding the established order of things piece by piece, and the necessity of devising cunning pretences for so doing, and clothing each enactment in words that had either a double meaning, or a deeper meaning than met the ear, was too slow for such impatient legislators, and they resolved to end such a war of skirmishes at once by a decisive onslaught. "Accordingly," says Wodrow, "in the 15th Act, they came at one dash, to rid themselves of all the parliaments since the year 1633." All that had been done since that period they stigmatized as "troubles, upon the specious but common pretext of REFORMATION, the common cloak of all rebellions," and declared that his majesty held the crown "immediately from God Almighty alone." Such was the famous, or rather most infamous of all the measures that had ever signalized a parliament, perhaps, since the days of Odin—"a most extravagant act," says Burnet, "and only fit to be concluded after a drunken bout." And that it was passed under some such inspiration, he makes but too probable, from his account of Middleton and his compeers. "His way of living," he tells us, "was the most splendid the nation had ever seen; but it was likewise the most scandalous, for vices of all sorts were the open practices of those about him. Drinking was the most notorious of all, which was often continued through the whole night to the next morning; and many disorders happening after those irregular heats, the people, who had never before that time seen anything like it, came to look with an ill eye on everything that was done by such a set of lewd and vicious men." Such were now the legislators of Scotland, and such the trim in which they repaired to their places in parliament. As for the all-sweeping measure commonly called the "Act Recissory," which was proposed half in jest, as something that the jaded members might make themselves merry withal, but passed in earnest after a single reading, it still remains unrepealed in our statute book, as if to astound all posterity with the humbling fact, that wise, cautious, deliberative Scotland had once, during her national existence, been actually ruled by a senate of bedlamites.

These wild specimens of legislation were soon to produce most disastrous fruits. And first in the list of victims was the Marquis of Argyle, whom Middleton hated, and whose rich estates he coveted, and who was sent down from London to stand trial for high treason before this Scottish parliament, with the commissioner at its head. The proceedings of such a tribunal could be neither slow nor doubtful; and, in the same year, the marquis perished on the scaffold. Another victim, not to Middleton's cupidity, but his revenge, also behoved to be sacrificed; and he, too, perished, only five days after, upon the same scaffold. This was James Guthrie, minister of Stirling, who, in 1650, had pronounced



the sentence of excommunication upon the earl, and who was now condemned to die the death of a traitor under those new laws from which no man could be safe. Having thus gratified his resentment, Middleton now turned his attention more exclusively to his personal interests, which he resolved to further by fine and confiscation; and, accordingly, in the second sitting of parliament, held in 1662, a list was drawn out of those who were to be excepted from the act of indemnity now about to be reluctantly granted to Scotland, although England had enjoyed its full benefit since the commencement of the Restoration. It was a monstrous list, constructed chiefly with an eye to the wealth and means of the proscribed, and included seven or eight hundred noblemen, gentlemen, burgesses, and others, whose fines, it was calculated, would amount to one million, seventeen thousand, three hundred and fifty-three pounds, six shillings, and eightpence. True, indeed, this money was in Scottish, not English coinage, and therefore scarcely a tenth of the usual sterling amount; but the imposition of such a fine upon so poor a country, implied the infliction of such destitution and suffering, as to render it one of the heaviest of national calamities. In this decree it was also stated, "that the fines therein imposed were to be given for the relief of the king's good subjects who had suffered in the late troubles," while Middleton resolved that these "good subjects" should mean no others than himself and his dependents. Little was he aware that this harvest of iniquity, which he so diligently sowed, he was not destined to reap: the fines, indeed, were afterwards levied to the full, but only to pass into other coffers than his own; even as in war, the wretched camp-followers, who have kept at a wary distance during the battle, rush down upon the spoil while the conquerors are securing the victory.

But wilder, baser, and more mischievous, if possible, than this purpose of wholesale spoliation, was his tour to the west for the establishment of Episcopacy. He knew that this was his master's prevailing wish; and therefore, although originally himself a Covenanter, and an honoured one, he now seconded the royal desire with all the zeal of a place-hunter, and all the rancour of a renegade. A favourable opportunity, as he thought, had now occurred. Although the Presbyterian church courts had been arbitrarily closed as illegal meetings, the pulpits were still open; and it was indignantly complained of by the newly-made Scottish bishops, that these recusant ministers, who were thus permitted the free exercise of their office, would neither recognize the authority of their dioceses, nor give attendance at the episcopal court-meetings. Middleton, accordingly, designed a justiciary progress for the purpose of enforcing the authority of the bishops; and as the west of Scotland was the stronghold of recusancy, he resolved to make Glasgow his head-quarters. And never, perhaps, went such a troop of mortal men upon so sacred a commission; it was a procession of Silenus and his bacchanals, of Comus and his rabble rout. On Middleton's arrival in Glasgow with his motley array of senators and councillors, Archbishop Fairfoul repeated his complaints of the refusal of these Presbyterian divines to acknowledge his authority, and proposed that an act should be passed banishing all those ministers from their manse, parishes, and districts, who had been admitted into office since 1649, when patronage was abolished, unless they consented to receive presentation from the lawful patron, and collation from the bishop of the diocese. In this way it was asserted Episcopacy would be fully established, and that not even so many as ten ministers would consent to forego their livings by refusing compliance. It was a mad decree, which none but

madmen would have passed ; but, says Burnet, " Duke Hamilton told me they were all so drunk that day, that they were not capable of considering anything that was laid before them, and would hear of nothing but executing the law, without any relenting or delay." This impetuous haste was fully shown by the fact, that though the enactment was proclaimed on the 4th of October (1662), the 1st of November was specified as the last day of grace, beyond which all submission would be fruitless—thus allowing their victims little more than three weeks for deliberation upon a step in which their all was at stake. The national stubbornness of Scotland, even in the absence of a better motive, would have fired at such an insult, and confronted it with a dogged resistance ; but what was to be expected when conscience, and principle, and every high and holy inducement were called into full exercise ? The answer was given on the 1st of November, when nearly four hundred ministers, with their families, forsook their homes, and abandoned all except their trust in God, and hope of a life to come. Is it strange that after this Episcopacy could take no root in Scotland, or that Presbyterianism should be endeared to her people not only as the best of creeds, but the most patriotic of national distinctions ?

In this way the Earl of Middleton showed his utter unfitness whether for civil or religious government. He had awoken a spirit of resistance in Scotland which abler men than himself could not allay, and utterly damaged the purposes of his master by the means with which he hoped to advance them. But retribution was at hand, and it was to be imbibed tenfold by coming from a sovereign whom he had so unscrupulously served, and through the machinations of a rival whose overthrow he planned, and hoped soon to accomplish. Although he had ruled " every inch a king," it was with a sore misgiving that he had a " viceroy over him " in the person of the Earl, afterwards Duke of Lauderdale, who, as secretary for Scotland, had, when he pleased to exercise it, the chief influence at court in the direction of Scottish affairs. Middleton was eager to remove this unwelcome associate, before whom his spirit stood rebuked ; but in the struggle that followed between these unscrupulous rivals, the blundering, hot-headed soldier was no match for the learned and wily politician. On finding that his credit with the king was failing, he repaired to London in 1663, hoping by his presence to recover the royal favour ; but, on his arrival at court, he was severely accused by Lauderdale of mismanagement in the government of Scotland. This, and the mischievous consequences that had accrued from it, he could not deny ; and his only plea was, that he was a soldier, and therefore ignorant of law and its forms, and that all he had done was designed for his majesty's service, and the establishment of the royal authority. This last apology, although so boundless in its extent, fared as it generally does in such critical emergencies, and his deposition and disgrace followed, although Monk, Clarendon, and the English bishops interposed in his behalf.

After having been thus blighted, the earl retired into obscurity, living for that purpose at a mansion called the Friary, near Guildford, which belonged to a Scottish gentleman named Dalmahoy, who had married the widow of the Duke of Hamilton ; and to requite the kindness of his host, the earl built a large and handsome bridge across the river that flowed through the estate, which was called after his own name, " Middleton Bridge." At length the government of the fort of Tangier in Africa having become vacant by the death of Lord Rutherford, this poor appointment was bestowed upon Middleton, to requite, as was alleged, his services in establishing Episcopacy in Scotland, but in reality,

as was generally thought, to remove him from the court and country by a sort of honourable banishment. To Tangier he accordingly repaired, where his life was soon brought to an abrupt and miserable termination. In falling down stairs, he broke his arm, and at the next tumble the broken bone was driven into his side, inflicting a mortal wound, of which he soon after expired. A report had been current in Scotland, that in his better days, when he subscribed the covenant, he had declared to the gentlemen present that this was the happiest day he had ever seen; and holding up his right arm, he wished to God that that might be his death if ever he did anything against the blessed work to which he had thus pledged himself. Men trembled at the recollection when tidings of his tragic end arrived from Tangier. This event occurred in 1673. He was succeeded in the earldom by his only son, Charles, second earl of Middleton.

MILL, JAMES.—This talented writer, who distinguished himself as a historian, philosopher, and political economist, was born in the parish of Logie Pert, Forfarshire, on the 6th of April, 1773. Like a great majority of his countrymen who have risen to eminence, he was of humble origin, his father being a small farmer upon the estate of Sir John Stuart, Bart., of Fettercairn. After a course of preliminary education at the grammar-school of Montrose, young James, who was originally destined for the church, was sent, through the patronage of his father's landlord, to the university of Edinburgh, where he underwent the usual course of study prescribed to candidates for the ministry. His progress in general literature, although unnoticed at the time, was afterwards well attested by the character of his various writings. Of all the ancient philosophers, Plato seems chiefly to have attracted his attention—a proof, by the way, that his proficiency in the classical languages was greater than that of the generality of our Scottish students; and the impression produced upon his mind by the works of this most eloquent and persuasive of all the philosophers of antiquity, he often afterwards affectionately remembered.

After the usual course of study, Mr. Mill was licensed as a preacher in the Church of Scotland, and had fair hopes, both from patronage and his attainments, to occupy that most comfortable of earthly situations—the situation of a Scottish country minister. But somehow it happened that even this was insufficient to allure him. It may be that his Platonism, and the peculiarity of some of his ideas both in theology and ethics, may have disinclined him to Calvin's Institutes; or he may have felt that his intellectual aptitudes required a different field of action than that of a secluded country minister. In his capacity of tutor to the family of Sir John Stuart, he accompanied them to London in 1800; but instead of returning with them to Scotland, he resolved to devote himself to a literary life in the metropolis. London, therefore, became, thenceforth, his home, where he betook himself to authorship as a profession, and patiently endured all its precariousness, until his talents had secured for him that honourable and independent position to which he was so well entitled. The first writings of Mr. Mill, in this character, were such as to obtain admittance among the most distinguished periodicals of the day; and among these, the "Edinburgh Review," the "British, the Eclectic, and Monthly Reviews," may particularly be mentioned. He also edited, for some time, the "Literary Journal," and was a frequent contributor to a periodical established by the Quakers, called the "Philanthropist."

All this labour, however, was but means to an end, for, at an early period of

his career, Mr. Mill had devoted himself to the collection of materials for a history of British India; and while his researches for this most difficult, but necessary undertaking, were continued with unflinching perseverance, his other literary occupations were conducted as the means of present subsistence. It is amidst such pressure that intellectual activity is often best nerved for its greatest and most important task; and amidst the many distinguished productions by which the literature of every age is most impressed, the common wonder is, that the author, amidst his other avocations, should have found time to accomplish it. The history of British India was commenced in 1806, and published in the winter of 1817-18. At first it appeared in three volumes quarto, and afterwards in five volumes octavo; and the narrative, which is comprised in six books, commences with the first intercourse of our nation with India, and terminates with the conclusion of the Mahratta war, in 1805.

Among the literary productions of the present day, we have histories of India in abundance, while the labour of writing them, on account of the copious supply of materials, has become a comparatively easy task. But far different was it when Mill commenced his celebrated work, and opened up the way for his talented successors. At that time, nothing could be more vague than the commonly received ideas at home respecting our growing eastern empire, and the nations of which it was composed. Every sultan or rajah was thought to be a Xerxes or Giamshid, and every region was flooded with gold, which only waited the lifting; while an Englishman had nothing to do but to enter, and sit down as undisputed possessor, amidst a crowd of worshipping and salaaming natives. To bring down these monarchs to their real dimensions, and states to their native poverty—to show how starvation and taxes prevailed more abundantly there than even among ourselves—and, above all, to show how our East India Company, notwithstanding its crores and lacs of rupees, was continually hampered upon the beggarly financial question of "ways and means," with bankruptcy in perspective; all this was not only a difficult, but a most ungracious task for the historian: he was the African magician, who filched from us our Aladdin's lamp, by giving us a mere common one in exchange. When he passed from these popular delusions to the authenticated records, in order to construct a veritable history instead of an eastern romance, his materials were the most impracticable that can well be imagined—parliamentary speeches and documents; masses of examinations and trials; pamphlets for and against every form of Indian administration, mixed with political intrigues and warlike campaigns to which the general current of history could afford no parallel. To wade through this seemingly boundless ocean—to reduce this chaos into form and order—was an attempt at which the most enthusiastic historian might well have paused. And then, too, the usual aids that might have helped to counterbalance such a difficulty, were wanting in the case of Mr. Mill. It is true, indeed, that in England there were scores of adventurers who had spent years in India, and returned enriched with its spoils; but, in most cases, they knew as little of Hindoo character, and the formation of our Indian empire, as if they had remained at home: all they could tell was, that they had fought or traded under the banner of British supremacy, and found cent. per cent. accumulating in the enterprise. In the absence of better information than these, some personal knowledge was necessary, especially to the first recorder of our wonderful Anglo-Indian empire; but Mill had never been in India, and was little, if at all, acquainted with the languages of the East.

All these obstacles it is necessary to take into account, if we would understand the nature of that Herculean task which he undertook and accomplished. Under these difficulties, he proposed :—

1. To describe the circumstances in which the intercourse of this nation with India commenced, and the particulars of its early progress, till the era when it could first be regarded as placed on a firm and durable basis.

2. To exhibit as accurate a view as possible of the people with whom our countrymen had then begun to transact; of their character, history, manners, religion, arts, literature, and laws, as well as the physical circumstances of climate, soil, and production, in which they were placed.

3. To deduce to the present times a history of the British transactions in relation to India, &c.

The history of British India which Mr. Mill produced, under these circumstances, and upon such a plan, in spite of subsequent histories written under more favourable auspices, will ever remain a distinguishing monument of his high talents, research, and perseverance. Much, of course, had to be written that militated not only against national prejudices but individual interests; and therefore the work, at its first appearance, encountered no small amount of rancorous criticism. It was also faulty in point of style, being frequently marked by carelessness, and sometimes, though not often, disfigured by obscurity. But the immense body of information he had collected, the skill of its arrangement, and vigorous style in which it was embodied, made these defects of little account. On the one hand, the nature and character of the British proceedings in India, and especially the administrations of Hastings and Lord Wellesley, were given with clearness and dispassionate fairness; while, on the other, the account of the condition and character of the Hindoos, and their state of civilization, was illustrated by an amount of learning and depth of investigation such as history has very seldom exhibited. The effects of his labours were soon apparent. Not only was a greater interest excited at home upon Indian affairs, of which the public had hitherto remained in contented ignorance, but more enlarged and practical views in the legislation, government, and political economy of India, were suggested to our countrymen there, by whom our eastern empire was extended and consolidated.

While Mill had been thus generously devoting himself for years to a labour from which no adequate return, in the way of profit, could be expected, and while the expenses of a growing family were increasing upon him, his literary by-labours appear never to have yielded him above £300 per annum—a small amount for the support of a respectable household in the British capital, and small compared with what his talents and industry might have procured him, had he consented to become a mere trader in literature. But his was a contentedness of mind that could be satisfied with little, as well as a dignity and independence that would not stoop to solicitation for either place or patronage. But he who could not seek was now to be sought. His “History of India” had well shown what he was worth; and the East India Company was not long in discovering that one so well acquainted with their interests could not be dispensed with. Accordingly, soon after the publication of his history (in 1819) he was appointed, by the East India Court of Directors, to the second situation in the examiner’s office; and, on the retirement of Mr. William M’Culloch, he was raised to the place of chief examiner. His important duties, for which he was so thoroughly qualified, consisted in preparing the despatches

and other state papers connected with our Indian government, and to correspond with it in the management of the revenue; in fact, he might be considered as chief minister for Indian affairs to that most extensive and powerful of all senates, the East India Company.

Notwithstanding the onerous duties with which he was now invested, Mr. Mill did not throw aside his pen, or confine himself exclusively to his office. He wrote several valuable articles in the "Edinburgh Review," upon Education and Jurisprudence, and was a frequent and distinguished contributor to the Westminster and London Reviews. Some of the best essays, also, which appeared in the Supplement of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," and were afterwards published in a separate form, were of his production, comprising the important subjects of Government, Education, Jurisprudence, Law of Nations, Liberty of the Press, Colonies, and Prison Discipline. In 1821-2, he published his "Elements of Political Economy," which professed to be nothing more than a handbook of that Science; and in 1829, his "Analysis of the Human Mind," a work on which he had bestowed long and careful reflection. These productions gave him a high standing both as a metaphysician and political economist, and added no trivial contribution to these growing and improving sciences in which there is still so much to be accomplished.

In this way, the years of Mr. Mill were spent in a life of silent and unostentatious, but honourable and useful industry; and while he enjoyed the intercourse of such leading minds as Bentham, Brougham, Romilly, Ricardo, and others of a similar stamp, his society was eagerly sought, and highly relished by young men preparing for a public career in literature, who were enlightened by his experience, and charmed with his enthusiasm, as well as directed in their subsequent course by his watchful, affectionate superintendence. He thus lived, not only in his own writings, which had a powerful influence upon the opinions of the day, but in the minds which he thus trained for the guidance of a succeeding generation. As the political opinions of such a man were of no trivial importance, we may add that he belonged to the Radical party, and adhered to its principles with uncompromising integrity, at a time when they were least valued or regarded. It was a natural consequence of that love of Greek literature and philosophy which he retained to the end of his life. His last five years were spent at Kensington, where he died of consumption, on the 23d of June, 1836, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, leaving behind him a widow and nine children, of whom five had attained to manhood.

MOIR, DAVID MACBETH.—This gentle, amiable, and talented poet and physician, whose worth secured for him the esteem which his genius awakened, and whose recent death is still felt and bewailed as a national bereavement, was born at Musselburgh, on the 5th of January, 1798. His father was a respectable citizen of that ancient burgh, and had a family of four children, of whom David was the second. After having learned the usual branches of education at one of the private town seminaries, the young poet attended the grammar-school of Musselburgh for six years, where he studied the Latin, Greek, and French languages, and the elementary departments of algebra and mathematics. But however diligent a pupil he might be, and whatever might be his usual standing in the class, he was not, in after life, particularly distinguished for his attainments either as a geometrician or a linguist. Like many other men of genius, especially those of a sensitive and poetical temperament, he used these departments of learning merely as the means to an end, and not as the

end itself. At the early age of thirteen he commenced the study of his future profession, by becoming apprentice to Dr. Stewart, a medical practitioner in Musselburgh, and soon began to evince that devotedness to the duties of the healing art which he continued till the close of his life.

So early as 1812, David Moir wrote poetry. This, however, in a lad of fifteen, is nothing wonderful; and among the well educated, perhaps, it might be found that, in most cases, the earliest attempts at composition have been made, not in prose, but in verse. It is only when the poetical temperament predominates that the boyish rhymers or rhapsodists become a veritable poet, while his companions subside into the language of ordinary life. Not long after this, he showed the bent of his ambition for authorship, by sending two short prose essays to a little Haddington periodical, called the "Cheap Magazine," and their appearance in print was enough to confirm the tendency. It is gratifying to learn that, in these youthful preludings, he, like many who have attained a much higher elevation than himself, was fortunate in possessing not only an affectionate but a talented mother, to whom he read his early productions, and by whom his efforts were encouraged and his taste improved. And well was she rewarded for her care; for she lived till 1842, when her son's reputation was at its height, and strangers regarded her with respect as the mother of Delta.

After a four years' apprenticeship, and attendance upon the medical classes in Edinburgh, David Moir, at the age of eighteen, obtained the diploma of surgeon. He was as yet young for business, and especially the laborious and anxious business of a country doctor; but in 1817 his mother was a widow, and no labour or sacrifice was too much for his filial affection. He therefore became partner of Dr. Brown of Musselburgh, who had an extensive practice, and toiled so earnestly in his profession, that his mother's difficulties were removed, and her home made comfortable. Such conduct at the outset of life is the cause, as well as the earnest, of future success. As his love of literature, instead of abating, continued to grow and strengthen, he was wont, when he returned home at nine or ten o'clock at night, after the harassing labours of the day, to light his candle in his bed-room, and continue his studies into the hours of morning. Under these circumstances, he produced many excellent contributions, both in prose and verse, to "Constable's Edinburgh Magazine." His regular mode of life, and close application to business, may, in the meantime, be learned from the fact, that, from the year 1817 to 1828, he had not slept one night out of Musselburgh.

Soon after the establishment of "Blackwood's Magazine," Moir became one of its most frequent and popular contributors, and was known to its numerous readers under the name of Delta, from the Greek letter  $\Delta$ , with which he was wont to subscribe his graver productions. From this signature, he was wont to be called the Pyramid or the Triangle, by his mirthful literary companions. But besides the tender lays and ballads with which he enriched the pages of the magazine, drolleries occasionally appeared of which he was the author, but to which he did not append the serious triangular *imprimatur*; and while the world laughed loudly and heartily at these effusions, they little wotted that their own sentimental Delta had penned them, or that all this was the production of a young surgeon in an obscure country town. Some of these were imitations of the most distinguished living poets; and, to our thinking, they were better caricature resemblances than even the "Rejected Addresses," that obtained such a wide popularity. We would particularly instance Moir's "Eve

of St. Jerry," "Billy Rouring," and the "Auncient Waggonere," in which Scott, Wordsworth, and Coleridge were successively imitated, or rather mimicked, with most comic aggravations. We can remember, as if it had been yesterday, the loud explosion of laughter, from the Tweed to Caithness, which the last-mentioned poem produced, when the readers of "Maga," who had been wont to revere the "Ancient Mariner" as the most awe-inspiring of poetical productions, were suddenly shaken from their propriety at finding it, notes and all, travestied with such singular effect. In 1823, he had for his neighbour and acquaintance John Galt, who was then residing near Musselburgh; and so well was the literary reputation of Moir now established, that the distinguished novelist, on being suddenly called off to America before he had finished the "Last of the Lairds," intrusted the winding-up of the tale to Delta, which he accomplished to the author's satisfaction.

As his poetical productions in "Blackwood" had met with such success, Mr. Moir collected and published the best of them, with a few new additions, at the close of 1824, under the title of "Legend of Genevieve, with other Tales and Poems." But the wide circulation of the magazine had already made them so well known that they had no longer the freshness of novelty, and therefore the reception of the volume, as compared with its merits, was but indifferent. At the same period, he was employed in a prose work, from which, perhaps, he has derived a wider, if not so lasting a popularity as he has done from his poetical productions. This was the "Autobiography of Mansie Wauch," which he supplied in a series of chapters, during three years, to "Blackwood's Magazine," and afterwards published as a separate work, with several additions and improvements. And what reader of this singular tale can fail to persuade himself that he has met with the veritable Mansie in flesh and blood? He is sure that he has seen the man somehow and somewhere, although whether as a flying tailor or not he cannot distinctly remember. Such is the great charm of the tale: the character and events are thrown off with such truthfulness, that the fun and fiction have all the worth of reality, or something very like it. Like Scott and Galt, midway between whom Delta at once took his place as a novelist, he collected events that had actually happened, and sayings that had been audibly uttered, and, after improving them, grouping them, and throwing over them such a colouring of his own imagination as gave them harmonious uniformity, as well as picturesque effect, he embodied them all in the doings and blunders of a half-silly, half-pawkie, vainglorious, and good warm-hearted creature, who lives, fights on, stumbles through the ups and downs of life, but still manfully does his duty, and finally attains comfort, substance, and worship as the most thriving of village tailors. The work was also admirably suited to the Scottish national character, which abounds in aly, grave humour, rather than in the buoyant and more imaginative attribute of wit. Hence the favour with which "Mansie Wauch" was received, especially in Scotland, where it was best understood, and the permanent place which it has obtained in our northern literature of fiction, as one of the choicest productions of its day; and he who holds an interview with Mansie departs, not a sadder, but a merrier, and, withal, a wiser man than before.

While Mr. Moir was thus so industrious in authorship, and deriving from it the reputation he so justly merited, he did not on that account suffer himself to be allured from the daily toils of his profession. How many young aspirants for literary fame, after reaping but a tithe of Delta's success, have flung



their occupation to the winds, in the fond conceit that they had entered upon the track that would lead them to fame and fortune—and have found, when too late, that they had foregone the substance for a shadow, which at the best was not worth catching. And a strong proof it was of Moir's well-balanced, well-regulated mind, that instead of devoting all his energies to win his way into the front rank of poetry or novel-writing, he still persevered in his laborious, self-denying vocation, as if he had never compounded aught but a drug, or written anything higher than a prescription. Instead of making literature his crutch, it was his staff, or rather, perhaps, we should say his switch—a light, graceful thing, to flourish in very buoyancy of heart, and switch with it the hedges as he bounded onward in the path of duty. In this way he was better known among the good folks of Musselburgh as a painstaking, skilful physician, than a poet of high mark and standing; and his sphere of occupation kept steadily on the increase. This professional ability suggested to his friends in Edinburgh a change, by which his position in life, as well as the means of gratifying his literary tastes, would have been greatly increased. This was nothing more than to locate himself as a physician in the Scottish capital, where his medical reputation was as well established as his poetical excellence, and where troops of influential friends were ready to insure him an extensive practice. It was a tempting offer, more especially as no risk was involved in it. And yet it was rejected. Moir thought himself already so well circumstanced, that he would not venture to invade his well-established contentment by seeking to make it better; and besides, his affections had so thoroughly entwined themselves with the families of that circle in which he had grown up, and among whom he moved and laboured, that he could not endure the thought of forsaking them, even though it should be for wealthier and more numerous patients. Besides, was he not now the healing as well as tuneful Apollo of Musselburgh; and, like Apollo, might say, though with a very slight variation, “*Opiferque per orbem dicor*?” Even genuine ambition, had there been no better motive, would have told him, with the authoritative voice of Julius Cæsar, that it was better to be the first man in Musselburgh, than the third or even the second in Edinburgh, to which rank he must inevitably be limited there. These were sound dissuaves, and Moir showed his good sense by estimating them at their full value, and acting accordingly. Such a man was worthy, more than most men, of the highest of domestic rewards, and this he obtained on the 8th of June, 1829, at Carham Church, Northumberland, where he received the hand of Miss Catherine E. Bell, of Leith:

“Catherine, whose holy constancy was proved  
By all that deepest tries, and most endears.”

After his happiness in the married state had been crowned by the birth of his first-born, a daughter, the life of Moir went on as usual, with the daily task and evening recreation, till 1831, when even those the least disposed to meddle with politics were obliged to take a side, and speak stoutly in its behalf. This was the year of the Reform Bill, and Moir, although a Conservative, was an earnest advocate for its passing, and officiated as secretary to the Reform Committee. It seems, however, to have been mainly in a religious spirit that he saw the need of a political reform, and he thus writes upon the subject to a friend:—“When a House of Commons could pass a detestable Catholic bill, against the constitution of the country, and the petitions of nineteen-twentieths of its inhabitants, it was quite time that an end should be put to such a delu-

sive mockery of representation." Towards the close of the same year, he was presented with the freedom of his native town, and elected a member of its town-council. This year, also, he ventured upon a new field of authorship, by publishing his "Outlines of the Ancient History of Medicine, being a View of the Progress of the Healing Art among the Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and Arabians." This work was intended to have been comprised in three parts; but the second and third, in which the history of the medical sciences was to be brought down from the dark ages to the middle of the last century, were never written. The first part of the work, which appeared under the title of the "Ancient History of Medicine," was favourably received, both by the faculty and the critical press. In the following year, another and still more urgent demand was made upon his pen, on a subject connected also with his own profession. Europe will not soon forget that terrible visitation of cholera, which, after quivering like the bolt of heaven in its erratic progress, blasting and destroying wherever it happened to strike, fell at last upon Britain, and shook it to its deepest sea-girt foundations. Never was medical aid more needed, or the medical practitioner more imperilled; and never, perhaps, were the true chivalry and martyr-like devotedness of the healing art more severely tried and tested. On this occasion, while many physicians abandoned their duty in despair, or fled from it in terror, Moir was to be found daily and hourly at the bedsides of the infected, endeavouring to alleviate the sufferings of the sick by the resources of his skill, or to comfort the dying with the consolations of religion. Even this was not enough; and, therefore, after doing and daring the uttermost within his own round of occupation, he set himself to write his experience of the nature and treatment of the disease, and published a pamphlet, called "Practical Observations on Malignant Cholera." At this time, any suggestion by which the terrible pestilence could be retarded, was clutched as with a death-grasp; and no wonder, therefore, if a work on the subject by such a writer, went through two editions in a few days. Soon after he produced his equally interesting "Proofs of the Contagion of Malignant Cholera."

When the disease had abated and the danger passed away, it was full time that Dr. Moir, never at any time a wanderer from home, should enjoy the recreation of travel. He decided upon a trip to London, not so much, however, for the purpose of a pleasure tour, as to visit his talented and beloved friend, Galt, now shattered with paralysis, and hastening to decay, but with a mind shining as fiercely as ever through the crevices of the material ruin, and bearing up as bravely against the coming downfall. Moir also attended the meeting of the British Association, and made a visit to Cheltenham. Among the few intellectual giants with whom he came in contact during his short residence in London, was Coleridge, then living at Highgate; but, like many others who have enjoyed the privilege of an interview with this marvellous poet, philosopher, and theosophist, Moir came away delighted, he could not tell wherefore, and musing upon he knew not what. He had been in a land of dreams, and breathing an atmosphere of poppies, but the fresh air of reality brought him round in a few minutes. Indeed, the Archimagus of Highgate always found our Scotsmen the most stiff-necked of all his worshippers. Soon after his return from England, and in the beginning of 1833, Dr. Moir, from the retirement of his senior partner, became head of the business, a change which, while it increased his occupation, also lessened his opportunities for literary study and authorship. "Our

business," he writes to his friend Macnish, "has ramified itself so much in all directions of the compass, save the north, where we are bounded by the sea, that on an average I have sixteen or eighteen miles' daily riding; nor can this be commenced before three or four hours of pedestrian exercise has been hurried through. I seldom get from horseback till five o'clock, and by half-past six I must be out to the evening rounds, which never terminate till after nine. Add to this the medical casualties occurring between sunset and sunrise, and you will see how much can be reasonably set down to the score of my leisure." The wonder is, that with such a harassing amount of occupation, and almost total want of leisure, Moir should have continued to write so much as he did, or even that he should have written at all.

In February, 1838, affliction visited the happy home of Delta, and bereaved him of two children, the eldest four-and-a-half years old, the other only fifteen months. The first of these, Charles Bell, who named himself in childish frolic, Casa Wappy, is well known to the world, and especially to many a mother's tender heart, by the touching poetical commemoration of his grieving father, who lamented him in an elegy which he never surpassed, or perhaps even equalled. Who can read unmoved the following stanzas?

"Do what I may, go where I will,  
Thou meet'st at my sight;  
There dost thou glide before me still—  
A form of light!  
I feel thy breath upon my cheek,  
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak,  
Till, O! my heart is like to break,  
Casa Wappy!

\* \* \* \* \*  
The nursery shows thy pictur'd wall;  
Thy bat, thy bow,  
Thy cloak and bonnet, club, and ball;  
But where art thou?  
A corner holds thine empty chair;  
Thy playthings idly scattered there,  
But speak to us of our despair,  
Casa Wappy!"

Of his five children he could still remember that three were left to him, and he consoled himself with the thought; but only a year after he was bereaved of a third child, David Macbeth Moir, his little namesake. "Three blessed beings," he thus exclaims—

"Three blessed beings! ye are now  
Where pangs and partings are unknown,  
Where glory girds each sainted brow,  
And golden harps surround the throne:  
O! to have hail'd that blissful sight,  
Unto the angels only given,  
When thy two brothers, robed in light,  
Embraced thee at the gates of heaven!"

In this manner Delta was wont to express and chronicle the chief feelings of his own private life, and at first they were only circulated among his friends. But the approbation they called forth from Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Montgomery among the poets; from Jeffrey and Lockhart among the critics, and

from Dickens, Warren, and Ferrier among our eminent writers of fiction, and their urgent request that these productions should be given to the world, was a call too powerful to be refused, and he published them accordingly in 1843, under the title of "Domestic Verses."

Moir, now at no more than the age of confirmed manhood, when health is strongest, and hope often at the brightest, bade fair, from his firm constitution and temperate habits, to be destined for a long life of usefulness, that to the eyes of his friends loomed in bright perspective. But even at this period a series of accidents commenced, by which his term was to be hastily drawn to a close. In 1844, from sitting in wet clothes a whole night by the bedside of a patient, he caught a severe internal inflammation, from the effects of which his constitution never fully recovered. Two years after, while visiting Borthwick Castle with a small party of friends in a phaeton, the horse took fright, ran off, and upset the carriage; the whole party, who were thrown out, escaped with little hurt, except Dr. Moir, whose hip-joint was so injured by the fall, that it made him lame for life. As his medical duties still continued, he was obliged on this account to remit his literary avocations, as the evening usually found him fit for nothing but his bed. And, truly, it was no wonder, for on an average he travelled about two hundred and twenty miles per week, independently of his numerous professional visits to short distances on foot. With all this, and diminished bodily powers, he was still able, however, to give attendance to those literary and scientific meetings at which his name was in high request; and his last exertion of this kind, in which he delivered six lectures at the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh in 1851, on the poetical literature of the past half century, will long be affectionately remembered by the lecture-loving inhabitants of our capital. These lectures, too, be it remembered, were composed after the hours of ten and eleven at night, when over-toiled mortals like himself had contentedly retired to rest. At length, on the 22d of June, 1851, while dismounting from his horse, a work of difficulty in his case, on account of his lameness, he sustained so severe a wrench, that pain and debility followed, so that on the 1st of July he set off on a jaunt to Dumfries, in the hope that change of scene and cessation from labour might restore him. It was a vain hope, for at Dumfries he rapidly sank, and expired on the morning of the 6th of July. His last hours were spent in Christian peace and hope, and he died in the assurance that his solemn petition was answered, "May the Lord my God not separate between my soul and my body, till he has made a final and eternal separation between my soul and sin."

In consequence of the request of the inhabitants of Musselburgh, the funeral of Dr. Moir, which took place on the 10th of July, was a public one; and it was attended not only by the provost, magistrates, and town council of the burgh, and the kirk session of Inveresk, but the chief professors, clergymen, and literati of Edinburgh and its neighbourhood. A subscription is now in progress for the erection of a public monument to his memory in the churchyard of Inveresk, where his ashes repose. His widow and eight children still survive.

MONCREIFF, SIR JAMES WELLWOOD, Bart., of Tullibole.—This eminent judge, one of those distinguished ornaments of the Scottish bar and bench for which the present century has been so remarkable, but who have successively disappeared, and left a void which will not easily be filled, was the second son of the Rev. Sir Henry Moncrieff Wellwood, one of the ministers of St. Cuth-

berts, Edinburgh.\* His mother was Susan Robertson, eldest daughter of James Robertson Barclay, of Keavil, in Fifeshire. He was born in the second-charge manse of St. Cuthberts, Edinburgh, on the 13th of September, 1776. As he was one of a family of five sons and two daughters, and as the hereditary estate of the ancient family of the Moncreiffs had lapsed into the possession of a younger branch nearly two centuries previous, James, the subject of the present memoir, was destined to a life of active industry, for which purpose his education was commenced at the high school of Edinburgh, and afterwards continued at the university of Glasgow. At the latter institution he was so fortunate as to obtain one of its exhibitions to Balliol College, Oxford—an appointment which secured to him for ten years a complete course of literary and professional training at the same seminary which has produced, for many generations, the master-spirits and leading intellects of Europe. Sir James, however, found that, even in Oxford, the attainment of this high distinction depended more upon a diligent course of self-training than the parental care of his new *alma mater*, whose monastic institutes, worn out with old age, could no longer be screwed up to the full coercive pitch. That happy reformation had not yet commenced under which Oxford has assumed a new life, and commenced a fresh history, that promises to be more glorious than its old. In spite, however, of the prevalent looseness which at that time characterized the discipline of these colleges, and the facility with which their pains and penalties could be eluded or confronted, he became an accomplished scholar, and was enabled to prepare for active exercise those high intellectual qualities for which he was so distinguished in the course of his future career.

As Mr. Moncreiff had selected the law for his profession, and the Scottish bar for his place of occupation, his studies at Oxford had been chiefly directed to this effect; and on the 26th of January, 1799, he was admitted a member of the faculty of advocates at Edinburgh. At first, his progress as a barrister was slow, and his prospect of advancement unpromising; but for this, the solid, substantial character of his mind, which required longer time for full development, was a sufficient excuse. A profound, reflective lawyer, seldom starts into full maturity at the age of twenty-three, or even gives large promise of his future excellence. But a still greater obstacle to early success might be found in Mr. Moncreiff's politics, which were by some years in advance of the period; they were those uncompromising, independent principles which he had learned, from the example of his venerated father, to cherish and avow, in spite of Tory ascendancy and government patronage; and in this way Mr. Moncreiff, instead of having the tide at its height to bear him onward, was obliged to confront it in its rise, and when it was set full against his progress. Like his illustrious contemporary, Jeffrey, he adopted the losing side in politics when there was least hope of its obtaining the ascendancy.† But both were finally no losers

\* For the Life of Sir Henry, see Division VII. p. 456.

† His early adoption and avowal of Whig politics, is thus commemorated in Cockburn's "Life of Lord Jeffrey":—"The public meeting in 1795, for attending which Henry Erskine was turned out of the deanship, was held in the Circus, which their inexperience at that time of such assemblages had made them neglect to take any means to light, and Erskine was obliged to begin his speech in the dark. A lad, however, struggled through the crowd with a dirty tallow candle in his hand, which he held up during the rest of the address, before the orator's face. Many shouts honoured the unknown torch-bearer. This lad was James Moncreiff, then about sixteen."

by their disinterestedness. In the meantime, Mr. Moncreiff held onward perseveringly in his course, and the first distinguished token of his growing success occurred on the 7th of February, 1807, when he was appointed sheriff of the united counties of Clackmannan and Kinross. This fortunate rise, by which his income was doubled, and a fresh starting-point attained, occurred during the short-lived administration of Lord Grenville. In the following year (1808) he married Ann, daughter of Captain George Robertson, of the royal navy.

The career of an advocate at the bar is not an eventful one: it is simply a history of pleadings and their results, with which none but the parties concerned can be expected to feel any interest. On this account it is enough to state that every year increased Mr. Moncreiff's professional reputation; and at a period when the most illustrious of our Scottish pleaders were at the full height of their fame (Jeffrey, Cranstoun, Cockburn, Clerk), he held a rank inferior to none. Some of them, indeed, might excel him in ready or persuasive eloquence; but this inferiority was more than counterbalanced by the depth and accuracy of his legal knowledge, and his power of turning it to the best account. In this way his professional character is thus summed up by one of that illustrious confraternity who knew, and could well appreciate his merits:—"Though a good thinker, not quick, but sound, he was a still better arguer. His reasoning powers, especially as they were chiefly seen concentrated on law, were of the very highest order. These, and his great legal knowledge, made him the best working counsel in court. The intensity of his energy arose from that of his conscientiousness. Everything was a matter of duty with him, and therefore he gave his whole soul to it. Jeffrey called him the whole duty of man. Simple, indifferent, and passive when unyoked, gave him anything professional or public to perform, and he fell upon it with a fervour which made his enemies tremble, and his friends doubt if it was the same man. One of his cures for a headache was to sit down and clear up a deep legal question. With none, originally, of the faculties of speaking which seem a part of some men's nature, zeal, practice, and the constant possession of good matter, gave him all the oratory that he required. He could in words unravel any argument, however abstruse, or disentangle any facts, however complicated, or impress any audience with the simple and serious emotions with which he dealt. And for this purpose his style, both written and spoken, was excellent—plain, clear, condensed, and nervous." In another sketch, by a different writer, we have a view of all these intellectual equipments in full vigorous action, at the time when Moncreiff was in the prime of his manhood, as well as professional reputation: "He has a countenance full of the expression of quick-sightedness and logical power, and his voice and manner of delivering himself are such as to add much to this, the natural language of his countenance. He speaks in a firm, harsh tone; and his phraseology aspires to no merit beyond that of closeness and precision. And yet, although entirely without display of imagination, and though apparently scornful to excess of every merely ornamental part of the rhetorical art, it is singular that Mr. Moncreiff should be not only a fervid and animated speaker, but infinitely more keen and fervid throughout the whole tenor of his discourse, and more given to assist his words by violence of gesture, than any of the more imaginative speakers whom I have already endeavoured to describe. When he addresses a jury, he does not seem ever to think of attacking their feelings; but he is determined and resolved that he will omit no exertion which

may enable him to get the command over their reason. He plants himself before them in an attitude of open defiance: he takes it for granted that they are against him, and he must and will subdue them to his power. Wherever there is room to lay a finger, he fixes a grappling-iron, and continues to tear and tug at everything that opposes him, so that incredulity is glad to purchase repose by assenting to all he demands. . . . His choleric demeanour gives a zest to the dryness of the discussions in which he is commonly to be found engaged. His unmusical voice has so much nerve and vigour in its discords, that after hearing it on several occasions, I began to relish the grating effect it produces upon the tympanum." \*

From these two delineations, although the latter is somewhat overcharged, a distinct idea may be formed of James Moncreiff in his professional character and bearing. These also had won their way to such just estimation, that on the 22d of November, 1826, he was elected dean of faculty, although the senior, and in some respects superior claims of Jeffrey to the office were against him. But in Jeffrey himself, with whom he had fought many a hard legal tournament, he found that best of all friends—a generous, open-hearted antagonist—and the great critic and eloquent barrister not only maintained Mr. Moncreiff's claims as superior to his own, but seconded his nomination. While he held this office, the dean showed his upright disinterested love of justice in a case where many in similar circumstances would have quailed. This was in reference to the West Port murders, and the trial of their infamous perpetrators, Burke and Hare. So deep was the popular abhorrence over the whole of England and Scotland on the detection of this hideous system of Thuggism, and so overwhelming was the outcry for justice—for vengeance—that it was thought no advocate could be so hardy as to plead the cause of these assassins, who were already tried and doomed by universal acclamation. It was then that several leading advocates of the Scottish bar, with Mr. Moncreiff as dean, at their head, stepped forward in defence of truth and right against the universal cry, and while the storm was at the wildest; and through their exertions the two malefactors obtained a fair dispassionate trial, in which one of them was absolved, when both might otherwise have been torn to pieces without a hearing. The exertions of the dean of faculty in this thankless and most revolting case—his earnestness to vindicate the claims of justice, whether to acquit or condemn, though a whole world might be arrayed against them—and the discriminating talent with which he sifted the evidence of the whole perplexing affair, until it stood out in all its distinct reality—were long afterwards remembered with grateful commendation, not only by his professional brethren, whom the example honoured and encouraged, but the public at large, whose hasty judgments it restrained and rebuked.

By the death of his revered father, on the 7th of August, 1827, Mr. Moncreiff succeeded to the family baronetcy, under the title of Sir James Wellwood Moncreiff, of Tullibole; his elder brother, who was king's advocate in the Admiralty Court of Malta, having died unmarried in 1813. In 1829 Sir James was appointed a lord of session, in consequence of a vacancy in the bench, occasioned by the death of Lord Alloway. This appointment was the more honourable to Sir James, that it proceeded, not from his own party, but his political opponents. They had no occasion to regret their choice, for as a judge he

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\* "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk."

equalled, or perhaps even surpassed the reputation he had won as a barrister. "In the civil court," it is stated in a short notice of his life, "his judgments were admirable for learning and sagacity; and on the bench of the criminal court his dispassionate weighing of evidence, his sound appreciation of the rules of law, the impressive solemnity of his charges on great occasions, carried a conviction, and gained a confidence, which the people of Scotland have not always yielded to their judges." Before his elevation to the bench he had also risen to high public mark and importance, independently of his professional displays, by his speeches at public meetings, on affairs both political and ecclesiastical. This was especially the case at the great meeting held in Edinburgh in favour of Catholic Emancipation; and when Dr. Chalmers and Lord Jeffrey delivered their eloquent and memorable speeches on that important occasion, the first resolution had been previously moved and enforced with great power by Sir James Moncreiff. It was, however, as a member of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland that his great talents for investigation and debate, combined with his well-known integrity, were chiefly valued; so that, on several important occasions, he was called to lead the deliberations of that august body.

So close a connection with the church, and such a hearty devotedness to its interests, which marked the professional career of Lord Moncreiff, is not to be wondered at when we remember his clerical descent through not less than seven generations! Like his father, also, he adhered to that party in the church known by the title of Evangelical, in opposition to the Moderate side, which might be called the Toryism of the Scottish Kirk. While he held the office of a ruling elder, his attendance at church courts was frequent and his aid effectual, and he had the satisfaction to witness the rise, from year to year, of those principles of religious doctrine and ecclesiastical polity with which he was connected. At length, when his party had acquired such strength as to bring their controversy to a decisive issue upon the great question of patronage, he was called, in 1832, to give evidence before a select committee of the House of Commons, which was appointed to inquire into the origin and exercise of church patronage in Scotland. His lordship's answers to the searching questions which were put to him on his examination, the flood of light which he threw upon this difficult subject, and the simple, earnest, impressive language and manner in which his testimony was delivered, were long afterwards remembered. For a considerable time before the Disruption he had retired from the conflict in consequence of his judicial position; and when at last it occurred, in 1843, his attention was too mournfully engrossed by the death of his lady, which happened at the same period, to allow him to join in the events of that great movement. After the Disruption, although he ceased to be an elder, he continued to hold church-membership in the Free Church of Scotland, with whose leading principles his whole course of life had been identified.

On nearing the venerable age of seventy-five, Lord Moncreiff began to yield to the decay of nature; and for several weeks before he died, the state of his health was such, that although the physicians held out hopes of his recovery, he felt assured that his end was at hand—a result which he contemplated without dismay, and for which he prepared with Christian resignation and confidence. His death occurred at his house in Moray Place, Edinburgh, on the afternoon of March 30, 1861, and his remains were interred in the Dean Cemetery, within a few feet of the grave of his old friend, Lord Jeffrey. His character is thus briefly and emphatically summed up by Lord Cockburn: "I am



not aware how his moral nature could have been improved. A truer friend, a more upright judge, or a more affectionate man, could not be."

The family of Lord Moncreiff consists of five sons and three daughters. Of these, the eldest son, Sir Henry Wellwood Moncreiff, is minister of the Free West church of St. Cuthberts, Edinburgh; the second, who followed his father's profession, is now her majesty's Lord Advocate for Scotland.

MONTGOMERY, JAMES, was the last of the brilliant galaxy of poets (excepting Samuel Rogers) which illuminated the hemisphere of British literature in the early part of the present century. He was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, November 4, 1771. His father was a Moravian minister stationed at that time in Irvine. The house where the poet was born still exists, and is an object of interest to strangers visiting the town. It was originally a detached building, situated in the centre of an open space, and consisted of a pretty large room, which was used as a chapel by the Moravian congregation, and a separate apartment in which the family lived, and where the poet was born. The house is now surrounded by other buildings, and what was once the chapel is occupied as a weaver's shop. The poet's father must have been in straitened circumstances, as he found it necessary to devote part of his time to a manual occupation; and a townsman and friend of the poet's, who has furnished the writer with several other particulars of his early history, remembers being informed by an old friend, thirty years ago, that he recollected attending the chapel one evening in his youth, when the poet's father closed the service by addressing the congregation in substance as follows:—"I am a man of simple tastes and habits, but I cannot live upon air; and therefore, individuals present will have an opportunity, when they retire, of leaving behind them what they think proper towards my support." The Moravian cause seems not to have found a genial soil in Irvine, as, on the removal of the poet's father to Ireland, in 1775, no preacher appears to have succeeded him. The town of Ayr now possesses the only Moravian congregation in Scotland. From the period when his father was ordered by the Moravian body to do duty at their establishment of Gracehill, near Ballymena, in Ireland, and whither he accordingly removed his family, till the year 1841, being a period of sixty-six years, James Montgomery had not once visited Scotland. He was between four and five years of age when he left Irvine, but his recollections of his early years were extremely vivid, and on the occasion of his visit to his native town, he related some of them with great delight to a meeting of the inhabitants assembled to do him honour. One of these anecdotes was connected with his removal from Ireland to the Moravian school at Fulneck, near Leeds, in Yorkshire. He had received the elements of his education from "Jemmy M'Caffery," the village schoolmaster at Gracehill, and being now between six and seven years of age, it was determined to send him to school in England. Taking a child's farewell of his mother, he and his father embarked in a vessel bound for Liverpool, and were overtaken by a violent storm. The poet remembered how his childish terror was soothed by the affection of his father, and his confidence restored by his expressions of trust in the providence of God and the love of his Redeemer. The effect produced upon the boy attracted the attention of the master of the vessel, who, himself evincing considerable solicitude in the trying circumstances, observed—"I would give a hundred guineas for the faith of that child." Mr. Montgomery took great pleasure in looking back upon the incidents of the voyage, as having called forth memorable evidence of the simple faith and piety

of his father. James was placed in the Moravian institution at Fulneck in October, 1777. Another of his early reminiscences related to this school. It was visited on one occasion by the celebrated Lord Monboddo, whose figure the poet recalled as dressed in a rough closely-buttoned coat, with top boots, and carrying in his hand a large whip, such as huntsmen use. He inquired if there was any Scotch boy in the school; and the teacher having produced young Montgomery, Lord Monboddo looked the future poet sternly in the face, and, after addressing to him some counsels suitable to his years—holding the whip towards him, as the boy thought, in unpleasant proximity—"Mind, Sir," he added, "that I trust you will never do anything to disgrace your country." "This," said the poet, "I never forgot, nor shall I forget it while I live. I have, indeed, endeavoured so to act hitherto, that my country might never have cause to be ashamed of me; nor will I, on my part, ever be ashamed of her." In 1783, John Montgomery and his wife, the father and mother of the poet, proceeded to the West Indies, as missionaries. The only allusion in Montgomery's poems to the place of his birth occurs in the verses written on revisiting Fulneck school in 1806, and the remembrance of Irvine recalled the image of his sainted parents, both of whom had died in the West Indies:—

" The loud Atlantic ocean,  
On Scotland's rugged breast,  
Rocks, with harmonious motion,  
His weary waves to rest,  
And gleaming round her emerald isles  
In all the pomp of sunset smiles.  
On that romantic shore  
My parents hailed their first-born boy;  
A mother's pangs my mother bore,  
My father felt a father's joy;  
My father, mother—parents now no more!  
Beneath the Lion Star they sleep,  
Beyond the western deep,  
And when the sun's noon-glory crests the waves,  
He shines without a shadow on their graves."

The boy remained for ten years at Fulneck, where he was carefully educated, it being the wish of the Brethren to train him for the ministry; but the bent of his mind not being in that direction, the intention was not persisted in. His first poetical impulse was received from reading Blair's "Grave." At the age of twelve he produced some small poems, and his taste for poetry was cherished by reading extracts from Milton, Thomson, and Young, together with such books as he could procure and enjoy by stealth. He was sent to earn his bread as an assistant in a chandler's shop, but did not take kindly to the occupation, ran away from his master, and after another year of service with a second, at last set off to London with 3s. 6d. in his pocket, to seek fame and fortune. He offered a manuscript volume of verse to Mr. Harrison, publisher, Paternoster Row, who rejected the poetry, but engaged the poet as a clerk. In this situation he continued for eight months, but feeling the drudgery irksome, he made his way back to Yorkshire. In 1792 he obtained employment in the establishment of Mr. Gales, a bookseller in Sheffield, who had commenced a newspaper named the "Sheffield Register." Montgomery found the labour of a journalist congenial to his tastes; but those were difficult times for men who

entertained and propagated liberal opinions, as the young poet soon discovered. Mr. Gales was obliged to flee from England, to avoid prosecution for printing an article which incurred the displeasure of the despotic government of the day. The poet now became the editor and publisher of the paper, changing its name to the "Sheffield Iris." Although more prudent and moderate than his predecessor, he was also more gifted, and therefore more obnoxious to men in power, who set a watch for his halting. The whole nation was convulsed by the example and influence of the French revolution, and political feeling ran high in Sheffield, when Montgomery undertook the labours and responsibility of editorship. Reverting, thirty-one years afterwards, in his valedictory address to his readers, to this era of his life, he said:—"With all the enthusiasm of youth, for I had not then arrived at years of discretion, I entered into the feelings of those who avowed themselves the friends of freedom, justice, and humanity. Though with every pulse of my heart beating in favour of the popular doctrines, my retired and religious education had laid restraints upon my conscience, which (I may fearlessly say so) long kept me back from personally engaging in the civil war of words raging in the neighbourhood, beyond occasional rhyme, paragraph, or essay, in the newspaper, written rather for the purpose of showing my literary than my political qualifications. Ignorant of myself, and inexperienced in the world as a child of seven years old, having actually not lived so long among its everyday inhabitants, even when I became editor of the "Iris," I nevertheless was preserved from joining myself to any of the political societies till they were broken up in 1794, when, I confess, I did associate with the remnant of one of them for a purpose which I shall never be ashamed to avow; to support the families of several of the accused leaders, who were detained prisoners in London, under the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and who were finally discharged without having been brought to trial." The rule of his editorial conduct, he adds, was "a plain determination, come wind or sun, come fire or water, to do what was right." It was in 1794 that the "Iris" was commenced, and it was carried on "through a series of sufferings, desertions, crosses, and calamities without a name," persecuted by the aristocrats and abandoned by the Jacobins; yet the editor outlived the hostility of his enemies, won their confidence and friendship, and for years after 1805, which ended, as he observes, the "romance" of his life, he was supported, by the same arms that had fought against him, in a path of moderate prosperity. The more romantic incidents of the period referred to were his being twice prosecuted and imprisoned for alleged political offences. An example was wanted, as he tells us, to deter others from doing what *he* had not yet done, but what *they* were doing with impunity. He had scarcely been installed a month in the editorial chair, when he was one day called into the bookseller's shop, where business-orders were received, to see an old grotesque-looking ballad-monger, who was offering twelve songs for a penny, and running glibly over a catalogue of their names. Presenting Montgomery with a specimen of the article, he inquired what would be the cost of six quires of the same. The reply was, that the presses were better employed than in printing such commodities, and he was recommended to apply elsewhere. "But you have *this* standing in your office," was the rejoinder; whereupon, expressing his ignorance of the fact, Montgomery took up the printed leaf, and found that it contained two copies of verses, with each of which he had long been familiar, although he had never before seen them in that particular form. In a wood-cut figure of

Liberty and the British Lion, he now recognized the frontispiece of an extinct periodical conducted by his predecessor; and on inquiring in the printing-office, he found that the ballads had been put in type surreptitiously by one of Mr. Gales' apprentices, for the use of his companions, and that the ballad-vender had lately, for old acquaintance sake, been furnished by the foreman with a quantity for sale. On learning these particulars, Montgomery allowed the poor fellow to obtain what he wanted. Eighteenpence worth of the ballads was accordingly worked off, and paid for. In two months afterwards Montgomery was arrested, on a magistrate's warrant, for publishing a certain seditious libel respecting the war then waging between his majesty and the French government, entitled, "A Patriotic Song, by a Clergyman of Belfast," which song had, in fact, been composed in 1792, a year before the war with France commenced, and referred solely to the invasion of France by the armies of Austria and Prussia. It was enough that the song had been printed by Montgomery, and vended by a ballad-monger, who went about crying "Straws to sell!" and giving away the ballad into the bargain. A constable purchased a straw, obtained the ballad to boot, and took the ballad-seller into custody. Upon the evidence of the constable and the ballad-monger, Montgomery was found guilty of the publication, by a jury, at Doncaster sessions, January 22, 1795; and the sentence of the court was three months' imprisonment in the castle of York, and a fine of £20. Forty-four years afterwards, in 1839, Mr. Montgomery received a packet, containing several of the original documents connected with his trial. Amongst these was a letter from the Duke of Portland, then the home-secretary, to a local magistrate, approving of the steps taken against the song-seller and the publisher. The "compliments" of the attorney-general, Sir John Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon, were, according to instructions from Mr. White, solicitor to the treasury, to accompany the brief to three counsel named, and the Sheffield solicitor's bill of costs was indorsed *Rex v. Montgomery*. "Thus (says the poet) I learned that I had actually suffered, not to say enjoyed, the honour of a State prosecution." A fragment of the original draft of the brief was also received, stating that "this prosecution is carried on chiefly with a view of putting a stop to the meetings of the associated clubs in Sheffield; and it is hoped that, if we are fortunate enough to succeed in convicting the prisoner, it will go a great way towards curbing the insolence they have uniformly manifested." The second offence for which Mr. Montgomery was tried and imprisoned, was the printing, in his paper, of a paragraph reflecting hardly upon the conduct of a magistrate in quelling a riot at Sheffield in 1795. The trial took place at Doncaster sessions in 1796, a verdict was given against the defendant, and he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in York Castle, to pay a fine of thirty pounds to the king, and to give security to keep the peace for two years. Mr. Montgomery never complained of this trial and sentence; and he records, in the introduction to his "Prison Amusements," that the magistrate whom he had offended, took the opportunity, a few years afterwards, of showing him both kindness and confidence in an affair of business, and that his conduct evinced that his mind was as much discharged of hostile feeling towards his editorial opponent, "as, I trust (says the latter), mine was of resentment against him." In the same spirit, the poet in his valedictory address in 1825, said—"I can now add that all the persons who were actively concerned in the prosecutions against me in 1794 and 1795 are dead, and without exception they died in peace with me. I believe I am quite correct in saying, that from

each of them distinctly, in the sequel, I received tokens of good-will, and from several of them substantial proofs of kindness."

Having failed to obtain poetical renown by his youthful effusions, Mr. Montgomery informs us that he resolved to secure it by such means as made many of his contemporaries notorious. He wrote doggerel verse after the model of Peter Pindar, and prose in the style of Fielding and Smollett, occasionally imitating the wild flights of the German plays and romances. To the failure of these attempts he refers in this characteristic remark:—"A Providence of disappointment shut every door in my face, by which I attempted to force my way to a dishonourable fame;" and he congratulates himself on having been saved from appearing as the author of works of which he should afterwards have felt ashamed. His first successful poetical effort was "The Wanderer of Switzerland," which appeared in 1806. This poem, descriptive of the sufferings of the Swiss, when the independence of their country was destroyed by France, was severely handled in the "Edinburgh Review," and afterwards defended by Lord Byron. It was followed by "The West Indies," written to accompany a series of pictures published as a memorial of the abolition of the slave-trade. In this genial labour, to which the poet says he gave his whole mind, as affording him an opportunity of exposing the iniquities of slavery and the slave-trade, he was associated with Grahame, the author of "The Sabbath," and Miss Benger, who wrote several works in history and biography. In 1813 appeared "The World before the Flood," suggested to the poet by a passage in the eleventh book of "Paradise Lost," referring to the translation of Enoch. This was followed in 1819 by "Greenland," a poem in five cantos, the plan, which was not fully carried out, being to describe the original condition of the country and its people, and exhibit the changes wrought by the introduction of the gospel by the Moravian missionaries. The last and best of Montgomery's works, "The Pelican Island," was published in 1827, and confirmed the author's title to a high place amongst the British poets. It is the most imaginative of all his writings, and abounds in fresh and vigorous description. Each of the principal poems, issued at intervals, was accompanied by minor and miscellaneous compositions, many of them of great merit, and possessing the elements of lasting popularity. "The Prison Amusements" is the name given to a series of small poems on various subjects, written during his incarcerations in York Castle. "The Grave" appeared in the first volume of the poet's works, and is one of the best known of his minor pieces.

In "Thoughts on Wheels," the poet denounced the national wickedness and folly of the State lotteries, and powerfully contributed to the abolition of this disgraceful method of replenishing the public treasury. In this poem, Montgomery introduces an apostrophe to Britain, breathing a lofty strain of patriotism and piety. When he visited Scotland in 1841, he read these verses at a public breakfast to which he was invited in Glasgow, as expressing his personal feelings towards his native land and its noble institutions. The sufferings of chimney-sweepers' apprentices engaged his sympathy, and drew from his pen a series of verses, under the title of "The Climbing Boy's Soliloquies." He paraphrased a number of the Psalms of David in "Songs of Zion," but admitted, when in Scotland, that no version of the Psalms came up to that used in the Presbyterian Churches for scriptural simplicity and truthfulness to the original. "The Common Lot," "The Little Cloud," "Night," "Robert Burns," "The Daisy in India," "Friends," "A Voyage Round the World,"

and numerous hymns, are amongst the minor compositions which have made his name familiar wherever there is piety to feel their force and taste to appreciate their beauty. His collected poetical works were published by Longman and Co., London, in four 12mo volumes, in 1841, and an edition in one volume appeared in 1851. This was followed in 1853, by "Original Hymns, for Public, Private, and Social Devotion." Montgomery also produced several prose writings, lectured on poetry, and edited "The Christian Poets," published by Collins in Glasgow. The religious character of his larger poems has, no doubt, limited the range of his readers, but both in this country and in America, his works enjoy a high reputation; and in the United States, have run through numerous editions. The purity of his language, the fluency of his numbers, and above all the evangelical spirit of his religious compositions, have exerted a considerable influence upon public taste and feeling. The tendency of all he wrote was to purify and elevate. The catholicity of his religious poems reflects the spirit of their author, who was singularly free from sectarian narrowness. His latter years were devoted to active usefulness and works of beneficence in Sheffield, where he was universally known and beloved. He died at his residence, the Mount, in that town, April 30, 1854, in his eighty-third year, and was honoured with a public funeral. The venerable poet had enjoyed, for some years, a well-deserved literary pension from government, of £150 a-year.

The ostensible object of Mr. Montgomery's visit to Scotland, in 1841, when he was accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Latrobe, was the promotion of the missions of the United Brethren; but he also avowed a strong desire to see the place of his nativity before he died. His reception by the magistrates and inhabitants of Irvine was most enthusiastic. In Edinburgh and Glasgow, also, he was received with the utmost respect. In Irvine he visited, at her own request, Mrs. Thomson, an aged lady, who had been intimate with his parents, and had often carried him in her arms when a child. His interview with this venerable person, and his visit to the house where he was born, excited profound feeling in the heart of the poet. In the old chapel, where the weavers were at work, he was gratified to find a copy of the verses quoted above, glazed, framed, and hung up in a conspicuous place, where it had often previously been seen by visitors. One of the gentlemen present commenced to read the verses, but his reading not pleasing the poet, he repeated them himself with peculiar grace and tenderness. Whilst these pages are passing through the press (1855), a proposal is being favourably entertained by the townsmen of the poet to purchase the house in which he was born, and preserve it as a monument to his memory.

**MOTHERWELL, WILLIAM.**—This poet, antiquary, and journalist, was born at Glasgow, on the 13th of October, 1797, and was the third son of William Motherwell, an ironmonger in that city. His education, owing to family movements, was received partly in Edinburgh, and afterwards in Paisley, but was brought to a close at the age of fifteen, when he was placed as clerk in the office of the sheriff-clerk of Paisley. During so brief a training in literature, he was distinguished merely as an active, clever boy; but independently of school lessons, he had already prepared himself for his future career by his aptitude in copying and imitating old MSS., and by writing verses. The object of his early poetical inspiration was Jeanie Morrison, a beautiful young girl, who attended with him the same school in Edinburgh, and sat with him on the same form, according to the fashion of teaching at that period, even in our

metropolis. The exquisite song in which he commemorated this fair theme of his youthful enthusiasm, and whom he never afterwards forgot, would have reached a higher celebrity than it has ever attained, had there not been a "Mary in Heaven."

After William Motherwell had completed his apprenticeship, he was appointed, at the early age of twenty-one, sheriff-clerk depute of the county of Renfrew, an office that brought him a considerable income. But it was also fraught with no little danger, on account of the Radical commotions of that manufacturing district, where every weaver, under the enlightenment of Paine and Cobbett, was persuaded that all things were wrong both in church and state, and that there was no remedy except a universal subversion. With this turbulent spirit Motherwell was often brought into perilous contact, from being obliged by his office to execute the unpalatable behests of law; and on one of these occasions, in 1818, he was assailed by a frantic mob, who hustled him to the parapet of the bridge across the Cart, with the intention of throwing him into the river. Up to this period, like most young men of ardent poetical temperament, he had dreamed his dream of liberty, but such rough handling was enough to extinguish it, and he settled down into a Conservative.

While he was thus compelled by duty to issue ungracious writs, prepare copies of the Riot Act, and occasionally wield the truncheon of a constable in the disturbed streets of Paisley, William Motherwell steadily pursued those literary occupations upon which his claims to public notice were founded. He enlarged his reading, until his library was stored with a miscellaneous but rich collection, in which antique works predominated, especially those connected with poetry, romance, and the old Runic mythology. He also wrote pieces in prose and verse, which he readily bestowed upon his friends; and was, so early as 1818, a contributor to a small work published at Greenock called the "Visitor." He edited the "Harp of Renfrewshire," containing biographical notices of the poets of that district, from the 16th to the 19th century, which was published in 1819. This work was but the prelude to one of greatly higher importance, which he published in Glasgow in 1827, under the title of "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern," in which his researches into Scottish antiquarianism were turned to best account. In 1828 he commenced the "Paisley Magazine," the pages of which he enriched with some of his best poetical productions; and during the same year he succeeded to the editorship of the "Paisley Advertiser," a Conservative newspaper, previously under the management of his friend, William Kennedy, author of "Fitful Fancies." As Motherwell had now acquired considerable reputation, not only as a poet, but political journalist, this last step was followed by one more important two years afterwards. The "Glasgow Courier" having lost the able superintendence of Mr. James M'Queen, its proprietors applied to Motherwell, who closed with their proposals, and became editor of the Courier in February, 1830, an office in which he continued till his death, nearly six years after.

However profitable this change might have appeared in a pecuniary point of view, or even as an opportunity of acquiring higher literary distinction, it is certain that the result was far from being favourable. Motherwell's knowledge of general, and especially of modern history, was defective, owing to his exclusive love of antiquarianism; and his habits of composition, from the scantiness of his early training, were irregular, slow, and laborious. But thus imperfectly equipped, he was obliged, as editor of the "Glasgow Courier," to step forth as

the champion of Toryism in a locality where Toryism was at a mercantile discount, and at a period when the tide of public events throughout Europe was rushing in an opposite direction. In a newspaper that was issued three times a-week, and at a season when every throne was overturned or rudely shaken, he found it equally impossible to command his attention to every scene of action, and his temper upon every variety of subject; and although he bore up and fought gallantly, so as to command the approval of both friends and enemies, the termination, in an overworn intellect and premature death, was nothing more than a natural penalty. Such was the result, on the 1st of November, 1835, when he was suddenly struck with apoplexy in bed, at four o'clock in the morning, and expired four hours after, at the early age of thirty-eight, although his robust frame, active habits, and happy temperament promised a healthy longevity. He was buried in the Glasgow Necropolis, while the persons of every class of political opinion who attended the funeral, betokened the general esteem in which he was held, and the regret that was felt on account of his departure.

During his short life of toil in Glasgow, Motherwell was not wholly occupied with his editorial duties; his devotedness to poetry continued unabated, and although he found little time for new productions, he was a considerable contributor to "The Day," a periodical conducted in Glasgow by Mr. John Strang. He also joined with the Ettrick Shepherd in preparing an edition of Burns's works, but which he did not live to see completed. In addition to these he left unfinished at his death a prose collection of Norse legends, said to be of great power and beauty, and materials for a life of Tannahill. It is as a poet, however, that Motherwell will continue to be best known and distinguished; and of his larger productions, his ballads of "The Battle-Flag of Sigurd," and "The Sword Chant of Thorstein Randi," fully attest his ability in the wild and stirring runes of the north; while his songs of "My heid is like to rend, Willie," "The Midnight Wind," and above all, "Jeanie Morrison," will make those who read them regret that he did not throw journalism to the dogs, and become wholly and devotedly a song-writer. Indeed, it has been well said of him, by no less a critic than Professor Wilson:—"All his perceptions are clear, for all his senses are sound; he has fine and strong sensibilities, and a powerful intellect. . . . His style is simple, but in his tenderest movements masculine; he strikes a few bold knocks at the door of the heart, which is instantly opened by the master or mistress of the house, or by son or daughter, and the welcome visitor at once becomes one of the family."

**MURRAY, Sir George.**—This gallant soldier and able statesman was the second son of Sir William Murray, Bart., and Lady Augusta Mackenzie, seventh and youngest daughter of George, Earl of Cromarty. He was born at the family seat in Perthshire, on the 6th of February, 1772, and received his education, first at the high school, and afterwards at the university of Edinburgh. Having chosen the military profession, he obtained an ensigncy in the 71st regiment of foot at the age of seventeen, from which he rapidly transferred himself, first to the 34th, and afterwards to the 3d regiment of Guards. He first saw service in the campaigns of Flanders in 1794 and 1795, and shared in the disastrous retreat of the allied army through Holland and Germany, and subsequently, during the last of these years, he served in the West Indies under Sir Ralph Abercromby, until ill health obliged him to return home, where he served upon the staff, both in England and Ireland, during 1797 and 1798. Such is but a



scanty outline of his military services during this stirring period, when war was the principal occupation, and when it was successively shifted to every quarter of the globe. During these changes, the promotion of Sir George went onward steadily, so that he rose through the various ranks, from an ensign to a lieutenant-colonelcy in the Guards, to which he was appointed in 1799.

It is well known that at this period the military profession had few of those attractions which it subsequently possessed, when Wellington, and the heroes whom he trained to victory, directed the operations of our armies; in too many cases, our commanders groped their way in the dark, while the soldiers had little more than their characteristic bull-dog obstinacy and courage to rely upon, when they found themselves out-marched and out-manceuvred. This Colonel Murray was doomed to experience in his next campaign, which was the expedition to Holland, an expedition attended with an immense amount of loss, suffering, and disaster, and with very little honour as a counterpoise. Of course, Murray came in for his full share of hardship and privation during the retreat, and was wounded at the Helder, but was able to proceed with his regiment to Cork. A better promise of distinction dawned for him when he was sent with his regiment from Cork to Gibraltar, to serve under the brave Sir Ralph Abercromby in the Egyptian campaign; and in this successful expedition he performed an important part, having been placed in the quarter-master-general's department, and sent forward to Egypt for the purpose of making arrangements previous to the arrival of the British army. Here Murray's active enterprising spirit found full occupation; he was present at every engagement, where he rendered most effectual service, and had his merit acknowledged by the Turkish government, which conferred upon him the order of the crescent.

After the termination of this prosperous expedition, Colonel Murray's services were transferred from Egypt to the West Indies, for which he embarked in 1802, with the rank of adjutant-general to the British forces in these colonies. His stay there, however, was brief; and on returning home, and occupying for a short period a situation at the horse-guards, he was next employed in Ireland, with the appointment of deputy quarter-master-general. From this comparatively peaceful occupation, after holding it for two years, he was called out, in 1806, to the more congenial prospect of active service, in consequence of the projected expedition to Stralsund, which, like many others of the same kind, was rendered abortive through the unprecedented successes of the French, upon which few as yet could calculate, owing to the new mode of warfare introduced by Napoleon, and the startling rapidity of his movements. Colonel Murray's next service was of a diplomatic character, and to the court of Sweden; but its freakish sovereign, whose proceedings were perplexing alike to friend and enemy, was not to be reasoned into moderation; and therefore neither Murray, nor yet Sir John Moore, who was sent out with a military force, could avert those disasters which terminated in that monarch's deposition. From Sweden Colonel Murray, now holding the rank of quarter-master-general, went with the British troops in that country to Portugal, where they joined Sir Arthur Wellesley, who had now commenced that splendid career which scarcely encountered an interruption, and led to such important results in the history of Europe, of which ages must tell the termination.

It would be too much to detail the career of Colonel Murray while he served in Spain and Portugal under the command of Wellington. At almost every engagement he was present, while his conduct was such as to elevate him into that

chosen band whom history will recognize as the "heroes of the peninsular war." The sense of the value of his services was also shown in his appointment to the rank of major-general in 1812, to the command of a regiment in 1813, and to the honorary title of knight of the bath in the same year. With the exile of Napoleon to Elba, when it was thought that every chance of further war had ended, Sir George Murray was not to retire, like so many of his companions in arms, into peaceful obscurity; on the contrary, his talents for civil occupation having been fully experienced, he was appointed to the difficult charge of the government of the Canadas. He had scarcely fully entered, however, upon the duties of this new appointment, when he was advertised by the secretary of state of Bonaparte's escape from Elba and landing in France, accompanied with the choice of remaining in his government of the Canadas, or returning to Europe, and resuming his military occupations. Sir George at once decided upon the latter; but though he made the utmost haste to rejoin the army, such delays occurred that he did not reach it until the battle of Waterloo had been fought, and Paris occupied by the allies. In the French capital he remained three years with the army of occupation, holding the rank of lieutenant-general, and honoured with seven different orders of foreign knighthood, independently of those he had received from his own court, in attestation of his services and worth. At his return home, also, when Paris was resigned by the allies to its own government, he was appointed governor of the castle of Edinburgh, afterwards of the royal military college, and finally, lieutenant-general of the ordnance. Literary distinctions, moreover, were not wanting; for in 1820 he received from the university of Oxford the degree of doctor of common laws, and in 1824 he was chosen a fellow of the Royal Society.

Such is a very scanty outline of the history of Sir George Murray; and it gives but a faint idea of his long military career. "Very few men," says one of his biographers, "even among our distinguished veterans, have seen such severe and active service as Sir G. Murray. Sharp fighting and military hardships seemed to be his lot, from the first moment at which he carried the colours of his regiment, till the last cannon resounded on the field of Waterloo. With the single exception of India, he was absent neither from the disasters nor the triumphs of the British army. France, Ireland, Sweden, Portugal, Spain, the West Indies, Denmark, and Egypt, have witnessed the services of this able and experienced commander. . . . It has often been remarked of the Duke of Wellington, as of all great men, that he is singularly prompt in discerning the particular individual who happens to be the man above all others best fitted for the particular duties which he requires to have discharged. His great general of division was Lord Hill, and his great cavalry officer Lord Anglesey; his great organizer of raw levies, Lord Beresford, and his best of all quartermasters, General Sir G. Murray."

Sir George was now to astonish the world by equal excellence in a very different department. He had left the university of Edinburgh for the army at the early age of seventeen, and from that period to the close of his military career his life had been one of incessant action and change, so that it was evident he could have had very little time for study and self-improvement. And yet he was distinguished throughout as an accomplished scholar, eloquent orator, and able writer, and was now to bring all these qualities to bear upon his new vocation as a statesman. Men who wondered how or at what time he could have acquired those excellencies, which are generally the result of a life of

peaceful avocation and study, were obliged to settle upon the conclusion that his mind must have been of such a singularly precocious character as to be able to finish its education at the early age of seventeen! He commenced his career as a politician in 1823, when he was chosen member of parliament for the county of Perth, and in 1826 he changed his condition in life, by becoming a husband and a father, at the age of fifty-four, his wife being Lady Louisa Erskine, sister of the Marquis of Anglesey, and widow of Sir James Erskine, by whom he had one daughter. In 1828 he resigned the command of the army in Ireland for the office of secretary of state for the colonies—and it was in this department especially that he astounded his cotemporaries by his political sagacity, aptitude for business, and talents as an orator and debater. "He possessed," we are told, "the power of logical arrangement in a remarkable degree; and though his speeches did not 'smell of the lamp,' they always had a beginning, middle, and conclusion; besides that, they possessed a coherence and congruity rarely found in parliamentary speeches, a force and appropriateness of diction not often surpassed, an eloquence and copiousness which a soldier could not be expected to attain, and an agreeable style of delivery which many more professed speakers might imitate with advantage."

After these explanations, it becomes the less necessary to enter into a full detail of Sir George Murray's political proceedings. His office of secretary for the colonies was discharged with ability and success; and his ascendancy in the House upon general questions was universally felt and acknowledged. He supported the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, and opposed the Liberal government in 1830 and 1831. In 1832, upon the passing of the Reform Bill, and dissolution of Parliament that followed, Sir George was again candidate for Perthshire, to which he had been repeatedly elected as representative; but on this occasion the tide was against him and in favour of Lord Ormelie; but when the latter succeeded to the peerage in 1834 as Marquis of Breadalbane, Perthshire again presented a parliamentary vacancy, to which Sir George was called, in preference to Mr. Graham, the Whig candidate. This seat he again lost under Sir Robert Peel's administration in 1834-5, Mr. Fox Maule, now Lord Panmure, being the successful candidate; but Sir George held the important appointment of master-general of the Ordnance to console him under his defeat. Such were the political fluctuations of this stirring period, in which the chief war that was waged by the country was one of hot and hard words, with the floor of the House of Commons for its battle-field. In 1837, when there was a general election, in consequence of the accession of Queen Victoria, Sir George Murray stood for Westminster; but his political opinions were so different from those of the many in this stronghold of Liberalism, that he was unsuccessful. Scarcely two years afterwards he was tempted to stand for Manchester, which had become vacant by the promotion of its representative, Mr. Paulett Thompson, to the peerage; but here again Sir George was unsuccessful. Still, however, he remained a minister of the crown, as master-general of the Ordnance, to which he was reappointed in 1841. His last public effort was in a literary capacity, when he edited five volumes of the Duke of Marlborough's despatches, by which an important addition was made to the historical annals of Britain.

After so long a course of active exertion, Sir George's strong constitution gave way, so that for more than a year previous to his death, he was unable to leave his house in Belgrave Square: there, however, he continued to attend to

the duties of his office until the last six months, when, unable for further exertion, he tendered his resignation. His death occurred on the 26th of July, 1846, at the age of seventy-four.

## N.

**NAPIER, MACVEY.**—This learned lawyer, professor, and encyclopedist, was born in 1777, and was the son of John Macvey of Kirkintilloch, by a natural daughter of Napier of Craignannet. He was educated for the profession of the law, and passed as a writer to the signet in 1799. As his training had been of no ordinary kind, while his talents and attainments were of a very high order, a career of profit and reputation was anticipated for him by his friends, which, however, was not fulfilled, as he was not only of too sensitive a disposition for the practical department of his profession, but too exclusively devoted to the abstract philosophy of legislation, and the charms of general literature. These researches, however, were such as to win him distinction in the path he had chosen. His first production as an author appeared in 1818, when he published, but for private circulation, "Remarks illustrative of the Scope and Influence of the Philosophical Writings of Lord Bacon." In 1825 he was appointed professor of conveyancing in the university of Edinburgh, having been the first who held that chair of the law faculty; and his lectures, while he officiated in this capacity, evinced the vigorous and thoughtful attention he had bestowed upon the subject. In 1837 he was finally raised to one of the clerkships of the Court of Session, an office of sufficient honour, as well as emolument, to satisfy the ambition of the most thriving legal practitioner.

The elevation of Mr., afterwards Lord Jeffrey, to the deanship of the faculty of advocates in 1829, was the cause of bringing the literary talents of Macvey Napier into full exercise. On becoming dean of faculty, the great Aristarchus of criticism was obliged to abandon the editorship of the "Edinburgh Review," and this responsible charge was forthwith devolved upon Mr. Napier. To have been summoned to such an office, and to succeed such a man, shows the high estimate that had been formed of his talents. Afterwards a still more important claim was made upon his labours: this was to undertake the editorship of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," of which a seventh edition was about to be published, with many additions and improvements. Such, indeed, had been the progress of art and science in the course of a few years, that not only a new edition of the work, but also a nearly new work itself was deemed necessary, so that such an editorship was in the highest degree a most complex and laborious task. Of the manner in which this was discharged by Mr. Napier there can be but one opinion. He not only wrote able articles for the work, but secured the co-operation of the most talented writers of the day; and the result was, that the "Encyclopedia," on being completed, took the highest place in that important class of publications to which it belongs. Years, which are now accomplishing the work of centuries, have once more left the "Encyclopedia Britannica" in abeyance, and a fresh effort is now in operation to bring it up to the mark of the present day. Such must always continue to be the fate of colleges and cyclopedias: knowledge will not submit to the imprisonment of stereotype.

From the foregoing account, it will be seen that the literary life of Macvey Napier was of that kind in which the individuality of the author is lost in the association of which he forms a part. In this way, it would be difficult to particularize his writings, which are scattered over such extensive fields as those of the "Encyclopedia" and "Edinburgh Review." But such is now the fate of many of the most talented of our day, whose anonymous productions melt away into the mass of journalism, and are forgot with the occasion that called them forth. Such men, however, do not live idly nor in vain, and their history is to be read in the progress of society, which continues to go onward with an always accelerating step. This was eminently the case of Macvey Napier during a life of literary exertion that continued over a course of thirty years. He died at Edinburgh, on the 11th of February, 1847, in the seventieth year of his age.

NASMYTH, ALEXANDER.—This excellent artist, the father of the Scottish school of landscape painting, was born in Edinburgh, in the year 1758. Having finished his early education in his native city, he went, while still a youth, to London, where he became the apprenticed pupil of the Scottish Vandyke, Allan Ramsay, son of the author of the "Gentle Shepherd." Under this distinguished master, Nasmyth must have been a diligent scholar, as his future excellence in portrait painting sufficiently attested. Italy, however, was the land of his artistic affections; and in that beautiful country, where nature and art equally unfold their rich stores for the study of the painter, he became a resident for several years. During this period he ardently devoted himself to his chosen profession of historical and portrait painting. But this was not enough to satisfy his aspirations. The silent but attractive beauty of nature, over its wide range of varied scenery, led him at his leisure hours among the rich Italian landscapes, which he studied with the fondness of an enthusiast and the eye of a master; and in this way, while he was daily employed in copying the best productions of the Italian schools, and learning, for the purpose of imitating, their excellencies, he was also a diligent attendant at the fountain-head, and qualifying himself to be a great landscape painter, in which, afterwards, his distinction principally consisted. To these were added the noble productions of ancient and modern architecture, that breathe the breath of life through inanimate scenes, and speak of man, the soul of creation—the mouldering walls and monuments of past generations and mighty deeds, alternated with those stately palaces and picturesque cottages that form the homes of a living generation. It was not enough for Nasmyth to delineate these attractive vistas and noble fabrics, and store them in his portfolio, as a mere stock in trade upon which to draw in future professional emergencies. He, on the contrary, so completely identified himself with their existence, that they became part and parcel of his being. This he evinced some fifty years after, when Wilkie, then fresh from Italy, visited the venerable father-artist, and conversed with him upon the objects of his recent studies. On that occasion Nasmyth astonished and delighted him by his Italian reminiscences, which were as fresh, as life-like, and full of correct touches, as if he had but yesterday left the country of Raffaele and Michael Angelo.

On returning from Italy, Nasmyth commenced in earnest the profession of a portrait painter in his native city. In those days personal vanity was to the full as strong in Edinburgh as it is at present, while portrait painters, at least artists worthy of the title, were very scarce; and it was not wonderful, therefore, that the talents of Nasmyth in this department should soon find ample

occupation. The most distinguished gentlemen and ladies of his day were proud to sit to him; and of the numerous portraits which he produced, his admirable likeness of Burns will always be considered as a valuable national monument of our honoured peasant bard. But still the artist's enthusiasm lay elsewhere: the countenance of nature possessed more charms for him than even the "human face divine," and he could not forget the delight he had experienced in sketching the beautiful and picturesque scenery of Italy. And his own native Scotland too—was it not rich in scenes that were worthy of the highest efforts of his art, although they had hitherto been overlooked? To this department he therefore turned, and became exclusively a landscape painter, while his successful efforts quickly obtained for him a still higher distinction than his portraits had secured. The admiration excited by his numerous productions in this style of art, necessarily occasioned frequent visits to the mansions of the noble and wealthy, by whom he was employed; and while his chief hours there were devoted to strictly professional employment, his walks of recreation in the garden or over the grounds, were by no means idle; whatever object he saw was at once electrotyped upon his brain, on which his busy fancy was employed in altering, touching, and retouching, until an improved and complete picture was the result. His suggestions, the fruit of such artistic taste, combined with careful study, were received with pleasure, and their effect was an improvement in the scenic beauty of the gardens and pleasure-grounds, by the alterations he had indicated. This circumstance gave a new direction to his professional labours; he must create scenery as well as paint it. The necessity was laid upon him by his widely-reported fame as an improver, so that numerous applications were made upon his time for such suggestions as might heighten and harmonize the mansion scenery of our country. He therefore added this to his other occupations, and found in it an ample source of emolument, as well as professional enjoyment. And no one who has witnessed the condition of our old Scottish feudal homes, that doggedly resisted every modern innovation, will deny the necessity of such an office as that which was thrust upon Nasmyth. Many a stately castellated and time-honoured abode of the day, which still looked as if it expected a Highland *spreagh* or border foray, and cared for nothing but its defences, was converted by Nasmyth's arrangements into the striking central object of a rich scenic fore and background, upon which the tourist could pause with delight, instead of hurrying by, as he had been wont to do, with the disappointed exclamation, "I will take mine ease in mine inn!" Nor was the enthusiasm of Nasmyth confined exclusively to rural beauty and its improvement. He appreciated the noble site of Edinburgh, that fitting throne for the queen of cities, and was anxious that man's art should correspond with nature's beneficence in such a favoured locality. He therefore gave suggestions for the improvement of our street architecture, which have been happily followed, while many others have been partially adopted, connected with the rich scenery of our northern metropolis, by which the whole aspect of the city from its environs has been improved at every point. The capabilities, in an artistic point of view, of his native city, was the favourite theme of his evening conversations to the close of his long-protracted life; and many can still remember how ancient Athens itself was eclipsed by the pictures which he drew of what Edinburgh might be made, through the advantages of her position, and the taste of her citizens.

To these important and engrossing occupations Nasmyth added that of a

teacher of his art, by opening a school of painting in his own house, where he had for his pupils many who have since distinguished themselves in different departments of pictorial excellence. Among these may be mentioned his own family of sons and daughters, all of whom were more or less imbued with his spirit, particularly his eldest son, Peter, who died before him, whose paintings now take their place among those of our foremost British artists. In this way the days of Alexander Nasmyth were spent, until first one generation of artists, and then another had passed away; but although more than eighty years had now whitened his head and wrinkled his brow, he still pursued his beloved occupation, as if death alone could arrest the labours of his pencil. And that all the ardour as well as skill of his former life continued unabated, was shown in his last work but one, "The Bridge of Augustus," which he sent to the exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy. At length the hoary veteran died, and died at his post. A melancholy interest is attached to his final effort. A few days before his last illness, he expressed to his daughter Jane, herself an artist of no ordinary excellence, his wish to paint something, but his difficulty in finding a subject. After some deliberation and rejection, he said he would paint a little picture, which he would call "Going Home." The subject was an old labourer wending homeward at evening, when his day of labour had ended. The sombre evening sky reposes upon the neighbouring hills; on the foreground is an ancient oak, the patriarch of the forest, but now in the last stage of decay, with one of its arms drooping over a brisk stream—that stream of time which will still flow onward as merrily when the whole forest itself has passed away. The old labourer, with the slow step of age, is crossing a broken rustic bridge, and supporting himself by its slender railing, while his faithful dog, who accompanies him, seems impatient to reach home, a lonely cottage at a distance in the middle ground, where the smoke curling from the roof announces that supper is in readiness. It was the artist's own silent requiem. His last illness, which continued five weeks, was soothed by the solicitude of his family, to whom he declared that he had lived long enough, and could not die better than when surrounded by such dutiful, affectionate children. He died of natural decay, at his house, 47, York Place, Edinburgh, on the 10th of April, 1840, at the advanced age of eighty-two.

Alexander Nasmyth, soon after his return from Italy, married the sister of Sir James Foulis of Woodhall, Colinton, who survived him, and by whom he had a numerous family, distinguished for talent and success in their several departments of life. Seldom, indeed, is paternal care so well rewarded, or paternal genius so perpetuated.

NASMYTH, PETER, was the son of Alexander Nasmyth, the subject of the preceding notice, and was born in Edinburgh in 1786. In his earliest boyhood Peter showed that love for painting by which his family, of whom he was the eldest son, were distinguished. So wholly, indeed, were his affections devoted to this pursuit, that he made no progress in the ordinary branches of a school-boy's education, and neither the allurements of duxship, nor the compulsion of the *tawse*, could suffice to make him even a tolerable scholar. The school-room itself was abandoned whenever a bright sunshine announced that nature could be seen at its best; and on these occasions the truant boy was to be found in the fields or among the hedges, pencil in hand, taking sketches of the flowers and trees. Another proof of his enthusiastic devotedness to the art is yet more remarkable. While still very young, he was engaged to accompany his father

on a sketching excursion ; but in his preparations for the journey on the previous evening, an accident lamed his right hand, so that he was to be laid aside as unfit for service. But his left hand was still untouched, and with this he handled his pencil so effectually that the difference was scarcely perceptible. This fact will remind some readers of the bold Spartan, who seized and held the Persian galley first with his right hand, and then with his left, and when these were successively lopped off, secured his prize with his teeth until he was decapitated. The undertaking of the young artist was equally resolute, and fully more difficult. Many of these left-handed sketches are now sought by collectors, and prized for their remarkable neatness and fidelity. As Scotland, with all its beautiful scenery, has one of the most fickle of climates, so that its landscape sketchers are often wetted to the skin, Peter Nasmyth endeavoured to counteract these interruptions, so as to continue his labours in storm as well as sunshine. One of his devices for this purpose was a travelling tent, which he sometimes carried about with him into the country ; and though it was more like a little clumsy booth for the exhibition of Punch at a fair, than the shrine of an artist, having been formed by his own hands, which had no skill whatever in carpentry, he consoled himself for the jeers of his companions by the good service which it yielded him. As may be guessed, this booth was never pitched upon the mountain tops when the storm was at the wildest.

At the age of twenty, Peter Nasmyth went to London, and commenced in earnest the profession of a landscape painter, in which he acquired such distinction that he was called the English Hobbima. It was rather, however, from the minuteness of his touch and finish that he resembled the great Flemish painter, for he could not pretend to Hobbima's boldness and vigour. Still his scenes, and especially his English ones, abounding in objects of minute beauty, and reposing tranquilly beneath an untroubled sky, secured him a reputation as a landscape painter superior to that of his father. His Scottish scenery, however, was inferior ; as its wild grandeur and massiveness were not so congenial to the particular bent of his artistic excellence. As a scholar, Hobbima and Ruysdael were his favourite guides ; but while he endeavoured to acquire their spirit, he was far from being a copyist : on the contrary, he had a delicacy that was all his own, and gave him the foremost place in that distinguished family which has obtained the name of the "Nasmyth School."

The success with which his excellencies were rewarded was such as to animate him in his labours, and his productions were so highly prized as to be in universal request among the genuine lovers of art, so that every choice collection of England contains the works of his pencil, while every scrap and relic of his studio still continues to be sought after. But while patronage was at the height, and orders flowing in upon him in greatest profusion, he was dying before his day—not a martyr, however, to the pure and ennobling art which he loved so well, and which would have cherished him so affectionately, but to a vice which degrades the highest intellect and most refined tastes to the level of the meanest. At the early age of seventeen, Peter Nasmyth, in consequence of sleeping in a damp bed, was seized with deafness, which continued with him to the last ; and being thus in a great measure shut out from the healthful excitement of conversation, he endeavoured to console himself by the stimulus of the bottle—and that, too, in the retirement of his study, where the usual checks were not likely to enter. Of course, the habit grew rapidly upon him, so that he became old and feeble while still young in years. At last, being attacked by influenza,



he ventured, before he had recovered, to go to Norwood, to make a sketch of a scene which he had particularly admired; but he paid dear for his enthusiasm, by a return of the disease, against which his enfeebled constitution had no power to rally. Even then, his dying gaze was still in quest of the beauty and grandeur which he had so loved to delineate; and in a thunder-storm which occurred while he was dying, he besought his sisters to raise him up in bed, that he might see its passing splendour and its effects before he had himself departed. Thus he passed away, on the 17th of August, 1831, at his lodgings, in South Lambeth, at the age of forty-five.

NICHOLSON, PETER.—This skilful architect, whose long life was one of continued usefulness, and whose scientific knowledge was constantly turned to practical results, was born in the parish of Prestonkirk, East Lothian, on the 20th of July 1765. Even before he had reached his ninth year he had unconsciously chosen his future profession, as was manifested by his drawings and models of the numerous mills in the neighbourhood of Prestonkirk. When a young schoolboy, his scientific tastes so strongly predominated, that mathematics formed the chief object of his study; and his proficiency was so much beyond his years, that having on one occasion borrowed from an elder boy Commadine's "Euclid," translated by Cann, in which the engraved diagrams of the 18th proposition of the third book were wanting, he supplied the loss by constructing them from the proposition itself. His ardour in these studies was only increased by the difficulty he experienced in obtaining or borrowing works upon the subjects of his inquiry.

At the age of twelve, Peter Nicholson was taken from the parish school of Prestonkirk, where he had been a pupil for three years, that he might assist in the occupation of his father, who was a stone-mason. But having no liking for this uncongenial work, Peter betook himself to that of a cabinet-maker; and having served a four years' apprenticeship to it at Linton, he repaired to Edinburgh, and afterwards to London, working in both capitals as a journeyman. In the latter city he also commenced teaching at an evening school, in Berwick Street, Soho, and his success in this new profession enabled him to abandon the making of chairs and tables for more intellectual pursuits, as was shown by his first publication, "The Carpenter's New Guide," in 1792, the plates of which were engraved by his own hand. In this work, the originality and inventiveness by which he was afterwards distinguished, were shown in his new method in the construction of groins and niches. His next productions in authorship were the "Student's Instructor," the "Joiner's Assistant," and the "Principles of Architecture"—the last-mentioned work, in three volumes, 8vo, having commenced its serial appearance in 1794, and been completed in 1809.

After a residence of eleven years in London, Mr. Nicholson returned to Scotland in 1800, and dwelt eight years in Glasgow, a city already rising into eminence, and which his scientific skill as an architect greatly aided to adorn and benefit. His chief works in Glasgow were the wooden bridge across the Clyde; Carlton Place—that may be termed the commencement of these splendid modern residences in which the city is now so abundant; and the large structure that terminates the second quadrangle of the university. Why a Grecian building should have thus raised its front so scornfully over the Gothic walls and pepper-box pinnacles which it seems to sneer at, even as would a spruce, well-dressed cit of the present day at a serge-clothed, flat-capped, and bearded

Glasgowegian of the 16th century, has never yet been fully answered, so far as we can learn. It appears, however, that Nicholson had no choice in the matter; that a Greek building and no other he was commissioned to devise—and it is evident that he has made the most of it.

The next residence of Mr. Nicholson was Carlisle, where, through the recommendation of his countryman, Telford, who, like himself, had commenced life as a stone-mason, he was appointed architect of the county of Cumberland, and in this situation he superintended the building of the new court-houses in the county town. While here, he also obtained rewards from the Society of Arts for an improvement in hand-railing, and for the invention of an instrument called the Centrolinear. After remaining two years in Carlisle, he returned in 1810 to London, and resumed the work of authorship, in which his pen was both active and prolific, as appears by the list of his works at this period. These were, "The Architectural Dictionary," in two volumes large quarto, the publication of which extended from 1812 to 1819, "Mechanical Exercises," and "The Builder and Workman's New Director." Besides these practical works connected with his own profession as an architect, Mr. Nicholson turned his attention to subjects of a more purely scientific character, and was author of the "Method of Increments," "Essays on the Combinatorial Analysis," "Essay on Involution and Evolution," for which he received the thanks of the Academie des Sciences at Paris, "Analytical and Arithmetical Essays," and the "Rudiments of Algebra." In 1827 he commenced the publication of a work entitled "The School of Architecture and Engineering," which he designed to complete in twelve numbers, at 1s. 6d. each; but, in consequence of the bankruptcy of the publishers, only five numbers appeared. This failure, combined with the pecuniary loss it occasioned him, so annoyed Mr. Nicholson, that in 1829 he removed from London to Morpeth, and afterwards, in 1832, to Newcastle-on-Tyne, where his time was chiefly spent in teaching, for which purpose he opened a school in the Arcade; and in the production of various scientific works. Here, also, his well-established reputation procured his election as president and honorary member of several societies connected with architecture, civil engineering, and the fine arts. But, notwithstanding such a long life of interesting and multifarious authorship, his pecuniary profits by no means kept pace with his merits; and while he was the means of enriching others by his discoveries and instructions, he obtained little else for his own share than the reputation of a highly-talented originator. His writings, twenty-seven in number, were thus justly characterized in a petition from the inhabitants of Newcastle to his majesty in 1835, for the grant of a pension to Nicholson from the privy purse:—"The works of Peter Nicholson, while they have contributed to the advancement of knowledge, have tended to raise the English mechanic to that pre-eminence he has attained over the other artificers of Europe; and while they have been honoured with the proudest marks of distinction by the various learned societies of this kingdom, have yet failed to produce to their author those benefits which are necessary for his existence; and it must ever be a source of regret that an individual who, having devoted his best energies to the advancement of science, should be left at the close of a long and laborious life, and in his seventy-third year, to struggle in penury and want." This application to the royal bounty was made after an attempt of Nicholson's grateful friends in Newcastle had failed to raise for him an annuity by a general subscription. On this occasion the sum of £320 had been subscribed,

which only sufficed for present emergencies. Mr. Nicholson left Newcastle for Carlisle in October, 1841, and died there, June 18, 1844, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. He was twice married. By his first wife, who died at Morpeth, in 1832, he had one son, Michael Angelo, author of the "Carpenter and Joiner's Companion," who died in 1842; by his second marriage, Mr. Nicholson had a son and daughter, who survived him.

NICOLL, ROBERT.—The life of a poet born and nursed in poverty, is generally continued in poverty to the close: his career is a struggle of want and privation, of which the end too often is nothing but defeat and disaster. Such was the history of Robert Nicoll, a poet of great promise, but whose career was terminated before the promise was fulfilled: he was only shown to us, and then snatched away. He was the second son in a family of nine children, and was born at the farm of Little Tulliebeltane, in the parish of Auchtergaven, in Perthshire, on the 7th of January, 1814. At the time of his birth his father was a farmer in comfortable circumstances; but having rashly become security to the amount of £500 or £600 for a friend who failed, he was reduced to the condition of a day-labourer on the fields which he had formerly rented. It was one of those numerous cases in which Scottish caution is no match for Scottish clannishness. Not only was the worthy ex-farmer thus a sufferer, but his family also; for as fast as they grew up to active boyhood they were sent out to work for their living. Such was the fate of poor Robert Nicoll, who, when only seven years old, was employed in herding all summer, that he might be able to afford attendance at school during the months of winter. It was fortunate for him that with means of education so scanty and precarious, he had, in his mother, the best of all teachers. She taught him to cherish the love and practice of truth—to struggle boldly with adversity, that he might eat, however sparingly, the bread of independence—and, what was better still, she instructed him to rest his hopes and aspirations upon something nobler than mere earthly subsistence. These lessons, moreover, were given not merely in formal words, but also in living practice, for she too was frequently employed in field labour, to contribute her full share in the maintenance of the family, while she endured her hard fate not only with resignation but cheerfulness. When Scotland ceases to abound in such mothers, it will no longer have a history worth recording.

Having thus laid an educational foundation that could bear a superstructure however broad or weighty, Robert Nicoll found that he was fitted for something better than tending cattle. It had now done its good work, as he afterwards testified:—

"A wither'd woodland twig would bring  
The tears into my eye:—  
Laugh on! but there are souls of love  
In laddies herding kye."

He bound himself apprentice to Mrs. J. H. Robertson, wine merchant and grocer in Perth, and during the little spare time which his new duties allowed him, he commenced the work of self-education in good earnest. For this purpose he purchased "Cobbett's English Grammar," and did not rest till he had made himself master of its principles. He thus writes to his brother: "I am grown very industrious. I read in the morning while sluggards are snoring; all day I attend to my business; and in the forenights I learn my grammar." He thus also specifies the amount of his opportunities: "I am employed in working for

my mistress from seven o'clock in the morning until nine at night, and I must therefore write when others sleep." His means of intellectual improvement were greatly facilitated by the kindness of a friend, who lent him his ticket to the Perth Library, and the books which he especially selected for study were such as showed the serious cast of his mind: they were "Milton's Prose Works," "Locke's Works," and several of the writings of Jeremy Bentham, the last of which became his chief favourites. And that he was studying to purpose, the following extract from a letter to his mother will sufficiently attest: "I look upon the earth as a place where every man is set to struggle and to work, that he may be made humble and pure-hearted, and fit for that better land to which earth is the gate. I think, mother, that to me has been given talent; and, if so, that talent was given to make it useful to man. I am determined never to bend to the storm that is coming, and never to look back on it after it has passed. Fear not for me, dear mother; I feel that, whether I be growing richer or not, I am growing a wiser man, which is far better."

On finishing his apprenticeship, Nicoll repaired to Edinburgh; but not finding employment there, he opened a circulating library in Dundee, for which undertaking his affectionate mother lent him £20—to her an absolute fortune—the raising of which must have involved her in trying difficulties, but which he gave himself no rest until he had repaid. It was the year 1835, the year in which he became "of age," and by the character as well as amount of his labour, he soon showed how conscious he was of the duties of full-grown manhood. He became an extensive contributor to the newspapers of the liberal party in Dundee; he delivered political lectures; he made speeches at public meetings. It will be seen from these that he was an enthusiastic politician, as well as a devout believer in the fact that everything good in government can be made better still. But that species of intellectual labour by which he will be best and longest known, and with which we have most to do, consisted of poetry, of which he published a volume, under the title of "Songs and Lyrics." The chief faults of these were, that they were written in many cases in the Scottish dialect, of which he had not full mastery—and that his language, when impassioned, overflowed into redundancy. Had he lived longer, it is probable that a more matured experience would have induced him to abandon the former, and correct the latter error. Even as it is, however, these poems are admirable, considering that they were written at such an early period: they strike those key-notes of the heart which matured age cannot always reach, but to which old age as well as youth can gladly listen. Indeed, the character and spirit of his poetry, so gentle, so thoughtful, and devout, and withal so imbued with deep truthful feeling, are perhaps best embodied and illustrated in the following extract:—

"The green leaves waving in the morning gale—  
The little birds that 'mid their freshness sing—  
The wild-wood flowers, so tender-ey'd and pale—  
The wood-mouse sitting by the forest spring—  
The morning dew—the wild bee's woodland hum,  
All woo my feet to nature's forest home.

"There I can muse, away from living men,  
Reclining peacefully on nature's breast—  
The wood-bird sending up its God-ward strain,  
Nursing the spirit into holy rest!  
Alone with God, within this forest fane,  
The soul can feel that all save Him is vain.

"Here I can learn—will learn—to love all things  
 That he hath made—to pity and forgive  
 All faults, all failings. Here the earth's deep springs  
 Are open'd up, and all on earth who live  
 To me grow nearer, dearer than before—  
 My brother loving, I my God adore."

There were times, however, when the heart of Nicoll, otherwise so gentle, could express its feelings in the most indignant outburst. In proof of this, we have only to allude to his "Bacchanalian," a wild, but eloquent and heart-rending appeal in behalf of the poor, on account of the reckless intemperance with which the pangs of starvation, and the precariousness of utter poverty are too generally accompanied.

The shop which Nicoll opened as a circulating library gave little promise of success: an attachment, also, which he had formed for a young and amiable woman, whom he wished to make his partner in life, induced him to seek more remunerative occupation, for which he had already shown himself to be fully qualified. He therefore left Dundee in 1836, and was soon after appointed editor to the "Leeds Times," through the kind interposition of Mr. Tait, the Edinburgh publisher. He now considered himself settled for life, so that after a short continuance in Leeds he ventured, at the close of 1836, to bid adieu to the love of change, by becoming a married man. Everything now wore the rose-hue of happiness: he had a delightful home, and an affectionate partner, to animate him in his literary duties; and these duties were so successful, that the journal which he conducted was weekly increasing in circulation. But a canker-worm was at the root of this fair-spreading gourd, and even already it was about to wither. The origin of this is to be found more or less in the nature of provincial journalism over the whole of Britain. Although the "Leeds Times" was a large weekly paper, filled within and without, and so ably managed that its circulation was increasing at the rate of 200 subscribers per week, the salary it afforded was nothing more than £100 per annum. Thus it is that the great political *Jupiter Tonans* of a county town, whose *We* seems to "shake the spheres," is often the miserable thrall of a knot of shareholders, whose only aim is to secure a large dividend at the smallest amount of outlay; and thus he is compelled to occupy a position in society for which his income is totally inadequate. It is, in short, the very perfection of poverty, because the show of respectability eats up the substance: the larder is empty, that the neat drawing-room may be kept up. All this Robert Nicoll soon experienced; and although he was already overtoiled with the labours of his journal, which he performed without an assistant, he found that additional toil must be endured to meet the necessary expenditure of his station. He therefore undertook, in the spring of 1837, the task of writing the leading articles of a journal newly started in Sheffield; and this, with his duties in the "Leeds Times," which he continued without abatement, soon turned the balance. His health gave way, and his constitution was broken. He continued to struggle on, and perhaps might have rallied for a new life of exertion, for as yet he had only entered his twenty-third year, but the general parliamentary election, in the summer of 1837, interposed, in which the representation of Leeds was contested between Sir John Becket and Sir William Molesworth; Nicoll espoused the cause of the latter, and entered the contest with such ardour that his health was injured beyond recovery. Unable any longer to toil at the editorial desk, he returned

to Scotland, in the hope that his native air would cure him; but after a few months of painful lingering, he died at Laverock Bank, near Edinburgh, on the 9th of December, 1837. It is gratifying to know that his last days were solaced by the kindness of influential friends, whom his genius and virtues had deeply interested in his behalf. After his death, a complete edition of his poems was published by Mr. Tait, with a biographical sketch prefixed, from which, and a short article in "Tait's Magazine," by Ebenezer Elliott, we have derived the foregoing particulars.

NIMMO, ALEXANDER, F.R.S.E., M.R.I.A.—Among the members of a profession so congenial to the intellectual character of Scotland as that of a civil engineer, Alexander Nimmo deservedly holds an honoured place. He was born at Kirkcaldy, Fifeshire, in 1783. His father, who was distinguished in his own sphere by remarkable talents and acquirements, had originally been a watch-maker, but afterwards kept a hardware store. Alexander's education was commenced at the grammar-school of his native town, afterwards continued for two years at the university of St. Andrews, and completed at the university of Edinburgh. The result was, that besides being an accomplished scholar in Latin and Greek, he was distinguished for his proficiency in algebra and the higher branches of mathematics. The latter departments, however, by which he was ultimately to be brought into notice, employed the greater part of his attention.

As early occupation was necessary for his limited means, Alexander Nimmo, at the age of nineteen, was obliged to commence the business of life as a schoolmaster. This commencement was honourable to his talents, as well as predictive of his future distinction; for it was as rector of the academy of Inverness, a situation laid open to public competition, which he won by a unanimous vote of the trustees, after an examination of three days, where he had several candidates of high talent for competitors. In this situation his scientific attainments were so highly estimated by Mr. Telford, that the latter recommended him to the parliamentary commission appointed for fixing and determining the boundaries of the Scottish counties. On being employed on this arduous scientific duty, Mr. Nimmo accomplished it during the vacations, in a manner that gave complete satisfaction. This was attested by a further recommendation of Mr. Telford in his behalf, to the commissioners for reclaiming the bogs of Ireland, by whom he was appointed to the survey. Mr. Nimmo accordingly repaired thither, and not only constructed an admirable series of maps and reports upon the subject, but thoroughly acquainted himself with the character, manners, and necessities of the Irish peasantry, and the best modes of alleviating their poverty. After this survey was finished, he made a tour through France, Germany, and Holland, to inspect public works, especially those connected with his new profession.

In consequence of the able manner in which Mr. Nimmo had discharged these public duties, fresh occupations were poured upon him, by which his whole life became one of continual action. The first of these, upon his return from the continental tour, was the construction of Dunmore harbour, a work of immense difficulty, in consequence of the great depth of water, and the heavy roll of the Atlantic to which that coast is exposed. After this followed a commission, in which he was employed by the Fishery Board to make surveys of the harbours of Ireland, and construct harbours and piers all round the coast. Another office connected with this duty, and in which he was employed

by the Ballast Board, was to make a chart of the whole coast, which he executed with his usual ability and accuracy. He also compiled a book of sailing directions of St. George's Channel and the Irish coast—a work of high utility in a navigation at that time so imperfectly known, and so full of danger. His services in behalf of Ireland did not here terminate; for, during the great distress of that country in 1822, he was appointed engineer of the western district. The experience which he had formerly acquired while surveying the Irish bogs with a view to their cultivation, was now brought into active practical use; and between the year already mentioned, and 1830, he caused £167,000 to be expended in reclaiming waste land, improving what was as yet but partially cultivated, and establishing new settlements, upon which the destitute peasantry were located and employed. The increase of the revenue of that district to the amount of £106,000 per annum, was the result of these labours and provident outlay, independently of the industry and comfort which they created, and the moral improvement of the population.

The labours of Mr. Nimmo as a civil engineer, extending to the year 1832, are thus briefly enumerated in the notices of his professional career. Besides his surveys in Scotland and Ireland, above thirty piers or harbours were built upon the Irish coast under his direction. He also designed the Wellealey bridge and docks at Limerick. He superintended the construction of the harbour at Perth Cawl in South Wales. Latterly, he was engaged in Lancashire, in projecting a railway from Liverpool to Leeds, and also employed upon the Manchester, Bolton, and Bury railway.

These tasks, which occupied a life of no long continuance, left Mr. Nimmo little time to distinguish himself in authorship, notwithstanding his numerous attainments, and ardent love of science in general; and, therefore, his productions in this way were miscellaneous treatises rather than formal volumes. He wrote an occasional paper for the various periodicals, in which he unbent his mind from the more severe studies of his profession. He also published an article in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, showing how the science of geology might be made available in navigation. He was author of the article in Brewster's Cyclopædia on "Inland Navigation." He wrote, jointly with Mr. Telford, the article on "Bridges;" and with Mr. Nicholson, that on "Carpentry." The evidence he delivered on the trial between the Corporation of Liverpool and the Medway Company, which has been published, was also greatly admired by mathematicians and engineers, as containing a sound and practical elucidation of the scientific principles of their profession.

As Mr. Nimmo's first success in life was owing to his accomplishments as a scholar, his early love of literature continued with him to the close. His acquirements therefore were extensive, so that besides being well acquainted with the classical languages, he was master of French, German, Dutch, and Italian; he was also thoroughly skilled in the sciences of practical astronomy, chemistry, and geology. He died at Dublin, on the 20th of January, 1832, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

## P.

PICKEN, ANDREW.—This amiable and agreeable writer in miscellaneous literature, was born at Paisley in 1788. His father, who was a wealthy and thriving manufacturer of the town of Paisley, intended that his son Andrew should follow the mercantile profession, and to that effect the youth was educated. While still very young, he repaired to the West Indies, but finding, on close trial, that the office he held offered few of those advantages it had promised, he returned home, and obtained a confidential situation in the Bank of Ireland. Here he might have enjoyed years of tranquil comfort, and retired at last with a competence, if he could have contented himself with the monotonous routine of a banking establishment; but, having either too much genius, or too little firmness and self-denial for such a life, he threw up his charge, to the great regret of his friends in Ireland; returned to Scotland, and commenced business in Glasgow on his own account. But, unluckily for his interests, the same restless and aspiring spirit continued to haunt him; and finding the occupations of the counting-house insufficient, he combined them with the more attractive and congenial pursuits of authorship. We can easily guess how such a merchant would be regarded in those days by his brethren of the Tontine, and what faith they would attach to bills subscribed by the same hand that wrote stories and novels. In the meantime, his first work came out, under the title of "Tales and Sketches of the West of Scotland;" and, independently of the novelty of such a *rara avis* as a Glasgow *litterateur*, the intrinsic merits of the work itself secured for it a large share of local popularity. Among these tales, that of "Mary Ogilvie" is an admirable specimen of his dramatic power in investing ordinary events with high interest, and giving them unwonted influence over our best feelings. As an offset, however, to this, one of the sketches produced a very opposite effect; it was "On the Changes of the West of Scotland during the last Half Century;" and every one aware of these changes can easily divine how hard his notices must have occasionally borne upon some of the most influential and worshipful of the rising city of Glasgow. These notices Mr. Picken did not withhold; on the contrary, he revelled among them with such satirical glee, that the strongest part of the community was in arms against him. This, and other additional causes, soon made the metropolis of the west too hot for him, and accordingly he removed to Liverpool. The change of place was accompanied by change of occupation, for in the town of his new residence he commenced the trade of bookseller.

From the foregoing statement it will easily be judged, that whether merchant, banker, or bookseller, Mr. Picken was not likely to be prosperous. He had no love of traffic, either for its own sake or for its profits; and, besides this, he was too sanguine and too credulous either to win money or to keep it. This was especially the case in 1826, when mercantile speculation was so rampant. Induced by the persuasions of friends, he embarked his all among the hazardous ventures of the day, and that all was lost. Even then, however, when his books as a bankrupt were inspected, his integrity was so manifest, that his creditors, after sympathizing with him in his losses, were ready to aid him in commencing business anew; but of this he seemed to think he had got enough.



He now resolved to surrender himself wholly to literature as a profession, and for that purpose he removed to London, with a novel in his pocket, the composition of which had been his solace in the season of distress. This work, entitled the "Sectarian," was published by Colburn, and on its first appearance excited considerable attention, on account of its vivid sketches, chiefly of morbid feelings and their effects; but however such anatomy may interest for the moment, a reaction of pain, or even of absolute disgust is certain to follow, and the work is thrown aside, never to be reopened. This, however, was not the chief cause that made the "Sectarian" a failure. It contained such a sketch of religious melancholy, terminating in madness, as gave offence to the sober-minded, drawn though it was from a living reality. Although this literary production was so unfortunate in itself that it never became popular, and soon passed away, its evidently powerful writing was the means of introducing its author to the editors of our chief periodicals, who were glad to avail themselves of his services, on which account he was a frequent contributor to the reviews and magazines of the day.

Mr. Picken had now fully embarked in authorship as a trade, and with such an amount of talent and perseverance as might have won his way to fortune in any other department. In 1830 he published the "Dominie's Legacy," a work whose success made ample amends for the failure of the "Sectarian," as it raised him at once to a high rank among the delineators of Scottish humble life. In this, too, he succeeded all the more, that instead of converting facts into mere pegs for theories and opinions of his own, he tells right onward what he saw and what he felt, and makes truth and reality everything—a process in which he was sure to carry along with him at least nine-tenths of his readers. His next work was the "Lives of Eminent Missionaries," which he undertook for "Colburn's Juvenile Library;" but as this serial publication was brought to a close before his lives were ready for the press, they were subsequently published in a separate volume by Kidd, and passed through two large impressions. Picken's next work was "The Club Book," a collection of papers, some of which were contributed by distinguished living writers; but even among these, his own tales were not of inferior interest or power. In proof of this may be mentioned the "Three Kearneys," a sketch of Irish life, and the "Deer-stalkers." Soon after the "Club Book," he published a work on the Canadas, but chiefly a compilation, in which he received important aid from his friend Mr. Galt. This was followed by "Waltham," a tale, which appeared in Leitch Ritchie's "Library of Romance."

This rapid succession of works within so brief a period, only seemed to animate Picken to further efforts, and, in 1832, he published "Traditionary Stories of Old Families," in two volumes. He thus ascended to what might be termed the fountain-head and source of the romance of biography. As this was designed merely as the first part of a series that should comprise the legendary history of England, Scotland, and Ireland, the work excited considerable interest among the aristocracy, many of whom offered him free access to their family archives, for the successful continuation of his task. But before he could avail himself of this courteous permission, his career was suddenly terminated. On the 10th of November, 1833, while conversing with his son, he was struck down in a moment with apoplexy, but afterwards rallied so effectually, that hopes of his full recovery were entertained by his family and friends. These hopes proved fallacious, for after an evening of cheerful conversation with

his wife and children, he expired early next morning (the 23d of November), but so tranquilly, that he seemed only to have turned himself again to sleep.

Besides the works we have already enumerated, Picken, a short time before he died, had completed the "Black Watch," a tale containing the origin of the 42nd regiment, and its exploits during the period of Fontenoy, and those stirring campaigns which, as yet, historical novel-writing had left untouched. This work, which he regarded as his best, was the only legacy which he could bequeath to his wife and six children, who were left otherwise unprovided by his death.

PRINGLE, THOMAS.—This excellent poet and miscellaneous writer, was born at Blaiklaw, in Teviotdale, on the 5th of January, 1789, and was the son of a respectable farmer. In infancy he was so unfortunate as to have his hip joint dislocated by an accident, and this evil, which might have been cured, was culpably concealed by his nurse, until it was past remedy, so that he became a cripple for life, and was obliged to use crutches.

Having completed the usual course of preliminary education, Thomas Pringle was sent to the grammar-school of Kelso, and after continuing there three years, he went to Edinburgh, to finish his literary training at the university. Up till this time, owing to his lameness, his life had been one chiefly of reading and contemplation, while his favourite sports were those of a stationary character—fishing, gardening, and mechanical experiments. While a student at the college, he, like most persons of an imaginative temperament, exclusively devoted himself to poetry and *belles lettres*, to which every other acquirement was made auxiliary. At this period, also, his impatience of tyranny and oppression, and stout love of independence were curiously manifested. On hearing that Joanna Baillie's play of the "Family Legend," which was about to be produced in the Edinburgh theatre, had been previously doomed to ruin by a literary clique, and was to be strangled upon the stage, Pringle gallantly shouldered his crutch, and resolved to be the lady's champion. At the head of a body of forty or fifty young men, armed with cudgels, he took possession of the centre of the pit as soon as the doors were opened; and when the play went on, their applauding shouts, seconded by the terrific drumming of their staves, put every token of dissatisfaction to flight, and secured the success of the tragedy. It was the French mob in the gallery, keeping the Convention below to rights—a remedy every whit as mischievous and unjust as the evil which it sought to cure.

As during his stay at college, Pringle had been unable to settle his choice upon any of the learned professions, he betook himself on quitting it to the pursuit of literature; and as some permanent situation was necessary as a mainstay, he became a clerk in the Register Office, where his duty consisted in copying out old records, by which his mind was left unincumbered for the literary occupation of his leisure hours. The fruit of this was a poem called "The Institute," which he published, in conjunction with a poetical friend, in 1811. It seems to have been of a satirical nature, and was abundantly landed; but as his salary from the Register Office was a small one, he soon found that something more than mere commendation was needed. In 1816 he was a contributor to "Albyn's Anthology," and to the "Poetic Mirror," in the last of which he published a poem in imitation of the style of Sir Walter Scott, and of which Sir Walter declared that he wished "the original notes had always been as fine as their echo." But who can forget that benevolence and self-negation which

made Scott so ready to perceive, and even to over-estimate the excellence of others, and prefer it to his own? This poem, which appeared in the form of "An Epistle to R. S.," brought the great poet and his successful imitator into close acquaintanceship. As Pringle's salary was still inadequate, he now set himself in earnest to literature, and resolved to start a new periodical that should supersede the "Scots Magazine," already worn out. His proposals were so well received that he was encouraged to relinquish his clerkship in the Register Office, with the liberty of resuming it should his plan be unsuccessful; and in 1817, the first number of his projected work appeared, under the title of the "Edinburgh Monthly Magazine." In this work at the commencement he had for his coadjutors those who were afterwards to obtain high distinction in literature—Mr. Lockhart, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Neil, Mr. Cleghorn, Dr. Brewster, James Hogg, and the Rev. T. Wright. Mr. Pringle's own contribution was an article on the Gipsies, the materials of which were supplied to him without solicitation by Sir Walter Scott. This spontaneous kindness on the part of the mighty minstrel and Great Unknown was the more generous, as he had intended to use these materials for an article of his own, which was to appear in the "Quarterly Review." About the same time Pringle became editor of the "Star" newspaper, in which, besides the selection and arrangement of materials, he had to write the leading article twice a-week. This, though more than enough, was not all, for in a short time the "Edinburgh Monthly Magazine" changed proprietors, and passed into the well-known title of "Blackwood's Magazine," while Constable's was started at the same time, of which Pringle was editor also. He was thus not only the conductor of two monthly periodicals of high literary aims and expectations, but also of a half-weekly newspaper, and with such a thrice-honoured position, it might have been expected that his fortunes would have thriven in some measure commensurate with his labours. But the two rival magazines could neither continue on peaceful terms, nor remain under a single editorship, and after a furious affray between their supporters, in which Pringle was handled with most unmerited roughness, he withdrew from "Blackwood's Magazine," and attached himself to that of Constable. But the latter periodical was so unproductive, that he was fain to quit it also; and, finally, the "Star" newspaper, which had proved equally unprofitable. To add to his difficulties, he had ventured, when his prospects were most flattering, and before the battle of the magazines had commenced, to enter into marriage with Margaret Brown, daughter of a respectable East Lothian farmer. He had thus given hostages to fortune just before he was deprived of the power to redeem them, so that when the hour of payment came he was poorer than ever. His first step for extrication from his difficulties, was to publish the "Autumnal Excursion, and other Poems;" but the poetical field at that season was so preoccupied with "Moor-troopers," "Giacours," and "Corsairs," and so hostile to "Excursions" of all kinds, from Wordsworth downwards, that Pringle's volume, though appreciated by the judicious few, brought him little or no profit. He then resumed, at the beginning of 1819, his laborious and scantily-paid drudgery at the Register Office, while his late literary compeers were rapidly advancing to fame and fortune.

Pringle's condition was now as disastrous as it well could be. He was no longer a buoyant stripling, who could be content with bread and cheese, and a garret, as the mere starting-point of a race before him. The race, as it seemed, was already over, and the sun was going down while the course was but half

finished. He thus found himself under a stern necessity of quitting the land of his fathers, that he might find the means of living elsewhere—a necessity as grievous to a literary Scot as it is to the literary man of any country whatever. The direction of his pilgrimage alone was in question, and that was quickly settled. His father and four brothers, who had followed the occupation of agriculture, had been as unfortunate as himself, and were equally ready to embark with him in the bold enterprise of commencing life anew, while South Africa was at present the favourite quarter of Scottish emigration. A grant of land was soon obtained from government, at this time desirous of colonizing the unoccupied districts of the Cape of Good Hope, and Thomas Pringle, accompanied by his father, two brothers, and several friends—comprising, in all, twelve men, six women, and six children, embarked for the Cape in February, 1820.

Of all possible governments, that of Sancho Panza's island of Barataria not excepted, the most difficult of management, and the most prolific of political discontent and quarrel, is that of a British colony. We well know that it is neither the most contented nor the most moral of our population who leave their native land for the purpose of becoming colonists. On the contrary, every one who has made his country too hot for him—every one who hates the powers that be, and wishes to escape their restrictions—every one who dreams some impossible theory of liberty, which he hopes to realize at the greatest possible distance from the home-government—hoists sail for the new land, as if everything were to be reversed for the better the nearer he approaches the antipodes. With such a population, what system of rule short of martial law can be available? A soldier-governor is therefore commonly imposed upon our colonies; one who, having been accustomed to implicit military obedience, will have no toleration either for mutiny or murmur. In such a case the result will be misunderstanding and discontent between the ruler and the ruled. The former, while he cries "Eyes right!" is only looked at the more askew; and while he thinks of the summary processes of the black hole or the triangles, his mutinous brigades are talking about the rights of man, the liberty of the subject, Brutus and Hampden, and Magna Charta. Such is the origin of nine-tenths of our colonial quarrels; and, in most cases, they may be traced to misunderstanding rather than misrule. These explanations it would perhaps be well to keep in mind, when we read of the injuries sustained by Thomas Pringle at the hands of our Cape government.

The emigrant party landed at Algoa Bay, on the 5th of June, 1820, and proceeded to their location, a wild and lonely district, to which they gave the name of Glen-Lynden. It comprised twenty thousand acres of land—a magnificent idea when applied to the rich fields of England or even of Scotland, but very different in South Africa, where everything was to be grown, and where, in perhaps half the territory at least, nothing could be made to grow. Here Thomas Pringle, whose lameness precluded him from more active employment, officiated as mechanic, gardener, physician, teacher, and occasionally as chaplain, to the emigrants and their neighbours. After having remained with them till 1822, when they were comfortably settled, Pringle travelled by land for the purpose of residing at Cape Town, and during this journey his observant eye saw much of what was strange and interesting, a full account of which he afterwards published in his "Narrative." The situation of librarian to the government library at Cape Town had been already awarded him, and

though the salary was only £75 per annum, this small modicum was regarded as the foretaste of better things to come. All promised this, indeed, in a colony which had lately passed into our hands, and where a British population and character were to be superinduced, as speedily as possible, upon the original Dutch colonization. Slavery was to be extinguished, churches and schools to be erected, the English language to be established, and all things changed for the better. This was the commencement of a colonial millennium, into which Pringle threw himself with ardour. Eager to be at the head of the literary and educational departments of this happy change, he received pupils for private instruction; wrote to his talented friend Mr. Fairbairn, in Scotland, to come out to his aid, for the land lay before them to enter and possess it; and planned, in conjunction with the Rev. Mr. Faure, a Dutch minister in Cape Town, the publication of a new periodical for the wider dissemination of knowledge, that should be written both in Dutch and English. This last project would have been admirable in London or Edinburgh; but in a colony where discontent was so rife—above all, in a conquered colony, where the two European races were still at daggers-drawing—what individual man, however good or talented, could be intrusted with the unlimited power of publishing what he pleased? Besides, was there not already the "Government Gazette," which contained everything, in the shape of political intelligence, at least, that the colonists needed to know? It was no wonder that Pringle's application for permission to start his journal was refused. He received a verbal answer from the governor, through his secretary, intimating that "the application had not been seen in a favourable light." Nothing, of course, remained for him but submission; but as the arrival of British commissioners was expected, who were to examine into the state of the colony, he hoped they would sanction his proposal. The commissioners arrived, and thought well of it; but all that they could do was to report of it to the home government. Thus thrown back for an indefinite period, if not for ever, he resumed his educational labours with greater zeal than before; and Mr. Fairbairn having arrived from Scotland, the two were soon at the head of a large flourishing boarding establishment of pupils at Cape Town. And now it was that a whole sunny shower of good fortune had commenced, and was to fall upon him as it had done in Edinburgh; for while he was thus prospering, the home government had received his proposals of a new journal, and sent out full permission for its commencement. Thus the "South African Journal" started into life upon the original plan, one edition being in Dutch, and the other in English. Soon after, Mr. Greig, a printer, encouraged by this beginning, commenced the "South African Commercial Advertiser," a weekly newspaper, of which Pringle also undertook the editorship. He was again a twofold editor, as well as government librarian, and at the head of an educational establishment which was daily becoming more prosperous. But how long was this good fortune to last?—scarcely even so long as it had done in Edinburgh, while the downfall that followed was to be more sudden and complete.

The commencement of the evil was of a kind always dangerous to free, high-spirited, colonial journalism—it was a government trial. A person named Edwards had libelled the governor, and was tried for the offence, while a report of the proceedings was expected in Pringle's newspaper. This expectation was fulfilled; but as it was a ticklish duty, the editor had done his best to expunge from it whatever he thought might be offensive to the ruling powers. Still,

the feeling on the other side was that he had not expunged enough, and a stringent remedy was forthwith applied to prevent all such shortcomings in future. The fiscal was ordered to proceed to the printing-office, and assume the censorship of the press. This interference, however deemed necessary on the one side, was not to be tolerated on the other; and Pringle and his colleague, who had no other remedy, abandoned their editorships of the "South African Commercial Advertiser," while Greig, its printer, for announcing his purpose to appeal to the home government, was ordered to leave the colony within a month. The "South African Journal" was the next point of attack on the part of the zealous fiscal, as in the second number, which had just been published, certain obnoxious paragraphs had appeared; and although Pringle declared that had he seen them in time he would have expunged them, or suppressed the number, the plea of inadvertence, so available to journalists at home, was not judged sufficient in South Africa. The dragon's teeth of Cadmus, which, if sown at the foot of Hymettus, would not have produced a dragonet, or even a lizard, were enough, in the mischievous soil of Boeotia, to bring forth a whole harvest of pugnacious homicides. The fiscal performed his duty to his employer, and Pringle his to literature and the liberty of the press, so that the magazine was discontinued, and the fact announced in the Gazette. And now entered a third and more formidable element of discord to deepen the confusion. The public at large were determined not to be bereaved of their periodical, and a petition to that effect, and numerously signed, was presented to the colonial council. In this trying dilemma, the governor, Lord Charles Somerset, had recourse to what he would no doubt have called negotiation, but which Pringle termed "bullying;" and sending for the latter, subjected him to a very stormy course of questioning, which he answered with equal spirit, and, perhaps, with almost equal asperity. The result was, that Pringle sent in his resignation of librarian, and thus shook himself loose of every government tie. But this was no expiation; on the contrary, it was regarded as a defiance of government, and as such it was treated. Every mode of disparagement was therefore brought against him by the government officials and their adherents, which soon told upon the prosperity of his seminary; for who could venture to send his children thither, when its proprietor was under the ban of the colonial aristocracy? The school was soon closed; and thus bereft of every resource, Pringle, with his wife and sister-in-law, left the colony, and arrived in London on the 7th of July, 1826. He had still two sources of consolation in his affliction, of which his enemies could not deprive him. He had given such a literary and educational impulse to the colony, that the good work was certain to go on and prosper, even though it was deprived of his presence. And as for the community which he had been the means of planting at Glen-Lynden, their numbers at his departure had been doubled, while their industry had so effectually enriched the wilderness, that every year promised to bring them additional comfort and abundance.

On returning home, Pringle applied at headquarters for a compensation of his losses, which he estimated at a thousand pounds; but the claim was disallowed, as his statement of wrongs sustained from the colonial government was contradicted by the Chief Justice of the Cape. To add to his difficulties, that sum which was refused him he must now refund, for he was a thousand pounds in debt, in consequence of the abrupt manner in which his prospects in the colony had been crushed. He must once more place his sole reliance in his pen,

a fatal necessity, which he had always deprecated. He edited an annual entitled "Friendship's Offering," and seemed to be irrecoverably doomed to such humble and precarious authorship, when, fortunately, an article which he had written upon the subject of slavery in South Africa before he left the colony, and transmitted to the "New Monthly Magazine," arrested the attention of Messrs. Z. Macaulay and Buxton, by whose influence he was appointed secretary to the Anti-slavery Society. No situation could have been more accordant with his predilections. He had hitherto been the advocate of the enslaved Hottentot and injured Caffre, while the recollection of his own wrongs gave a double edge to his remonstrances, and fresh fire to his eloquence; but now there was full scope for his pen upon the subject, and that, too, not in behalf of one or two tribes, but of humanity at large. He not only threw himself heartily into the work, but inspired others with congenial enthusiasm, while the directors of the society could not sufficiently admire the greatness of his zeal and value of his services. At length, as all the world well knows, the persevering labours of the slavery abolitionists were crowned with success, and on the 27th of June, 1834, the document of the society announcing the act of abolition, and inviting all interested in the cause to set apart the approaching 1st of August as a day of religious gratitude and thanksgiving, was signed "Thomas Pringle." In this way he had unconsciously been removed from Africa, the interests of whose oppressed children he had so deeply at heart, to a situation where he could the most effectually promote the great work to which his philanthropic energies were devoted. What, compared with this, would his solitary appeals have been in behalf of Hottentots, Bosjesmen, and Bechuanas?

And now his appointed work was done. He had lived, and toiled, and succeeded—and what further can man expect upon earth? Only the day after the document was given forth that proclaimed the triumph of Africa and humanity, Pringle was attacked by his last illness, and from the most trivial of causes—a crumb of bread that had passed down the windpipe, and occasioned a severe fit of coughing, by which some small blood-vessel was lacerated. Consumption followed; but, unaware of the fact, his chief wish was to return to the Cape, and settle, with a few hundred pounds, upon a farm on the frontier of Caffraria. As a voyage was judged necessary for the recovery of his health, he resolved to combine this with his wish to become a settler, and had engaged a passage to the Cape, with his wife and sister-in-law; but his disease assumed such an aspect that he was unable to embark. The result may be easily guessed; he sunk under the cureless malady, and expired on the 5th of December, 1834, in his forty-sixth year. His remains were interred in Bunhill Fields, and a stone, with an elegant inscription by William Kennedy, marks the place where they lie.

## R.

**RANDOLPH THOMAS, EARL OF MORAY.**—This ancient Scottish paladin, who occupies so prominent a part in the wars of Robert Bruce, was sister's son of that great sovereign. He first appears among the adherents of good King Robert, when the latter commenced his desperate attempt to win the crown of Scotland, and make it worth wearing. In this way his name, as Thomas Randolph, knight of Strah-don, occurs in the list of that intrepid band who crowned

his uncle at Scone; and in the disastrous skirmish soon after, near Methven, he was one of the prisoners who fell into the hands of the English. As the insurgent Scots were regarded as rebels against their liege lord, Edward I., the usual laws of war were dispensed with; and thus, either with or without trial, the noblest and best of Scotland were consigned to the dungeon or the gallows. The worst of these alternatives would probably have been the fate of Randolph, in consequence of his near relationship to Bruce, had not the brave Adam De Gordon, who was a favourite with the English king, interceded in his behalf. Randolph's life in consequence was spared, but it was only on condition that he should swear fealty to Edward; and to this he submitted with that facility so characteristic of the knightly fidelity of the middle ages. He swore that he would be Edward's man, and the deadly enemy of all his enemies (including, of course, his own uncle and kindred), and thus was transformed in a trice from a Scottish patriot into a friend and servant of the oppressor. If anything can apologize for such tergiversation, it might be the difficulty of deciding at times with which party the right remained; and many may have thought, with Sir Roger de Coverly, that much might be said on both sides—especially when they had a gallows in view.

Randolph having thus changed his party, appears to have fought for it with a courage that did not belie his future renown. He was even among that band, headed by Aymer de Valence and John of Lorn, that chased Robert Bruce among the wilds of Galloway with blood-hounds, and nearly succeeded in capturing or slaying him. On this occasion, Sir Thomas pursued the chase so eagerly, that he took his uncle's standard-bearer prisoner, along with the royal banner. But this unworthy alienation was not to continue much longer, and an event occurred by which Randolph was to be recovered to his country and his true fame. At this time Sir James Douglas, renowned far and wide by his terrible vengeance upon the English, who had garrisoned the castle of his fathers, was entrenched among the depths of Ettrick Forest, and making it good by prowess and stratagem against every assailant. This was a tempting adventure for Randolph, and accordingly, accompanied by Sir Alexander Stewart of Bonkill, and Sir Adam Gordon—Anglicized Scots, like himself—he set off upon the enterprise, and encamped for the night at a solitary house on the Lyne-water, a tributary stream that falls into the Tweed a little above Peebles. Douglas, however, whom no enemy ever caught asleep, happened to be in the neighbourhood; and on approaching the house, he overheard some one within exclaiming "the devil!" with true military emphasis. Guessing from this token that the building was tenanted by stout soldiers, he made a sudden assault, scattered the surprised inmates, and captured Stewart and Randolph, whom he conducted to his master next morning. The meeting between the king and his renegade nephew was characteristic of such a party-changing period. "Nephew," said Bruce, "you have for a while renounced your faith, but now you must be reconciled to me." "You reproach me," answered the nephew sharply, "and yet better deserve to be reproached yourself; for since you made war against the king of England, you should have vindicated your right in the open field, and not by cowardly sleights and skirmishes." "That may hereafter fall out, and soon," replied the king—who had commenced in this very fashion, until misfortune taught him a wiser course of action—"meantime, since you have spoken so rudely, it is fitting that your proud words should receive due chastisement, until you learn to know the right, and bow to it as you ought." After this



sage rebuke, Randolph was sent into close and solitary confinement, to digest the lesson at leisure. How wisely such a punishment was inflicted, and how well it wrought, was attested not only in the future life of Randolph, but in the history of his country.

On being set at liberty, Randolph was not only restored to the king's favour, but invested with the earldom of Moray, which had large territories attached to it; and having set these in order, he repaired to that warfare in which he was to be surpassed by none except Bruce himself. It was now also, perhaps, that the generous rivalry commenced between him and his gallant captor, Sir James Douglas, which continued to the end of their lives. This noble contention was now signalized by the "good Lord James" undertaking the siege of Roxburgh Castle, and Randolph that of Edinburgh, the two strongest fortresses in the kingdom, and still in possession of the English. The garrison in Edinburgh Castle was commanded by Sir Piers Leland, a knight of Gascony, but the soldiers having suspected him of holding communication with the Scottish king, deposed and imprisoned him, and set one of their own countrymen in his place, who was both wight and wise. While Randolph beleaguered the well-defended castle, tidings reached him that Douglas had succeeded at Roxburgh; and perceiving that force was useless, he resolved, like his rival in arms, to have recourse to stratagem. A favourable opportunity soon occurred. One of his soldiers, William Frank, had in his youth been wont to descend from the apparently inaccessible ramparts by a secret way in the rock, aided by a ladder of ropes, to visit a woman in the town with whom he intrigued; and he now offered to be the foremost man in conducting a party up the same path, which he still distinctly remembered. The proposal was accepted, and Randolph, with thirty followers, and Frank for his guide, commenced at midnight this dangerous escalade. With the aid of a rope-ladder they ascended in file, one man following another in silence, and by ways where a single false step might have precipitated the whole party to the bottom, or roused the sentinels above. They could even hear the footsteps of the guards going their rounds upon the ramparts. At this instant a stone came whizzing over their heads, with a cry from above, "Aha! I see you!" and they thought that all was over. "Now, help them, God," exclaims Barbour, at this point of the narrative, "for in great peril are they!" But the sentry who had thrown the stone and uttered the cry, saw and suspected nothing, and was merely diverting his companions. After waiting till all was quiet, they resumed their desperate attempt, but had scarcely reached the top of the wall, Randolph being the third man who ascended, than the alarmed garrison rushed out upon them, and a desperate fight commenced. It fared, however, with the English as is the wont of such strange surprisals; they were confounded, driven together in heaps, and unfitted either for safe flight or effectual resistance. The result was, that the governor and several of his soldiers were slain, others threw themselves from the ramparts, and the rest surrendered.

While the report of this gallant deed was still circulating throughout the country, those events occurred that led to the battle of Bannockburn. At this great assize of arms, which seemed to be the last appeal of Scottish liberty previous to the final and decisive sentence, the arrangements which Bruce made for the trial were such a master-piece of strategy as has seldom been equalled, even by the science of modern warfare. Among these dispositions, the command of the left wing was intrusted to Randolph, with strict charge to

prevent the English from throwing reinforcements into the castle of Stirling. Here, however, the cunning captor of Edinburgh Castle was about to be outwitted in turn, for 800 horsemen detached from the English army, under the command of Sir Robert Clifford, made a circuit by the low grounds to the east, and, unperceived by Randolph, whose post they had thus turned, were in full progress to the castle. The quick military eye of Bruce detected the movement, and riding up to the earl, he pointed to the detachment, and sharply exclaimed, "A rose has fallen from your chaplet!" Impatient to retrieve his lost honour, and recover the important pass, which was the key of the Scottish position, Randolph, at the head of 500 spearmen, hurried off with such speed, that he soon interposed his force between the enemy and the castle. The English thus interrupted, resolved to reach the castle by trampling down the little band with a single charge, and for this purpose came on with loosened rein. This contempt of foot soldiers, which was common to the chivalry of the period, cost them dear, for Randolph causing his men to place themselves in a ring, back to back, with their spears pointing outward, presented an impenetrable hedge to the enemy, through which they were unable to ride. Still, the appearance of that charge, as seen from the Scottish army, was so terrible, and the little phalanx was so eclipsed by the throng of cavaliers that surrounded and seemed to tread it under foot, that Sir James Douglas could endure the sight no longer, and cried to the king, "Ah, sir! the Earl of Moray is in danger unless he is aided: with your leave, therefore, I will speed to his rescue." "No," replied the king, "you shall not stir a foot for him: whether he may win or lose, I cannot alter my plan of battle." But Douglas was not to be thus silenced. "I may not stand by," he impetuously exclaimed, "when I can bring him aid, and therefore, with your leave, I will assuredly help him or die with him!" Having extorted from the king a reluctant assent, he hastened to the aid of his rival; but before he could reach the spot, he saw that the Scottish phalanx was still unbroken, while the English cavalry were reeling in disorder, and had already lost some of their bravest. On seeing this, Douglas cried to his party, "Halt! our friends will soon be victorious without our help; let us not therefore lessen their glory by sharing it!" His prediction was accomplished, for Randolph and his band so bestirred themselves, that the English were broken and chased off the field, while the earl, with the loss of only one yeoman, returned to his companions.

In the great battle that followed, by which the independence of Scotland was secured, the master-mind and towering form of the Bruce are so pre-eminent over every part of the field, that no room is left for meaner men. On this account we cannot discover the gallant Randolph amidst the dust and confusion of the strife, where he no doubt performed the office of a gallant man-at-arms, as well as a wise and prompt captain. He figures, indeed, in Barbour, where, as leader of the left wing, he resisted the shock of the English cavalry, in which the enemy chiefly rested their hopes, and kept his ground so gallantly, although his troops looked "as that war plunget in the sea," that

"Quha sa had sene thaim that day,  
I trow forsooth that thai suld say  
That thai suld do thair delvoir wele,  
Swa that thair fayis suld it felle."

His name next appears in the parliament held at Ayr on the 26th of April,

1315, when an act was passed for the succession to the crown of Scotland. On this occasion it was ordained, that should the king or his brother, Edward Bruce, die during the minority of the heirs male of their bodies, "Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray, should be guardian of the heir, and of the kingdom, until the major part of the states should hold the heir fit to administer the government in his own person." In an important event that occurred only one month afterwards—the invasion of the Scots into Ireland, for the purpose of driving the English out of that island, and placing Edward Bruce upon its throne—Randolph was one of the principal leaders of the expedition, and, as such, was repeatedly employed in bringing over reinforcements from Scotland. Three years afterwards (1318), while Bruce was laying siege to Berwick, Spalding, one of the citizens, who had been harshly treated by the governor of Berwick, offered, by letter written to a Scottish nobleman, to betray upon a certain night the post upon which he was appointed to mount guard. This lord, unwilling to act in so important a matter upon his own responsibility, brought the letter to the king. "You did well," said Bruce, "that you revealed this to me, instead of to Randolph or to Douglas, for you would thus have offended the one whom you did not trust. Both of them, however, shall aid you in this adventure." The rival pair were accordingly enlisted for the purpose, and under their joint efforts the important town of Berwick was taken in a few hours.

The loss of Berwick was so disastrous to the English, as it furnished an open door to Scottish invasion, that they made every effort to recover it; and for this purpose they laid siege to it in such force, and with a camp so well fortified, that to assail them would have been a perilous adventure. Bruce, therefore, resolved to withdraw them by an invasion of England, and for this purpose sent Randolph and Douglas, at the head of 15,000 soldiers, who penetrated through the West Marches, wasted Yorkshire, and attempted to carry off the queen of Edward II., at that time residing near York, whom they meant to keep as a hostage for their retention of Berwick. But, unluckily for these heroes—and more unluckily by far for her husband, to whom her bondage would have been a blessing—the queen escaped when she was almost within their toils. A battle followed soon after, in which the English, under the command of the Archbishop of York, were routed at Mitton, near Borough-Bridge, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, with great slaughter; and such was the number of priests who accompanied the standard of the archbishop, and fell on this occasion, that the Scots derisively termed it the "Chapter of Mitton." This event raised the siege of Berwick, and although the English army on its way homeward endeavoured to intercept the Scots, Randolph and Douglas eluded them, and returned in safety to Scotland. Another expedition into England, in which the pair were engaged under the leading of Bruce himself, occurred in 1322, or three years after the victory at Mitton. On this occasion the Scots almost succeeded, by a forced march, in capturing Edward II. himself, at the monastery of Biland, in Yorkshire; and although he escaped with difficulty to York, it was after leaving all his baggage and treasure in the hands of the pursuers. During this campaign Bruce resolved to attack the English camp, which was so completely fortified that it could only be reached, as was supposed, by a narrow pass. This pass Douglas undertook to force, and Randolph generously left his own command to serve as volunteer under him. The English gallantly defended this entrance to the camp; but while their attention was thus wholly

occupied, Bruce, who was skilled in mountain warfare, turned their position in the rear by a body of Highlanders and Islesmen, who scaled the precipices, and unexpectedly came down upon the English while they were fully occupied with Randolph and Douglas in front.

The Earl of Moray was now to combat the enemy upon a new field of battle, and with very different weapons, in the capacity of envoy to the court of Rome, by which his sovereign had been excommunicated for the murder of Comyn, and where envoys from England were busily employed in stirring up the pontiff against the Scots. It was a strange match, where an illiterate soldier had to confront a conclave—a blunt straightforward Scot to wage a controversy with Italian cunning and finesse—and it was a still stranger result that the ultramontane, the barbarian, the man of Thule, should have had the best of it. Perhaps the College of Cardinals thought it impossible that such a person could know anything of the “trick of fence” in a political conflict, and therefore did not think it worth while to “lie at their old ward.” Be that as it may, Randolph managed the negotiation so wisely and dexterously, that in spite of the evil odour under which his master’s reputation suffered at the papal court, and in spite of the intervention of wealthy powerful England—compared with which the interests of Scotland were of little price at Rome—the pope accorded to Bruce a temporary absolution, by refusing the request of his enemies to ratify and publish, in due form, the sentence of excommunication—accorded to the Scots the right of electing their own bishops, although they had been accused of despising the authority of the church, slaughtering ecclesiastics, and subjecting them to capital trial and punishment, and showing, on not a few occasions, a strong leaning towards heresy—and gave Bruce himself the title of KING, thus recognizing his right to rule as a legitimate sovereign, notwithstanding his ecclesiastical offences, the claims of the house of Comyn to the Scottish throne, and the still more formidable pretensions of Edward II. himself, as lord paramount of Scotland. After having suffered these concessions to be extracted from him, the pope seems to have been astonished at his own facility; and he wrote accordingly to the king of England an apologetic letter, in which he fully stated the inducements presented to him by the Scottish envoy. This missive is a most incontestable proof of the sagacity of Randolph, and shows that he was as fitted to excel in diplomacy as in war.

After having accomplished the emancipation of Scotland, the great work for which he had lived, and toiled, and suffered, Robert Bruce, prematurely worn out by his heroic exertions, and languishing under an incurable disease, retired to a castle on the banks of the Clyde, to spend in peace the few days that might be allotted him, and prepare for his departure. Still it was necessary, for the purpose of securing the advantages he had already won, to continue the war against England, until the independence of his country was fully recognized by the latter. This was the more necessary, as Edward III. had now succeeded to the English throne, and, although only sixteen years old, was already impatient to win his spurs, and giving promise that he might become as formidable a foe to Scotland as his grandfather, Edward I., had been. Bruce, therefore, from his sick-bed, dictated the plan of a formidable invasion into England, and intrusted the management of it to Randolph and Douglas, upon whose fitness for the undertaking he could now confidently rely, for hitherto they had been his right and left arms during the course of the eventful war. Seldom, indeed, have two military rivals been so completely at one in their joint undertakings, so that what the

wisdom of the one could plan, the daring courage of the other was fully ready to execute. In this respect Randolph, who was the chief leader of the enterprise, appears to have wonderfully changed from that fiery young knight of Strah-don, who joined in the hot chase against his uncle in the wilds of Galloway, and afterwards, when taken prisoner, had reproached him to his beard for having recourse to delays and stratagems, instead of hazarding all upon an open field. His wisdom was as conspicuous through the whole of this singular campaign, as the daring valour and chivalrous deeds of the Douglas. Into the particulars of the campaign itself we do not enter, as these have been fully detailed in another part of this work.\* After the pair had wrought fearful havoc, defied the whole chivalry of England, and shifted their ground so rapidly that they could not be overtaken, or intrenched themselves so skilfully that they could not be attacked, they returned to Scotland unmolested, and laden with plunder. The blow they had dealt on this occasion was so heavy, that England, wearied with so disastrous a strife, succumbed to a treaty of peace, which was ratified in a parliament held at Northampton in April, 1328. The conditions were glorious to Scotland, for by these the independence of the kingdom was recognized, and all the advantages that Edward I. had won with so much toil and expense, were renounced and relinquished; and, if not honourable, they were absolutely necessary for England, whose treasures were exhausted, and her people dispirited by defeat, while her councils, controlled by a profligate queen and her minion, promised to end in nothing but ruin and shame.

Only a year after this event, by which Bruce's utmost hopes were realized, he breathed his last, at Cardross, surrounded by the faithful warriors who had partaken of his victories, as well as his trials and cares. His dying testament, which he gave on this occasion, for the future protection of the kingdom, as well as the commission which he intrusted to the "good Lord James," to carry his heart to the holy sepulchre, are matters familiar to every reader of Scottish history. By the act of settlement, passed in 1315, Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray, became regent of the kingdom during the minority of his young cousin, David II.

On entering upon the duties of the regency, the Earl of Moray showed himself not only an able but strict and stern justiciary. In such a situation, indeed, severity to the criminal was true clemency to society at large, in consequence of the wild insecurity which so protracted a warfare had occasioned. The strictness with which he enforced the laws, gives us not only a strange picture of the state of society in general, but the nature of Scottish legislation since the days of Malcolm Canmore. Minstrels and players, who often made their profession a cover for every kind of license, he prohibited from wandering about the country, under severe penalties. If any one assaulted a traveller, or any public officer while in the discharge of his duty, he made it lawful for any man to kill the offender. To prevent robberies, and promote a feeling of security among the industrious, he made a law that the countrymen should leave their iron tools and plough-gear in the field, and that they should not shut their houses nor stalls at night. If anything was stolen, the loss was to be repaired by the sheriff of the county, and the sheriff was to be reimbursed by the king; and the king was to be indemnified out of the goods of the robbers when they were taken. To insure the due execution of the laws, he also held justice-aides,

\* See "Sir James Douglas," vol. ii., pp. 111-113.

travelling for this purpose over the whole country; and while his sentences were severe, and often measured by the mere purpose of the criminal, whether it had succeeded or not, prompt execution was certain to follow. Thus, at a justice-court which he held at Wigton, a man complained at his tribunal that an ambush was placed in a neighbouring wood for the purpose of murdering him, but that happily he escaped it, and now claimed protection. Randolph immediately sent to the place, where the men in ambush were arrested, and had them forthwith executed, as if they had committed the murder. On another occasion, he showed an instance of boldness in vindicating the claims of natural justice, in defiance of ecclesiastical immunities, upon which few in England, or even in Europe, whether magistrate or king, would have dared to venture. A man having slain a priest, had subsequently passed over to Rome, where, after confession of his offence, and full performance of penance, he received clerical absolution. Being thus, as he thought, *rectus in curia*, he ventured back to Scotland, as if every penalty had been liquidated, and, in an evil hour for himself, ventured into the presence of Randolph, while the latter was holding a justice-court at Inverness. The quick eye of the earl detected the culprit, who was immediately arrested, and placed on trial for the murder. The man pleaded that the person he had slain was a priest, not a layman; and that for this he had received the absolution of the church, whose subject the priest was. But this was not enough for Randolph; the priest, he said, was a Scottish subject and king's liege-man, irrespective of his clerical office; and, therefore, as the murderer of a Scottish subject, the culprit was adjudged to suffer the full penalty of the law.

Although a perpetual peace had been ratified between Scotland and England, the injuries each country had received were too recent, and the claims for compensation were too numerous and unreasonable, to give hope that it would be lasting. Scarcely, therefore, had Randolph held the regency for three years, when certain English nobles, who were disappointed in the recovery of their Scottish estates, adopted the cause of Baliol as their pretext for breaking the treaty of Northampton, and made formidable preparations to invade Scotland by sea. In consequence of this intelligence, Randolph assembled an army, and marched to Colbrandspath, expecting the invasion would be made by land; but as soon as he learned that the enemy had embarked at Ravenshire in Holderness, he turned his course northwards, to be ready for the assailants at whatever point they might land in the Forth. But on reaching Musselburgh, his last march was ended. For some time past he had been afflicted with that excruciating disease, the stone, and he suddenly died on the 20th of July, 1332, in the midst of his political anxieties and warlike preparations. Never, indeed, has Scotland—so often harassed with minority and interregnum—possessed, either before or afterwards, such a deputy-sovereign, with the single exception of his noble namesake of after centuries, that Earl of Moray who was called "the good regent." Randolph's death was the commencement of heavy woes for Scotland. From the suddenness of his departure, and its disastrous consequences, it was suspected that the invaders, who had no hope of success as long as he lived, had caused him to be removed by poison; but the incurable nature of the malady under which he died sufficiently accounts for his decease.

REID, JOHN, M.D., Chandos Professor of Anatomy and Medicine in the University of St. Andrews.—This talented anatomist and physiologist, who was so unexpectedly removed from us when his value was just beginning to be

estimated by the world, was born at Bathgate, Linlithgowshire, on the 9th of April, 1809. He was the sixth child of Henry Reid, a thriving farmer and cattle-dealer. The commencement of his education was rather unpropitious; for before he knew the grammar of his own language, he was sent to learn that of Latin, under one of those frowzy village pedagogues who were so plentiful in Scotland, as well as England, when normal schools were as yet unknown. Under, or rather, we should say, in spite of such a preceptor, John Reid made a respectable proficiency in classical learning; and at the age of fourteen he was sent to the university of Edinburgh, where, for the first two or three years, he chiefly devoted himself to the study of Latin, Greek, and mathematics. But a love of literature for its own sake was not his characteristic: it was merely the means to an end, and not the end itself, and he valued it chiefly as the exponent of thought in those scientific pursuits to which his life was devoted. The same love of science induced him to direct his studies to the medical profession, instead of the church, which had been originally selected for his career. In the many departments of the healing art, those of anatomy and physiology exclusively attracted his attention, and upon these, while a student, he laid the secure foundation of his future distinction. After five years spent as a medical student, he obtained, in 1830, the diploma of surgeon and physician. On receiving the last and most honourable of these appointments, there were not less than 106 candidates who obtained the diploma of M.D. on the same day. On this occasion, a velvet cap is placed for a moment upon each head successively—resembling the now almost forgotten process in Scotland of extinguishing a chandelier of candles. This useful and wonder-working cap, that converts raw lads into learned doctors by a single touch, was supposed to have been originally the head-gear of George Buchanan. At the university of St. Andrews the case is better still, as their graduating cap is supposed to have been made out of a part of the velvet dress of John Knox.

On becoming a physician, Dr. Reid's first wish was to receive a medical appointment in the navy for two or three years, in the hope of seeing the world, and establishing himself in his profession. But as no opportunity of this kind occurred, he accepted the office of clerk or assistant-physician in the clinical wards of the Edinburgh Infirmary. After discharging its duties for a twelve-month with great ability, he repaired to Paris in the autumn of 1831, for the purpose of improving himself in its medical schools. His enthusiastic application in the French capital was well requited by the lessons of Louis and Andral, two of the most distinguished physicians, and Dupuytren and Listrane, the most skilful surgeons in Paris, whose lectures he attended. His description of the daily routine while thus employed, although so brief, gives a full idea of his diligence:—"I go to one of the hospitals for three hours in the morning, before breakfast; immediately after breakfast I go to the dissecting-rooms for three or four hours, then attend a lecture or two, return to dinner, and pass the evening at home." On his return to Scotland in 1832, uncertain where to commence his labours, he soon found that a choice had been made for him, by a stern necessity over which he had no control. The cholera had entered the country, and was making fearful havoc in Dumfries; and as the regular physicians of the district were too few to withstand the sudden and overwhelming visitation, four medical men were sent to their aid from Edinburgh, of whom Dr. Reid was one. He had seen the worst of this terrible calamity in Paris, and learned its mode of treatment: he was also aware of the danger which it entailed upon the physi-

cian as well as the patient. Undismayed, however, by his full knowledge of the peril, he set off with this "forlorn hope," and remained a whole month in the midst of infection, until the plague was stayed; and this, too, in spite of an alarming attack of peritonitis, that threatened every moment while it lasted to involve him in the fate of the sufferers, by increasing his liability to infection. The duties which he had to undergo in Dumfries during his short sojourn there, were such as required the utmost of moral heroism. "It was terrible work," he thus wrote, "for the first few days. It was truly the City of the Plague. Such dreadful scenes I should never wish to be again obliged to witness; and what aggravated in no small degree the miseries and horrors inseparable from the agonies and dying groans of so many sufferers was, that the dread of contagion seemed to have torn asunder the social bonds of society, and the wretched victim had too often occasion to upbraid, with his last breath, the selfish fear of friends, and even of his nearest relations."

On the cessation of this most fearful of plagues, Dr. Reid, after a short interval, and while he was yearning for active employment, received two offers. The one was to settle in a medical vacancy near his native Bathgate, where he might have secured the quiet, easy, and respectable life of a country doctor, and talked politics with the parish minister, or general gossip with the laird's family. The other offer was to become a partner in the school of anatomy in Old Surgeons' Hall, Edinburgh, where the growing crowd of students required an addition to the usual staff of instructors. Here, as demonstrator, his duty would be a revolting one. He would have to wait all day, like a ghoul, in the dissecting-room, amidst mangled human subjects, and expound, from morning till night, the construction of these revolting masses, and trace in them the sources of those various maladies which flesh is heir to. He felt that he must thus dwell among the dead to benefit the living. He knew, also, that in this way alone he could prosecute those anatomical researches in reference to physiology, to which his whole heart was so intensely devoted. On this account, he did not hesitate to accept the office, notwithstanding the horror of his family at the idea of one of their number being a mangler of the dead—a very henchman of the common executioner! From 1833 to 1836, he continued to be the demonstrator of Old Surgeons' Hall, and his labours in this capacity have elicited the most enthusiastic encomiums from those distinguished successors who were originally his pupils. "He was the most painstaking demonstrator," one of them declares, "I ever knew or heard of. No 'grinder' paid by the hour could have displayed more patience, or taken more trouble to make anatomy easy to the meanest capacity. Where he might have contented himself in the discharge of his duty, by a bare demonstration and description of the parts, he seemed to be animated by a sincere purpose of stereotyping his lesson on the memory and understanding of the dulllest of his audience. His patience with those who wished to learn had no limit." "We used to crowd round him," another pupil writes, "and ask questions on any point that was not thoroughly understood; but this was very seldom necessary; for such was the order, clearness, and minuteness of his description, that the subject was indeed made easy to the dulllest comprehension. That kind of instruction, also, which with him, as with every great anatomist of this country, sought for illustration in those points bearing on surgical or medical practice, was never lost sight of; and I, for one, up to this hour, and I firmly believe on this account, have never forgotten his admirable demonstrations." In this way he was wont, during nine



months of each year, to give instructions daily in the dissecting-room from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon; and as some time was necessary for rest after such fatiguing labours, he generally commenced his private studies late in the evening, and continued them till long after midnight, declaring that he always found himself fittest for work when other people were going to their beds. He also attended, on the evenings of the six months of winter, the meetings of the scientific societies in Edinburgh connected with his profession, where the discussions were of such an interesting character as to attract the intellectual of every class, either as members or auditors. At this time, also, he gave the fruits of some of his more diligent investigations in the form of essays read before these societies, which were published in 1835. Two of these were on certain curious structures observed in connection with the veins; a third was on the organization of certain glands in the whale, and some peculiarities in the internal arrangement of the blood-vessels of man during the period of juvenility. But amidst all this heroism of labour and research, we must confess that with Dr. Reid one important subject had been, and still continued to be omitted. On one occasion, a discussion among some of his medical friends who had met in his apartment was carried on, in which a religious question was involved, and Scripture was appealed to as conclusive evidence. But on searching his well-stored library for a Bible to quote chapter and verse, none could at first be found; and it was only after careful rummaging, that at length this most momentous of all volumes was found thrust behind the other books, and covered with dust. He was at present labouring for distinction, and had no time to study it; by and by, when the prize was won, he would again read his Bible, as he had done when he was a boy. It is well that this indifference, lately so common among intellectual men, is now regarded not only as profane, but even unliterary, and in bad taste. It was well, also, for Reid, that that "more convenient season," which so many have expected in vain, was vouchsafed to him at last.

In consequence of the high reputation which Dr. Reid had acquired as the anatomical demonstrator of Old Surgeons' Hall during three years' attendance, he was unanimously called, by his brethren of Edinburgh, to occupy a more honourable and important office. It was that of lecturer on physiology in the Extra-Academical Medical School, now left vacant by the death of Dr. Fletcher, author of the "Rudiments of Physiology." Into this new sphere he removed with considerable reluctance, for he was diffident of his powers as a lecturer, which were still untried. His perseverance, however, not only overcame his timidity, but enabled him to become as distinguished in the oratorical as he had formerly been in the conversational form of instruction. He now also had more leisure for self-improvement, as his course for the year commenced in November, and terminated with the close of April. In 1838 he was appointed pathologist to the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh, where his duties consisted in collecting the weekly statistics of the institution, and conducting the *post-mortem* examinations of the patients who had died in the hospital; and in the following year, he was also appointed superintendent of the infirmary. In this last capacity, we are told in the "Monthly Journal of Medical Science," "he carried into his inquiries concerning morbid anatomy and pathology, the same accuracy in observing facts, and the same cautious spirit in drawing inferences from them, that characterized his anatomical and physiological researches. He at once saw the necessity of making his position serviceable to the advancement

of medical knowledge, and, struck with the inconsistencies which existed as to the absolute and relative size and weight of the principal organs of the body, he commenced another laborious investigation on this subject. He introduced weighing-machines into the pathological theatre, by means of which the weight of the entire body was first ascertained, and then, respectively, the weights of the different organs." In 1839 Dr. Reid was candidate for the chair of medicine in King's College, Aberdeen, but was unsuccessful; in the same year he was candidate for the chair of anatomy in Marischal College, and was again unsuccessful. These disappointments, however, he bore with such good humour, as consciousness of desert, and hope of better luck in store, acting upon a naturally cheerful, buoyant spirit, seldom fail to supply. Already he had broken ground, and most successfully, into those discoveries upon the anatomy and physiology of the heart, and especially of the nervous system, upon which he may be said to have established for himself a European reputation; and in the latter department he had produced and read before the British Association an epitome of his "Experimental Investigation into the Functions of the eight pair of nerves, or the glosso-pharyngeal, pneumogastric, and spinal accessory." The light which was dawning upon him in the course of these investigations was soon to be worth more than the distinction that can be conferred by a seat upon the bench of a College Senatus Consultum. All this was soon after attested at a public scientific meeting, in which it was declared, among other just encomiums, that Dr. Reid, by his "original investigations into the physiology of the nervous system, had made the profession acquainted with valuable facts, which had at once enriched the science their discoverer cultivated, and procured for himself an extensive and enviable reputation." Such was the testimony of Professor Alison, one of the most competent of judges upon such a subject.

Having now attained a high reputation in his own favourite walks of science, an appointment soon offered that consoled Dr. Reid for his late mischances. This was the professorship of anatomy in the university of St. Andrews, which was conferred upon him in March, 1841. He had now only reached his thirty-first year; and from what he had already accomplished, combined with his robust, vigorous, healthy constitution, it was hoped that a long life was yet in store for him, as well as an ample field of research and discovery. He commenced in winter the course of lectures that properly belonged to his professorship; but as this class, composed of medical students only, was too limited a sphere, he also delivered a course of lectures on comparative anatomy and general physiology, which all were free to attend gratuitously, whether from town or college. A delighted crowd usually assembled at these prelections, composed not only of professors, ministers, and students from several classes, but also of the citizens of St. Andrews, whose earnest animated attention would of itself have been a rich reward to any public instructor. But even amidst all this, Dr. Reid felt that there was something wanting. St. Andrews was not a medical school of any mark, as most of the county students destined for the healing profession were wont to pass over to the university of Edinburgh. Besides, it was difficult to procure *subjects*, without which anatomical dissertations are all but useless—for even yet there still lingered among the living of Fifeshire that jealous care of their dead, which was placarded not a hundred years ago over one of their cemeteries, in these ominous words: "Whoever enters this churchyard will be shot." These drawbacks he felt so sensitively that he was impatient for wider action, until 1844, when St. Andrews was converted into a

happy home for him, by his marriage with Miss Ann Blyth. Four years followed, in which his researches were chiefly directed to the natural history of the marine animals so plentiful on the Fifeshire coast, and the results of which he communicated in several papers to the "Annals and Magazine of Natural History." In 1848 he made a collection, in one volume, of the essays which he had published in several scientific journals during the course of thirteen years. The work is entitled, "Physiological, Anatomical, and Pathological Researches," and consists of twenty-eight articles. Of the value of these, especially of the six that contain the results of his inquiries into the functions of living organs, it would be impossible to convey an adequate idea, without such a full analysis as would far exceed the plan and limits of our work. We content ourselves with quoting, from a host of congenial critics who reviewed the volume, the opinions of one who was well qualified to estimate its worth. "As a physiologist," says Dr. J. H. Bennett, "he [Dr. Reid] may be considered to have been unsurpassed; not, indeed, because it has fallen to his lot to make those great discoveries or wide generalizations which constitute epochs in the history of the science, but because he possessed such a rare degree of caution and conscientiousness in all his researches, that no kind of investigation, whether literary, anatomical, physiological, or pathological, that could illustrate any particular fact, did he ever allow to be neglected. . . . His volume contains more original matter and sound physiology than will be found in any work that has issued from the British press for many years."

Dr. Reid was now a happy man, in the fullest sense of the term. With a happy home, and an extensive circle of friends, by whom he was honoured and beloved, his scientific aspirations were every day advancing towards that termination upon which his heart had been fixed for years. "My worldly circumstances," he wrote afterwards to a friend, "were assuming a more comfortable aspect; my constitution, until lately, was robust; my age still in its prime (within some months of forty years); I had formed plans for carrying on investigations into the structure and vital actions of the lower organized bodies, which can be so readily procured from this coast, little thinking that disease was so soon to overtake me. I had my dreams of being able to add something of importance to the deeply attractive and instructive matters embraced in such investigations; and I was looking forward to the time when I should be able to say that I have done something which will prevent me from being readily forgotten." But while he was thus in the full flush of health and strength, of happiness and hope, a fearful pause occurred. A small, insignificant-looking blister made its appearance upon his tongue, which, instead of departing, continued to increase, until it became a confirmed ulcer; and on examining this suspicious plague-spot, it was found to be the sure commencement of a cancer. He was thus to be the victim of a disease the most loathsome and incurable, while the only prospect which it held out was nothing but months of anguish and torture, until his iron frame should be worn out, and his strength prostrated into utter helplessness, so that death might come to his relief. He changed his residence from place to place in search of alleviation from pain, and submitted to torturing operations, in the faint hope that the malady might be eradicated; but its fangs were too deeply inserted, and too firmly closed, to be thus loosed from their hold. It was a barbed arrow, which no surgery could extract; and nothing remained for him but to linger upon the outskirts of the fight of life, in which he had hitherto borne himself so bravely, and await the moment of

release. It was then that the all-important subject, which hitherto he had too much neglected, summoned his attention with an authority that would not be gainsaid. For what had he spent the past? What provision had he made for the future? These were questions that occurred through the long days of helplessness and nights of sleeplessness and pain, and he knew that if not answered here, they would assuredly be repeated, and as certainly must be answered elsewhere. And thither he felt that he was moving from day to day, and step by step, under an urgency which no power of earth could retard. The result of this solemn self-examination was, that Dr. Reid became a Christian in the true sense of the term. His life, indeed, had been one of unimpeachable honour, and universal kindness and benevolence; and, as far as a profession of religion went, he had passed muster among the general file of Christian men. But now he felt that all his thoughts and studies had been devoted to the things that are seen and felt, while his futurity had been bounded by time and the world, which were fast vanishing away. He thus became a Christian, not, however, from selfish and craven fear, but from the same steady conviction and love of truth that had hitherto directed all his researches; and even to the last, while exhibiting the child-like simplicity and humility of his new character, he continued his scientific studies, but purified and elevated by the fresh impulse that had been given them. And thus he died, rejoicing, even in death, that the glorious future into which he was about to enter would fully open up to him those sciences of which as yet he had scarcely learned the alphabet. What are our studies worth unless they are to be eternal? After more than a year and a half of intense suffering, Reid entered into his rest on the 30th of July, 1849. His widow and two daughters, one a posthumous child, survive to lament him. A simple tablet on the wall of the ancient church-yard of St. Andrews, indicates the place of his interment.

## S.

SCOTT, DAVID.—Of this poet-painter, whose whole life was a feverish struggle with great conceptions, and whose artistic productions showed that, had his life been but continued, he might have embodied these conceptions in paintings that would have created a new school of art—of him it may truly be said, that a generation must yet pass away, and a new world of living men enter into their room, before his talents are fully appreciated, and their place distinctly assigned. David Scott was the youngest of five children, all sons, and was born either on the 10th or 12th of October, 1806; but only a year after his birth he was the sole surviving child of his parents, the rest having died, with only a few days of interval between each. Like other boys of his standing in Edinburgh, David was sent to study Latin and Greek at the High School; but, like the generality of artists, he made no great proficiency in these languages. Is it that nature has implanted such a different spirit of utterance within the artistic heart, as to make words unnecessary? As his father was an engraver, of respectable attainments in his profession, having had, among other pupils, John Burnet, the engraver of some of Wilkie's best drawings, and John Horsburgh, David had thus, even in his earliest boyhood, such opportunities for pictorial study as formed an excellent training for the profession to which nature had designed him. He also learned the art from his father, and became

one of his assistants. But the mere mechanical work of engraving was not enough for such an original spirit: he must draw as well as engrave, create as well as copy; and therefore he frequently drew those designs which he afterwards produced with his graver, as the frontispieces and vignettes of books. Although he abandoned the graving-tool for the pencil, as soon as circumstances permitted the exchange, he did not lose sight of the early art which had formed the chief stepping-stone of his progress; and, accordingly, he etched with his own hand the "Monograms of Man," and the Illustrations of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," and just previous to his death, had purposed to do the same for his designs expressive of the emotions produced by the contemplations of sidereal astronomy. Still, however, his love of painting so completely predominated, that among his early sketches there were two that especially indicated the ardour of his aspirations. The one was inscribed, "Character of David Scott, 1826," in which he was delineated as seated at the engraving table, with his hands clenched in despair. Another, of a similar bearing, dated 1828, represents him with the engraving tools thrown away, and the palette pressed to his heart. But he did not confine himself to aspirations merely; on the contrary, he accompanied them with that laborious diligent practice for which his life was distinguished to the close. Having associated himself with the young lovers of art, with whom Edinburgh even already had begun to abound, he formed with them the Life Academy in 1827, in which, as the name indicates, the living model was the subject of study and delineation. In the following year he attended Dr. Munro's class of anatomy, and made a short visit to London, for the purpose of taking sketches in the National Gallery and the British Institution. Of the same date, also, was his first exhibited picture, entitled "The Hopes of Early Genius dispelled by Death." As may be supposed, it was a stern, Dante-like allegory, chiefly valuable for the indication it gave of the bent of the young artist's mind, and the struggle, already commenced, that was certain to lead to high excellence. His next, of a similar unearthly character, was the "Combat of Fingal with the Spirit of Lodi," on which a considerate friend remarked to him, "Shoot a lower aim; you speak a dead language." Following these were his "Adam and Eve singing their Morning Hymn," "The Death of Sappho," "Wallace defending Scotland," and "Monograms of Man;" and subsequently, "Lot," "Nimrod," "Sarpedon carried by Sleep and Death," and "Cain." These, and several other intermediate sketches, were produced between the years 1828 and 1832; and as most of them were sent to the exhibition, the talents of Mr. Scott, as an artist of high promise, were generally felt, although this feeling was mingled with much wonderment, and not a little misgiving as to the ultimate tendency of such fervid idealism. This inability of the public to sympathize in his views, and consequent tendency to disparage them, Scott, as might be expected, very keenly felt; and he thus writes of the subject in his journal: "Various are the causes that render my going abroad necessary. I lose myself in thinking over the journey, and what it may do. Everything I have yet attempted has been unsuccessful; so many disappointments make effort appear vain. What I must do is to cut off all recurrence to former efforts, except in so far as they may coincide with my later formed ideas of art, and to hold grimly on in the conscientious course. A great happiness it is that futurity is yet unseen and unmade; therein yet may be somewhat to answer my desires. Happy are those new hopes and wishes that still descend on us when all we value in ourselves is burned up and scattered!"

David Scott had now resolved to become the pupil of art, as he had formerly been of nature; and for this purpose, to repair to Italy, and study in its galleries the productions of those great masters whose excellence had endured the test of centuries, and come out more brilliant from the ordeal. He would there learn the mighty secret by which they had enthralled the world so completely and so long—that true utterance of painting which every age and nation can understand. He set off upon his quest in August, 1832, and, after a short stay in London, visited Paris and Geneva, where the Louvre and the Alps alternately solicited his study. Milan and Venice, Parma and Bologna, Florence and Sienna, followed in turn, until he finally settled at Rome, once the nursing-mother of heroes, but now of painters and sculptors, by whom her first great family have been embalmed, that the present world might know how they looked when they lived. It seems to have been only by degrees that the true grandeur of these objects fully dawned upon the mind of David Scott; for there was within him not only much that needed to be improved, but much to be unlearned and renounced. His impressions upon all the principal works of art are contained in his diary; and these will, no doubt, be studied as a rich suggestive fund of thought by our future young artists who repair to the great Italian fountain-head. But indefatigable though he was in these explorations, the most striking, though the least ostentatious part of his diary, is to be found in the scattered notices that everywhere occur of his own daily occupations, and from eight to sixteen hours seem with him to have been nothing more than an ordinary diurnal measure. The fruits of this diligence, independently of his critical writings upon works of art, are thus summed up by his biographer:—“During that short residence in Rome, he made a set of eleven sheets of anatomical drawings, forming one of the most perfect artistical surveys of superficial anatomy ever made, with 137 studies from life, in oil or chalk; and in painting he did four small pictures of the ‘Four Periods of the Day;’ a copy of the ‘Delphic Sybil,’ from the Sistine, with a number of studies from the ‘Last Judgment;’ several exercises in fresco; painted ‘Sappho and Anacreon,’ a picture with life-size figures; and two or three smaller, but well-finished pictures; and, last and greatest, the picture of ‘Family Discord,’ or, as it was afterwards called, ‘The Household Gods Destroyed.’ The size of this last was nearly thirteen feet, by ten and a half. This amount of work, if we consider the time lost, in a new scene and among new habits, and add the designs, sketch-books, and other little matters which he accomplished, shows us a Hercules in perseverance and impulse.” It is interesting to see Scott’s own account of the effect produced upon him by this pilgrimage and labour; and this we have in his diary, a short time after his return home, under the date of 16th August, 1834:—“The anniversary of my leaving Scotland two years ago—the crowning of my desires—the journey of art—the sacrifice to enthusiasm—the search after greatness, in meeting the great men of the present, and the great labours of the past. Among my old pictures and people, I now feel how different I am from the man who left this but so short a time ago. I have looked too much for what was without individual prototype in nature. The veil withdraws and withdraws, and there is nothing left permanent. But I believe I can now meet difficulties practically. Analyzing one’s own thoughts and actions—studying things in their relations—is often a painful task; but he who has not done so is a child.”

Having returned to Scotland inspired with new perceptions, as well as braced

with fresh courage, David Scott commenced the business of life in earnest, and his whole course from this period was one of continual artistic action. He must give full proof of high talent as a painter, if he would reap the renown and win the emoluments of such a position; and, to indicate his claims, he must descend into the arena, and let the on-lookers judge what he was worth. In these competitions, we shall content ourselves with summing up his future history.

To the Edinburgh exhibition of 1835 he sent four pictures: these were "Sappho and Anacreon," "The Vintager," a fresco, and "Sketch of the Head of Mary Magdalene."

In that of the following year were exhibited his "Descent from the Cross," a painting which he had prepared as an altar-piece for the new Roman Catholic chapel, in Lothian Street; "Oberon and Puck," and "Macchiavelli and the Beggar." The first of these was made the subject of the annual engraving circulated by the Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts; the last was the commencement of a series of historic sketches, which Scott continued till near the close of his life.

To the exhibition of 1837 he sent only two pictures, "The Abbot of Miarule," and "Judas betraying Christ." This paucity was chiefly occasioned by the time he devoted to the Illustrations of the "Ancient Mariner," in which he evinced a congenial spirit with that of the author of the wild and wondrous legend. Indeed, Coleridge himself thought it incapable of pictorial illustration, until these productions of David Scott agreeably convinced him of his mistake. "The whole series," he thus wrote to the painter, "is exceedingly impressive, and gives you a good claim to be our Retsch, if that is a compliment. It is curious to see how many conceptions may be formed of the imagery of a work of pure imagination. Yours is not like mine of the 'Ancient Mariner,' and yet I appreciate, and am deeply sensible of the merit of yours."

As an artist, Scott, whose commencement with the exhibition of 1835 had been both unpromising and disheartening, was now successfully surmounting the public neglect, as well as its inability to appreciate him, and steadily winning his way to that eminence which would place him among the highest of his degree. Invigorated by this prospect, his four pictures which he sent to the exhibition in 1838, had a sunniness of fancy as well as completeness of touch, that indicated the hopeful feelings under which they were executed. The subjects were, "Orestes seized by the Furies after the Murder of his mother, Clytemnestra, to which he was prompted by his sister, Electra, in revenge of the Assassination of their father, Agamemnon;" "Rachel Weeping for her Children;" "Puck fleeing before the Dawn;" and "Ariel and Caliban." About the same time he also painted, as a companion to the "Orestes," "Achilles addressing the Manes of Patroclus over the Body of Hector." Another, which he painted during this year, and which was the most successful he had hitherto produced, so that it took the stubborn criticism of Edinburgh by storm, was the "Alchymical Adept Lecturing on the Elixir Vite." This picture was purchased by the Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts for £200. Turning his attention also to the literary department of his profession, he published, in 1839, and the two following years, a series of essays in "Blackwood's Magazine," of which the subjects were, "The Genius of Raffaele," "Titian, and Venetian Painting," "Leonardo da Vinci and Correggio," and the "Caracci, Caravaggio, and Monachism."

The year 1840 was signalized in Scott's life by the exhibition of his terrible painting, which he had executed at Rome, under the title of "Agony of Discord, or the Household Gods Destroyed," and over which he exclaimed, when it was finished, "That is the work I must live by!" The figures of this strange myth are scarcely human, or if human, at least pre-adamite, when stature, and strength, and passionate expression may be supposed by a poet or artist to have far transcended the present type of humanity; while over them towers a colossal Laocoon-like form, exhausted in the struggle, and about to sink with crushing downfall upon those members of the rebellious home with whom he has been contending to the last. In the midst of this wild strife, the mother has thrown her infant upon the floor; the household altar is overturned, and the household god broken. It was the impersonation, in a single tremendous scene, of the continual strife and struggle of humanity in its path of progress from age to age; and therefore fraught, in every part, with deep and hidden meaning, which nothing but careful examination could detect, and anxious study comprehend. Of course, it was "*caviare* to the multitude," who gazed helplessly upon it, and shook their heads: it was such also to not a few of those penny-a-line critics whom our provincial journals extemporize for the nonce, to fill up a column with a "Report of the Exhibition," and whose whole stock consists of a few terms of art, which they sow at random over their paragraphs. But was it not thus at first with "Paradise Lost" and the "Excursion;" or, to come nearer to the comparison, with "Christabelle" and the "Ancient Mariner?" The highest excellence is slowly appreciated, and thus it fared with Scott's "Discord;" but who would now venture to criticize it in the style that was used in 1840? At the same exhibition were Scott's "Philoctetes left in the Isle of Lemnos by the Greeks, in their Passage towards Troy," a painting also finished during his stay in Rome; "Cupid sharpening his Arrows," and "The Crucifixion."

In 1841 Scott sent to the exhibition "Queen Elizabeth in the Globe Theatre," "Queen Mary receiving the Warrant for her Execution," "The Death of Jane Shore," "Ave Maria," and "A Parthian Archer." In "The Globe Theatre," which was a painting of large dimensions and plentiful detail, there were, besides the audience, draped and arranged in the fashion of the period, the virgin queen herself, listening to the "Merry Wives of Windsor," which had been written at her desire—its still more illustrious author—and Spenser, Fletcher, Sackville, Ben Johnson, and other towering spirits of the age, with whom Shakspeare was wont to wage such glorious conflicts of wit at their meetings in the Mermaid.

In 1842 Scott exhibited "The Duke of Gloucester taken into the Water Gate of Calais," "Silenus praising Wine," and "The Challenge." At the commencement of this year also, being excited to the task by the proposal of painting the new houses of parliament with designs in fresco, he published a pamphlet, entitled "British, French, and German Painting." At the close of this year he likewise exhibited, on his own account, in the Calton Hill Rooms, his large picture of "Vasco de Gama, the Discoverer of the New Passage to India, encountering the Spirit of the Storm while attempting to double the Cape of Good Hope," but at that time known as Capo Tormentoso. Magnificent though the original conception is in the "Lusiad" of Camoens, it falls greatly short of its illustration by the painter—and how seldom can this be said of imitation, whether in poetry or painting! The terrible apparition of the "stormy Spirit of the Cape," whose frown itself seems enough to annihilate a navy—the daring



hero-navigator, recovering from his astonishment, and preparing to confront the prohibition of this unknown power with defiance, or even with actual battle, if such should be needed—and the strange figures upon the crowded deck, each of which tells its own tale, compose, of themselves, an epic such as mere narrative would find it difficult to equal. But who in Edinburgh cared about De Gama, or had read the "*Lusiad*," even in a translation? The exhibition, therefore, so far as pecuniary profit went, was a failure; and it was not until historic knowledge, combined with critical taste, had pointed out the striking merits of this production, that public attention atoned for its neglect. It was afterwards secured for the Trinity House of Leith, where it now remains.

To the exhibition of 1843 Scott sent his paintings of "Richard III. receiving the Children of Edward IV. from their Mother;" "The Four Great Masters, being Michael Angelo, Raffaele, Titian, and Coreggio," which were in separate pictures, but forming one series; and the "Belated Peasant," from Milton. These are reckoned to be among the best of his productions. At this period, also, in consequence of the competition for the painting of the new houses of parliament, Scott, whose emulation had been roused by the subject, sent two cartoons as a competitor, the subjects being "Drake witnessing the Destruction of the Ships of the Spanish Armada" and "Wallace defending Scotland." These he painted exclusively in his own style, and with a reference to his own principles of art; but as they had a different ordeal to pass through, they were tried and rejected. When the competition in fresco for the same purpose succeeded, Scott, who was one of the few Scottish artists that understood this style of painting, sent two specimens, executed upon the principles which had occasioned the condemnation of his first attempts, and these also shared in the fate of their predecessors. Returning to a species of competition in which he now had better chances of success, he sent to the exhibition of 1844, "Wallace the Defender of Scotland;" "Sir Roger Kirkpatrick Stabbing the Red Comyn, in the Cloisters of the Greyfriars, Dumfries;" the "Baron in Peace;" and "May," from the Merchant's Tale, in Chaucer's "*Canterbury Pilgrims*."

The contributions of David Scott to the exhibition of 1845 were two pictures, the one having for its subject, "Christian listening to the Instructions of Piety, Charity, and Discretion;" and of the other, "The Dead rising at the Crucifixion." In 1846 were exhibited his "Peter the Hermit preaching the Crusades," "Dante and Beatrice," "Fragment from the Fall of the Giants," "Rhea bewailing the Overthrow of her Titan Sons," and "The Ascension." In 1847 he had only two paintings in the exhibition; these were "The Triumph of Love," and a small fresco which he had formerly exhibited in London. In 1848 he sent to it "Time Surprising Love," "Children Following Fortune," "Queen Mary of Scotland at the place of Execution," "Hope passing over the Sky of Adversity," and "The Baptism of Christ." To the exhibition of 1849 he sent "Delusive Pleasures," "A Sketch of the Fire of London," and "The Domestic Arcadia."

In this catalogue of his annual productions, great though it is, and implying an amount of diligence, perseverance, and intellectual enterprise, such as the artistic studio can seldom equal, we have not taken into account the numerous portraits and sketches with which every interval of leisure seems to have been fully occupied. Alone and unaided, and confronted by a whole world of hostile criticism, Scott had fought the battle step by step, and been obliged to struggle for every inch of ground that brought him nearer to the mark of his ambition.

Could such a struggle be either useless or unsuccessful? The result was thus summed up, soon after the grave had closed upon him, by one who could well appreciate his worth, as well as commemorate it for the instruction of posterity:—

"In the course of the last fifteen or twenty years, Scott had steadily become one of the most note-worthy of native artists. Without fortune, without office, without professional success commensurate with his undisputed superiority, and living in a state of seclusion, if not alienation from society, he exhibited a wonderful series of pictures from year to year; recognized by all but the most frivolous spectators to be the manifestations of a powerful and exalted soul. The superficial observer was frequently so much startled, as to find no suitable expression for his perplexity, except in the sneer of presumptuous folly; the technical critic was often confounded by the careless pride with which his rules were set at defiance and superseded; the deeper judge of painting, considered as one of the forms of art, might occasionally descry some reason to question the principles of the artist's procedure; but the thoughtful were always sure of the striking and original utterance of some new insight into the nature of man, or into the resources of art. Everybody capable of forming and pronouncing such a judgment, was aware that only genius of the most personal and lofty order could have even endeavoured to give itself expression in the large majority of those singular pieces of work. Even those who may have been the most inflexibly disposed, upon well-considered æsthetical grounds, to dispute the painter's whole idea of art, both in its scope and in its materials, were also free to confess that he could be nothing less than a gifted and self-reliant poet at heart. All men felt that they stood before the works of a mind grandly endowed with 'the faculty divine,' if they were likewise of opinion that he had not completely achieved 'the accomplishment of verse.' Nor can there be any doubt but that the mass of discerning people did invariably assign him a far higher rank in the hierarchy of intellect than all his competitors in the race of fame, even while they honestly refused to his intensely idiosyncratic productions an equal meed of praise and more substantial encouragement."

The following account of David Scott's artistic and social everyday life, as given by the same pen, is too important to be omitted: "In fact, the large and solemn studio in which he painted and preserved his picture-poems, had gradually become one of the most curious and significant features of Edinburgh and its school of art; and its master-spirit, one of the most individual of Scottish characters belonging to the age in which we live. It was there that men of eminence in the church, in politics and law, in science, in literature, and in life, discovered what manner of man he was, and left him with surprise, seldom unmingled with pain, and always ennobled by admiration. It was there that intellectual strangers, of all the more elevated classes of mental character, found another 'wise man in a little city,' not without astonishment that they had scarcely heard of him before. It was there that many a tender-hearted lover of whatsoever is great and good, was at once melted and uplifted by the spectacle of so much cool self-possession, such unquenchable perseverance, such intrepid independence, and such height of contemplation, displayed in circumstances which were evidently the reverse of propitious. It was there that the enamoured students of poetry, in its essence rather than in its manifold embodiment, stood with reverence by his side, and, perhaps as proudly indifferent to particulars as he sometimes was himself, penetrated, by means of imaginative sympathy, to the soul of truth and beauty, that stirred under the surface of all

his happier efforts. It was there that congenial poets took his cold hand in theirs, and bade him God-speed, with tears threatening in their eyes. It was there, also, still more than at the household hearth, that his friends desecrated the heart of unflaming fire which glowed within the distant quietude of his manners. It was there, alas! it may almost literally be said, that he died."

That mournful closing event occurred on the 5th of March, 1849. As yet only at the period when life is strongest, and hope, if not at the brightest, is yet the most firmly established—it was then that he passed away, worn out and weary, and longing to be at rest. He thus added one name more to that long list of the sons of promise who have been snatched from the world, when the world could least spare their presence, and when their loss was to be most regretted. But in the case of David Scott, how, indeed, could it be otherwise with such a restless, fervid, sensitive spirit, inclosed within such a delicate frame and sickly constitution? But he had held out bravely to the last; and even during his final illness, his love of art predominated in conceptions that needed full health to embody, and sketches that were left unfinished. At the most, he was only in his forty-third year at the period of his decease.

SCOTT, MICHAEL.—From the nature of the authorship of the present day, as well as its exuberant abundance, the desire of literary fame has undergone a striking change. Formerly, to write a book was equivalent to achieving the conquest of a kingdom; and no one ventured upon the feat except upon the principle of do or die, *Aut Cæsar aut nihil*. The general diffusion of intelligence and equalization of talent, have produced a change in this respect that constitutes the chief intellectual distinction of the present age. Able writers are now produced by the hundred, and that too, not for a century, but a single year; while their productions appear, not in ponderous tomes, but in reviews, magazines, and newspapers, the readers of which, however delighted they may be with the perusal, never trouble themselves with the anonymous source from which their gratification has proceeded. In this fashion, authors of first-rate excellence appear and pass away with no other designations than some unmeaning letter of the alphabet, and are only known, even at their brightest, as *alpha* or *omega*. From such a fate, so common to thousands amongst us, Michael Scott escaped by a mere hair's-breadth.

This talented writer was born at Glasgow, on the 30th October, 1789. He was educated first at the high school, and afterwards at the university of that great emporium of Scottish merchandise and manufacture. As he was destined for business, and obliged to betake himself to it at an early period, his stay at college was a brief one; for, in October, 1806, when he had only reached the age of seventeen, he sailed for Jamaica, and was there employed in the management of several estates till 1810, when he joined a mercantile house in Kingston, Jamaica. As he was much employed in the active business of this establishment, his avocations led him often to the adjacent islands and the Spanish main; and it was in that rich tropical climate, and in his peregrinations by land and water, that he acquired his knowledge of West India scenery and character, as well as of sea-life, which he afterwards so richly and powerfully delineated. Mr. Scott returned home in 1817, and was married in the following year, after which he went back to Jamaica; but after remaining there till 1822, he finally bade adieu to the West Indies, and became permanently a settler in his native Scotland. He does not appear to have been

particularly successful as a merchant; but the buoyant imagination and restless love of adventure which his writings betoken, were perhaps scarcely compatible with that plodding persevering spirit for which his countrymen are so generally distinguished, especially in mercantile enterprise abroad and in the colonies. It is difficult, indeed, if not impossible, at one and the same time to establish a goodly rich mansion on *terra firma*, and build bright castles in the air.

It was not till 1829 that Michael Scott appears to have ventured into authorship, by the publication of "Tom Cringle's Log." The first specimens, which he sent to "Blackwood's Magazine," were fragmentary productions, under the name of "Tom Cringle;" but the sharp, experienced eye of "Old Ebony" was not long in detecting their merit, and he therefore advised the anonymous author to combine them into a continuous narrative, even though the thread that held them together should be as slender as he pleased. This advice Mr. Scott adopted; and when the papers appeared as a "Log," detailing the eventful voyage of a strange life through calm and hurricane, through battle and tempest, as they successively occurred to his fancy, the "Quarterly Review" characterized them as the most brilliant series of magazine papers of the time, while Coleridge, in his "Table Talk," proclaimed them "most excellent." The magazine reading public was of the same opinion, and accordingly the question was circulated through every class, "Who is the author of 'Tom Cringle's Log?'" But no one could answer; no, not even Blackwood himself, so well had Scott preserved his incognito; and this eminent publisher descended to the grave without knowing assuredly by whom the most popular series in his far-famed magazine had been written. Afterwards the chapters were published as an entire work, in two volumes, and so highly was it prized, that it was generally read upon the Continent, while in Germany it has been repeatedly translated. After Michael Scott had thus led a life almost as mythic as that of his wondrous namesake, he died in Glasgow, on the 7th of November, 1835, and it was only through this melancholy event that the full fact of his authorship was ascertained by the sons of Mr. Blackwood.

**SINCLAIR, SIR JOHN, BART., OF ULSTER.**—Among the many benefactors of Scotland, whose labours were devoted to its agricultural improvement, we know of none who has surpassed, or even equalled, the subject of our present notice.

Sir John was born at Thurso Castle, in the county of Caithness, on the 10th of May, 1764. He was the eldest son of George Sinclair, of Ulster, by his wife, lady Janet Sutherland, daughter of William, Lord Strathnaven. George, the father, having died suddenly at Edinburgh, in 1770, John Sinclair, then in his sixteenth year, succeeded to the family property, which, until he was of age, was superintended by his mother. Having received his early education at the High School of Edinburgh, and under the direction of Logan, his tutor, afterwards author of "Runnymede," he studied successively at the universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Oxford. At Glasgow he was so fortunate as to be a pupil of Adam Smith, at that time professor of moral philosophy in the university, with whose acquaintanceship he was also honoured at this early period—and it may be that the bias of the future father of Scottish agriculture received its first impulses from his conversations with the author of the "Wealth of Nations." The intellectual ambition of the young student's mind was also manifested at the age of fifteen, among the printed columns of our periodicals.

After he had completed his studies at Oxford, he turned his attention to law, not, however, to follow it as a profession, but to be aided by the light it threw on our national institutions. In 1776 he became a member of the faculty of advocates, and was afterwards called to the English bar. In the following year he married Sarah, only daughter and heiress of Alexander Maitland, Esq., of Stoke-Newington, Middlesex, by whom he had two daughters, one of them being Miss Hannah Sinclair, authoress of the excellent letters "On the Principles of the Christian Faith;" the other, Janet, who was married to Sir James Colquhoun, of Luss, Bart. In 1780 Mr. Sinclair was elected member of parliament for the county of Caithness, an honour which was repeated in the years 1790, 1802, and 1807. But as this county enjoyed the privilege of only an alternate representation, he was elected during the intervals for the boroughs of Looe in Cornwall, and Petersfield in Hampshire.

Mr. Sinclair had not been long in parliament when he began to take an active part in the important questions of the day. It was not, however, by mere forensic eloquence, for his strength did not lie in oratory; his reflective mind and profound calculations were better suited for the silence of the press than the arena of parliamentary debate. Accordingly, in 1782, he published a tract, entitled "Lucubrations during a Short Recess; with some Thoughts on the Means of Improving the Representation of the People." This work, upon a theme at that time so dreaded, excited great attention, and called forth not a few replies, among which especially was one from Lord Camelford. In the same year he published another pamphlet, entitled "Thoughts on the Naval Strength of the British Empire, in answer to the late Lord Mulgrave, one of the Lords of the Admiralty." At this time our warfare by sea was carried on with such timid caution, and our naval victories were so few, that the national faith in our "wooden walls" was sorely depressed; while Lord Mulgrave had predicted that, in the event of a continental peace, the united navies of France and Spain would be more than a match for that of Britain. Mr. Sinclair endeavoured to prove the superiority of our fleets above those of the enemy, and to explain the causes of that superiority; while the subsequent victories of Nelson showed that the argument was a sound one. Another tract, which he published about the same period, bore the title of "Considerations on Militias and Standing Armies," and was the substance of those considerations upon the subject which he had brought before the ministers of the day. His suggestions were favourably received, and some of the more important adopted. His last published production, during this stage of his authorship, was "The Propriety of Retaining Gibraltar, Impartially Considered." This, like the foregoing tracts, was published without the author's name, and had the honour of being attributed to the first Lord Camelford.

It was not, however, with political authorship alone that Mr. Sinclair was wholly occupied at this season; for, in 1782, a public emergency occurred that called forth the utmost of his philanthropic care. This was a season of famine in Scotland, on account of the lateness of the summer, so that, at the close of September, the oats and barley were still green, while, at the commencement of next month, the winter began with such sudden intensity, that both field and garden produce was blighted as in an instant; one night often sufficed to annihilate the subsistence of whole districts. In some parishes the oats were reaped, or rather excavated from ice and snow in the middle of November, and in others, so late as the following February. The consequence was, that many

were obliged to kill their cattle, and eat the flesh without bread; many who had no such resource, lived on soup made of nettles, and snails, which were salted for winter sustenance; while the poor along the coasts, were reduced to the insufficient diet of whelks, limpets, and other such shell-fish. This calamity, which bore hardest upon the north of Scotland, extended over several counties, and included a population of 110,000 souls. It was here that Mr. Sinclair bestirred himself; and not content with appeals to private philanthropy, he brought the subject before the House of Commons, by whom it was referred to a committee. No precedent as yet existed in the annals of the House for a parliamentary grant made upon such an occasion, but the emergency was unprecedented also. Accordingly, forms were waived, and a grant of money decreed in favour of the sufferers, by which their present wants were supplied, and the pestilential diseases attendant upon famine arrested. The obtaining of such relief for his suffering countrymen, constituted a happy era in the public life of Mr. Sinclair; and he was often afterwards heard to declare, that no part of his parliamentary career had ever afforded him such intense satisfaction.

Having distinguished himself as an author upon miscellaneous questions of public interest, Mr. Sinclair was now to obtain reputation as a writer on the difficult subject of finance. The close of our war with America had been followed in Britain, as is usual at the close of all our wars, with a fit of economical calculation. The nation sat down to count the cost, and found itself, of course, on the brink of bankruptcy; and the murmur that rose was all the louder, as neither glory nor success was an offset to the expenditure. It was now demonstrated for the one hundred and fiftieth time, that Britain was ruined beyond recovery, and not a few of these gloomy reasoners were something better than mere political grumblers. While the public despondency was at the height, Mr. Sinclair's "Hints on the State of our Finances," appeared in 1783. The accurate calculations and masterly reasoning of this production, convinced the reflective and cheered the despondent at home; while abroad, it disabused both friend and enemy of the conclusions they had formed upon the coming national insolvency. But it did more than this; it established his character so completely as a sound financier, that his advice was taken upon those measures by which the real evils of the present crisis were to be effectually averted. Such was especially the case, when the extension of the banking system in England was the subject of consideration. On this occasion he was consulted by Sir James Eisdale, the eminent London banker, to whom he recommended the system of the Scottish country banks, the nature and principles of which he fully and clearly explained. Sir James, on finding these so completely accordant with his own views, adopted them into his plan, and the result was, the establishment of twenty branch banks in the country in connection with his own house. The example was speedily multiplied, and banks were established in every part of England. But still, one important part of the Scottish system was omitted; this was the security which country banks are obliged to give for the paper money they issue—a wholesome check, by which dishonest speculation is cut short, and the risk of bankruptcy avoided. This part, so essential to public confidence in banking, was strangely dispensed with in the English system, notwithstanding Sinclair's earnest remonstrances with Mr. Pitt upon the subject; and hence the difference in the stability and efficacy of these English banks as contrasted with those of Scotland. An application which he soon after made on his own account to Mr. Pitt was better attended to; this was for

the rank of baronet, to which he had a hereditary claim, as heir and representative of Sir George Sinclair, of Clyth. The application was made in 1784, and in 1786 it was gratified more largely than he had expected; for not only was the title of baronet conferred upon him, but a reservation made of it in favour of the heirs-male of the daughters of his first wife, in the event of his dying without a direct representative.

The inquiries of Sir John Sinclair upon the subject of political economy, which he had hitherto turned to such useful account, were still continued, and in 1785 he published an essay "On the Public Revenue of the British Empire." This was but the first and second parts of a series, of which a third appeared in 1790. But during the same year in which the first portion of the work was published, he sustained a heavy domestic affliction by the death of his wife, to whom he had been married eight years. So intense was his sorrow at this bereavement, that he had serious thoughts of resigning his seat in the House of Commons for Lostwithiel, and retiring into private life. Fortunately for his country he was persuaded to try the effects of travel, and, accordingly, he went over to Paris during the Christmas recess, where the society of this gay and intellectual capital not only tended to console his sorrow, but to animate him for fresh public exertion. It was no ordinary good fortune that led him to a city where a mind like his could associate in daily intercourse with such distinguished characters as Necker, Madame de Stael, and Madame de Genlis, of Joseph Montgolfier, Argand, and Reveillon. While he thus associated with the master-spirits of the practical and useful, he never lost sight of the welfare of his own country. In this way, having studied the machines for coinage invented by M. Droz, and used by the French government, he suggested their adoption to Mr. Bolton, of Birmingham, by whom they were introduced into the British mint. Having learned from M. Clouet, the superintendent of the gunpowder manufactory of France, the mode of distilling that article in cylinders, by which a superior commodity was produced at less expense than the gunpowder in common use, he communicated the improvement to our own government, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing it adopted by the Board of Ordnance.

From France Sir John continued his route through Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Poland, Austria, and Prussia, where he had personal interviews with the crowned heads of an age that has departed, but whose influence we still experience. Among these the most distinguished were the emperor Joseph, the most hasty of reformers; Catherine, the Semiramis of the north; Stanislaus, the unfortunate minion-king of Poland; and the chivalrous but evil-destined Gustavus III. of Sweden. But the men of those several dominions who most promoted the improvement of their respective countries were the chief objects of his solicitude; and with several of these he established a permanent correspondence, the chief subject of which was the improvement of European agriculture and commerce, and the extension of the comforts of life. In Germany his attention was especially directed to the manufactures of that country, and the causes of their success, by which he was enabled, at his return, to impart very valuable suggestions to the heads of our manufacturing departments. This long tour, comprising nearly 8000 miles, and accomplished without the aid of steam, was terminated in 1787. The fruits of his observations during these travels were afterwards fully communicated to the public in 1830, when, during his old days, he published, in two volumes, the interesting correspondence that had originated in his northern tour.

On his return to Britain, the first object of Sir John was the improvement of our national agriculture. It was not, however, by propounding theories and publishing books that this work in the first instance was to be accomplished. Instead of this, the barren waste must be reclaimed, the hard soil overturned with the ploughshare, and an expenditure of time, labour, and capital patiently endured, until the obstinacy of nature as well as the indolence of man was compelled into full activity, and the sterile surface covered with a profitable harvest. No one knew this better than Sir John Sinclair, and, accordingly, he had turned himself in good earnest, even at the early age of eighteen, to the self-denying labour of a practical teacher, by showing what could be done upon his own property. And, verily, this was no easy or hopeful task! His estate, consisting of 100,000 acres, comprised about a sixth of the county of Caithness. On these, besides a few large farms, there were about 800 or 900 small ones, cultivated according to the most unproductive modes of the Scottish husbandry of the day, and yielding a miserable rent, of which but a small part was money, while the rest was in grain, lamb, poultry, and other such produce. An English holder of Scottish acres thus surrounded on his first rent-day, would have fled across the Tweed, and made no halt until he had reached the shelter of Middlesex. This fashion of rent payment, which had prevailed for ages among a people the most tenacious of ancient usages, must be torn up root and branch before a step in advance could be won. Here, then, Sir John commenced with the improvement of agriculture in Caithness—and not only in Caithness, but Scotland at large, and finally in England also. Large farms were established, to which skill and capital were attracted by the prospect of a profitable return; and to set the example to their occupants, he took one of them, originally consisting of eight small farms, into his own hands. This, when brought into cultivation, he let at a moderate rent, after having allotted it into cottage farms, where the tenants were induced to build comfortable houses, and carry out the improvements that had been already commenced. In this way the example was begun that soon gathered a population together, while villages and hamlets gradually rose up in those cultivated localities, where subsistence and comfort were thus provided as the reward of industry. Every tenant was bound down to a regular rotation of crops, to a certain annual amount of marling and liming, and to a certain amount as well as mode of occupation in the improvement of his farm. Every facility was also afforded to industry, by furnishing the small farmers with marl and lime at the cheapest rate, and the best seeds, especially of turnip, clover, and ryegrass, while instructions upon farming were readily communicated, and a spirit of active competition excited by the distribution of small premiums. Thus the old established drawbacks in our agriculture were one by one removed. Each farmer was required to start with a capital, however small, instead of commencing on credit; to confine his cultivation to the extent he could manage, and do it well; to economize his labour so as to produce results with the least expenditure; and to aim continually at raising the best grain, and keeping the best stock. The old system of thirlage, also, or restriction to particular mills, as well as the other feudal services was abolished, and the buying and casting of peats for fuel, which diverted the attention of farmers from their work, was superseded by the general introduction of coal. Such are but a few of those important principles which Sir John introduced into his system of land-cultivation; and such an improvement of his Caithness property ensued, as was



enough to awaken the attention of the whole country. One specimen of this was afforded in the estate of Langwell, which he purchased for £8000, and improved so greatly, that he afterwards sold it for £40,000. But far beyond the benefit of a doubled or trebled rental, was that of active industry, and honourable enterprise, and intellectual and moral improvement, which were introduced among his numerous tenantry, who, though at first they went doggedly to work, were gradually animated with the conviction that work is the greatest of pleasure when something worth working for is to be gained. Produce being thus created, roads were needed for its conveyance as an article of traffic; but to make these in Caithness was a task of peculiar difficulty, as the soil chiefly consisted of peat or clay, while the materials for road-making were of too soft a quality. As no private fortune could have sustained the necessary outlay, and as the undertaking was a public benefit, Sir John invoked the aid of government, which was readily granted, and to such an extent, that in one day six miles of road were laid down along the side of Ben-nichiel hill. In this manner highways were constructed for the heaviest waggons, in places where hitherto every article, down to manure itself, had been conveyed upon the backs of horses.

It was not enough, however, that agriculture alone should be encouraged. Even the most active and industrious, if they find no outlet for their surplus produce, will labour for nothing more than the mere necessities of life, and thus speedily relapse into laziness. This Sir John knew well, and therefore the commercial as well as the agricultural prosperity of Caithness was the subject of his solicitude. The seas that begirt two-thirds of the promontory which is formed by the county, had hitherto hemmed in the people, and made the adjacent land rocky and sterile; but they abounded in fish for home or foreign consumption, and thus the water might be made as profitable as the land. Here, then, was another standing-place for his philanthropy. He obtained the re-establishment of the cod-fishery, which for many years had been almost abandoned. He supplied capital for the commencement of a herring-fishery upon the east coast of Caithness. He applied to government for aid in harbour extension, through which the harbour of Wick was completed, and that of Thurso commenced. In this way the commerce of Caithness, hitherto unnoticed, now rose into distinction, and sent the produce of its agriculture and fisheries to the shores of the Baltic and the West Indies. A nucleus was needed for all this enterprise—a strong heart to concentrate and send forth this new circulation of vitality—and therefore a town adequate to such a task was forthwith in demand. For this purpose Sir John Sinclair selected the old town of Thurso as the germ of a new. In point of population it was little better than a third-rate English village, while its wretched houses were so irregular, and so huddled together, as to be too often mere receptacles for filth, discomfort, and sickness. But the locality was not only excellent for the fisheries, but for commerce, being within a few hours' sail of the German and Atlantic Oceans, with the communication of an excellent river. Sir John drew out the plan of the new town of Thurso. And there it stands, with its churches and schools, its market-places and warehouses, its shops and houses, and throngs of living beings—a something better far as a monument of departed worth, than the silent mausoleum, however stately its construction, or however flattering its epitaph.

In the agricultural improvements which Sir John Sinclair commenced in

Caithness, the subject of sheep-farming occupied much of his thoughts. The greater part of his property was unfitted for the plough; but he had traversed too many mountainous countries not to know that mere surface can always be turned to some account. "Of all the means," he said, "of bringing a mountainous district to a profitable state, none is so peculiarly well calculated for that purpose as the rearing of a valuable breed of sheep. A small proportion alone," he added, "of such a description of country can be fit for grain; and in regard to cattle, for every pound of beef that can be produced in a hilly district, three pounds of mutton can be obtained, and there is the wool into the bargain." This plan he therefore introduced into his cottage farms, to which only two acres of arable land could be allotted, and with such success, that the spinning-wheel soon set those arms in motion that had hitherto rested a-kimbo; while good store of warm clothing in every cottage, superseded the rags or the threadbare garments in which indolence had hitherto been fain to ensconce itself. But still, it was not enough for Sir John that the sheep naturalized among his people should possess the usual weight of fleece and nothing more, as long as one kind of wool was better than another. Could not the Cheviot sheep be made to live and thrive even in the hyperborean climate of Caithness? He propounded the idea, and was laughed at for his pains. But of most men he was the least liable to be convinced or refuted by laughing, and therefore he commenced the experiment, and commenced it, as was necessary, on an ample scale. He sent a flock of 500 Cheviots to Caithness, under the care of experienced shepherds; and, although the winter that followed was a severe one, they thrived even better than upon their native hills, so that his flock at length increased to 6000 sheep. After such success, Sir John turned his attention to the improvement of British wool in general. He saw that the wool of Britain had been gradually deteriorating, and that the importation of foreign sheep had yearly become more necessary, so that our national manufactures laboured under serious detriment. But why should the Shetland Islands the while produce fleeces of such soft and delicate texture? Surely this tempest-beaten Colchos of the north was not more highly favoured in soil or climate than the hills of Lothian or the downs of Lancashire. Was not the evil we endured to be traced to our injudicious modes of feeding sheep upon turnips and other coarse articles of food, which had lately obtained among us? He must study, and obtain information at every point. So earnest was he, that he carried his inquiries into the General Assembly itself, to which he went as a lay member in 1791, and where he found a Shetland minister thoroughly conversant with the whole theory and practice of the growing of wool, by whom his conjectures were confirmed, and his views enlightened. He had previously laid his proposals before the Highland Society; but finding that they could not second his views from want of funds, he had resolved to institute a new society, that should have the improvement of British wool for its object. This was done accordingly at the beginning of the year; and to announce the purposes of the institution, and enlist the interest of the public in its behalf, a great inaugural meeting, called the Sheep-Shearing Festival, was held at New Hall Inn, near Queensferry, on the 1st of July, 1791, at which seventy gentlemen and fifty ladies were present, attired in rich and gay costume, of which wool formed the principal ornament, while the grass plot of a neighbouring garden was covered with fleeces from different breeds and sheep of various countries; and to wind up the business of the day, this national gala was terminated with a due amount of eating, drink-

ing, firing of guns, and dancing. It was a grand patriarchal festival of the primitive ages, with the usages and costume of the eighteenth century ingrafted upon it; and, as such, it was well calculated to pass off with *éclat*, and be long remembered with pleasure by all who had shared in it or witnessed it.\* And most diligently had the infant society already worked to deserve such a holiday; for, besides sending out inquiries into every district of the island respecting its woollen produce, and ascertaining the qualities of the different breeds of sheep, it had distributed throughout Scotland the choicest specimens of the Cheviot, and imported valuable additions from England, from France, and Italy, and even from Iceland, the East Indies, and Abyssinia.

The important objects of such an institution, and its results, suggested another, for a different but still more important department. This was the well known Board of Agriculture. No one who has witnessed the relics of agricultural barbarism that still survive in Scotland, and more especially in England, can fail to be struck with the clamant necessity of its reform; in the one country an excess, and in the other a deficiency of means, was used to produce the same effect, from the slim wooden Scottish plough, drawn by a sheltie, and held by a woman, to the huge earth-crusher of the fat fields of England, managed by a whole string of elephantine horses, superintended by two or more farm-servants. It was full time that a bold innovator should step forward; and from his past labours, no one had a better right to assume such a dangerous office, or was better qualified to carry it into effect, than Sir John Sinclair. After much thought, he published and circulated his plan, and on the 15th of May, 1793, he brought it, in the form of a motion, before the British parliament. The advantages to be derived from an agricultural board, were the following:—It would form a reservoir of agricultural intelligence, to which every inquirer might have access. By its surveys, it would collect every fact or observation connected with the improvement of soil and live-stock. By its foreign correspondence, it would gather and diffuse over the country a knowledge of those foreign improvements to which our untravelling yeomen and peasantry had no access. And, finally, it would be the means of obtaining a full statistical account of England, a work that had hitherto been attended with insuperable difficulties. These advantages he stated in bringing forward the measure before the House, and he suggested that the experiment should at least be tried for five years, with a grant from parliament of only £3000 per annum to defray its necessary expenditure, while the members of the board should give their services gratuitously. It was well that such a plan, which many stigmatized as utopian, was backed by all the influence of Mr. Pitt, without which it would probably have been unsuccessful. Perhaps it was equally fortunate that George III. was on the throne, that most agricultural of sovereigns, than whom, the poet tells us,

“A better farmer ne’er brush’d dew from lawn.”

The proposal for the establishment of the Agricultural Society was passed in the House by a majority of 75, and the board was appointed and chartered by his majesty, Sir John himself being nominated its first president. As the

\* The following characteristic incident is related by Miss Catherine Sinclair:—“In subsequent years, Sir John, always desirous of exemplifying what energy can achieve in accelerating labour, caused one of his own sheep to be publicly shorn at a cattle show, after which the wool was spun, dyed, woven, and made into a coat, which he wore the same evening at a rural fête, which he gave to the assembled farmers and their families.”

society was composed of the highest in rank, wealth, talent, and enterprise, it commenced its operations with spirit and success. In a twelvemonth the agricultural survey of the country was completed. The waste lands and common fields were reported and marked out, an immense circulation of papers on the subject of agriculture effected, and a general interest kindled upon the subject, manifested by a new demand for every published work connected with farm and field operations. The results of this important movement constitute an essential chapter in the modern history of Britain. Such had been the zeal for manufactures and commerce, that the agricultural interests of the country, without which the former would soon lose half their value, had gradually been falling into neglect. But now, the one as well as the other was made the subject of parliamentary legislation and national interest. And, even independently of the vast improvement effected upon every kind of husbandry, and increase of the means of subsistence, under the agency of this new institution, the survey of the country alone, which it had accomplished, would have been a national boon, well worth a greater amount of labour and expenditure. This estimate, upon the correctness of which the welfare and progress of a country so greatly depend, but which has always been attended with such difficulties as to make it in former times incorrect and unsatisfactory, even when persevered in to the close, was made by the society, under the directions of Sir John, so thoroughly, that at last the survey of the whole of Great Britain had been twice gone over, and was published in seventy octavo volumes.

We must now turn to a similar department in the labours of Sir John Sinclair, with which his and our own country of Scotland is more exclusively connected. It will at once be seen that we advert to his "Statistical Account of Scotland." It was in May, 1790, the year previous to the establishment of the society for the improvement of British wool, that he contemplated this great work. He was then a lay member of the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland. Such an account as he desired—so often attempted in other kingdoms, but hitherto so imperfectly—he saw could only be accomplished by hundreds of learned and talented men united in one aim, and working under the direction of one presiding mind. And where in Scotland could he find these so readily and so fully as in the General Assembly? Each of these men, too, was located in a particular district, with which he had better opportunities of being acquainted than any other resident; and thus the precise state of every parish throughout the length and breadth of Scotland could be obtained from its own minister. After having carefully deliberated his plan, Sir John, as was his wont, began the work in earnest. He drew up, in the form of a circular, a long list of queries upon the geography, natural history, productions, and population of the parish. These were followed by a copious addenda, in which every minute particular that a parish could possess was specified, and everything connected with its changes, history, and present condition. The towns were queried with the same minuteness, while the questions were adapted to the civic character and condition of each. These he transmitted to the ministers, and awaited their replies. The answers dropped in according to the readiness of the writers, and some of these were so regular and so full, that out of them he extracted and published a specimen volume, containing the account of four parishes, a copy of which he sent to the other clergymen, by way of directing and stimulating them in the work. This was in the beginning of 1791, and by the middle of the year his materials had so much increased, that he was enabled, although with

great personal study and exertion, to publish, by the middle of the year, the first volume of the "Statistical Account of Scotland." Even this, though but a commencement, was a great achievement. When he first proposed his plan, men were astonished that he should undertake, and that, too, with the hope of success, a work which the wealth of kings, the decrees of senates, and even the authority of despots, had hitherto failed to effect; and prophecies of utter discomfiture, mingled with ridicule of the attempt, were loud and frequent from every quarter. But the volume which now appeared, so superior to every former undertaking of the kind, quickly drowned their murmur in universal approbation; and the appearance of the second, which soon followed, increased the public feeling, on account of the greater interest of the materials with which it was filled.

But let no man say that in every case the beginning is more than the half: in those bold and generous undertakings that transcend the spirit of the age, the undertaker often finds that the beginning is less than nothing, from the failure and disappointment that follow. With this Sir John was soon threatened, in consequence of the shortcomings of his assistants. The most enthusiastic had been first in the field, and had already tendered their contributions; but these were few compared with the hundreds that still hung back. Many of the clergymen having, in the first instance, predicted that such a work could never go on, were unwilling to falsify their vaticinations. Many were but new intrants into their parishes, while not a few were old men, ready to leave them, and willing to spend the remainder of their days in quiet. Besides, the task of collecting information was not always pleasant in districts where such queries were suspected as the prelude of a rise of rent from their landlords, or a fresh tax from government. Where an unpleasant work is extended over a whole class of men, and where the performance is wholly voluntary, we know with what adroitness each individual can find an excuse for withholding his expected quota. This Sir John experienced when, after waiting a twelvemonth in expectation, he found, by the middle of 1792, that he was still 413 parishes short of the mark. But "despair" was not a word in his vocabulary. About the period of commencement, a plan had been formed in Scotland to establish the Society for the "Benefit of the Sons of the Clergy," and Sir John had arranged that the profits of the Statistical Account should be devoted to that purpose, while his application through Lord Melville in behalf of the society, obtained for it a royal grant of £2000, by which it was enabled to commence its operations much sooner than had been anticipated. He also obtained a recommendation of his undertaking from the General Assembly at large, while its most eminent leaders, Principal Robertson, Sir Henry Moncreiff Wellwood, Dr. Blair, and Dr. Hardie, bestirred themselves personally with their brethren in its behalf. And yet it flagged—for it was now the residue that had to be spurred into action, after the bold and brave had done their duty. Finding at last that better might not be, he appointed five statistical missionaries over as many of the more remiss districts, including the Western and Orkney Islands, and by these means twenty-five parishes were added to the list. And now all his material was in readiness; the whole of Scotland lay piled up in his study in the form of a mountain of manuscript, upon which he commenced his beloved work of arranging, classifying, and editing. But, lo! twelve whole parishes had disappeared! He had received them, as he thought, but now they were nowhere to be found. The omission of twelve such links

reduced the whole chain to as many fragments. After he recovered from his consternation—and it was such as he had never experienced during the whole of this Hercules labour—he set to work anew, and gave himself no rest till the deficiency was repaired. The task was finished on the 1st of January, 1798, seven years and a half from the period of its commencement, and was comprised in twenty thick volumes octavo, to which another was subsequently added. Had he done nothing more, the toil he endured and the difficulties he had surmounted in such an undertaking, would have insured him the testimony of a well-spent life, both from cotemporaries and posterity.

It would be difficult to describe the wonder and delight with which the "Statistical Account of Scotland" was hailed at its completion. How one man—and he a private individual—should have achieved such a task, and achieved it so thoroughly, appeared a miracle. His simple but admirable plan of engaging the whole national clergy in the work, the happy adaptation they had shown for it, and his untiring energy as well as skill in procuring, arranging, and adapting the materials, were each made the subject of congratulation and applause. It was not alone to Britain that these feelings were confined; it was regarded as a MODEL BOOK OF THE NATION for every country in Europe, and as such it was lauded by their most distinguished statesmen and rulers. The 900 ministers, also, by whom, with but a few exceptions, the labours of Sir John Sinclair had been so ably seconded, were not neglected; for besides the honour which this great national production reflected upon them as a body, not only in England but throughout Europe, and the royal grant by which the Society for the Sons of the Clergy had been so highly benefited, it went far, also, to procure for them that parliamentary assistance by which the many miserably small livings in the church were raised into charges of comfort and respectability. Attention was also called by the "Statistical Account" to the scanty salaries of schoolmasters, which in many cases were improved, and to several oppressive feudal rights, which were speedily abolished.

The year 1793 will always be remembered in the mercantile history of Great Britain as a season of panic. Failures were frequent, public confidence was at a pause, and national bankruptcy apprehended even by the least despondent. To avert this emergency by the restoration of mercantile credit, Sir John Sinclair suggested to Mr. Pitt the issue of exchequer bills—and in a happy moment the suggestion was adopted. By this remedy the panic was stilled, and our great mercantile institutions restored to full activity. In the transmission of this government relief for Scotland, it was of great importance to Glasgow that its share should reach the city before a certain day; and aware of this important fact, Sir John plied the exchequer agents so urgently, that, contrary to all expectation, the money was sent within the critical period. On the same evening he repaired to the House of Commons, and meeting with Pitt, he intended to explain to him how it had been accomplished; but the premier mistaking his drift, interrupted him with "No, no, you are too late for Glasgow; the money cannot go for two days." "It is gone already," was Sir John's laughing reply; "it went by the mail this afternoon." Glasgow can well comprehend the mercantile value of time in such a case, and the debt of gratitude it owes to the memory of Sir John Sinclair. But he was not contented with suggesting a relief merely for the crisis; his wish was to prevent a reaction, by compelling bankers to find security for their notes, and thus to limit the issue within the power of payment. To this, however, the

minister would not, or perhaps we might say more correctly, *could* not accede, as he had the whole banking interest against the measure. Matters went on as before, and thus the calamity, which Sir John foresaw, and had striven to prevent, returned in 1797, when the country was compelled to impose restrictions on cash payments. Sir John once more interposed to establish the system of licensing country bankers, but was again defeated, through the selfishness of those whose interests were bound up in the old system of unlimited banking.

In looking back upon the preceding events of Sir John Sinclair's life, it is impossible not to be struck with the energy that could plan, and activity that could execute such a variety of important undertakings. He was the Napoleon of peace—if such an epithet may be permitted—incessantly daring, doing, and succeeding, and always advancing in his career, but leaving at every step a token of his progress in the amelioration of some general evil, or the extension of a public benefit. The welfare of his numerous tenantry in Caithness, the improvement of British wool, the improvement of agriculture, the drawing up of the "Statistical Account of Scotland," all these labours pressing upon him at one and the same time, and each sufficient to bear most men to the earth, he confronted, controlled, and carried onward to a prosperous issue. And with all these duties, his senatorial avocations were never remitted, so that his attendance upon the House of Commons was punctual, and his support of no little weight to the great leading statesmen of the day. He had to add to his many avocations that of a soldier also. In 1794, when the wars of the French revolution were shaking Europe with a universal earthquake, and when Britain was summoned to rally against the menaces of invasion, it was necessary that every one who could raise a recruit should bring him to the muster. Sir John's influence in this way as a Highland landlord was justly calculated, and accordingly it was proposed to him, by Mr. Pitt, to raise a regiment of fencibles among his tenantry, for the defence of Scotland. Sir John acceded at once, and agreed to raise, not a regiment, but a battalion, and that, too, not for service in Scotland only, but in England also. He accordingly raised, in the first instance, a regiment of 600 strong, consisting of the tall and powerful peasantry of Caithness, clothed in the full Highland costume, and headed by officers, nineteen of whom were above six feet high, and, therefore, called among their countrymen the *Thier-nan-more*, or "Great Chiefs," with himself for their colonel. This was the first regiment of the kind that served in England, such services having hitherto been confined to Scotland alone. In the spring of the following year, he raised a still larger regiment, consisting of 1000 men, equally well appointed, who were destined for service in Ireland. Sir John's post was Aberdeen, in command of the encampment raised there in 1795, for the purpose of defending the town against the threatened invasion from Holland. A camp life is idle work at the best; but Sir John contrived to find in it the materials of activity, by the care which he took of the health, comfort, and efficiency of his soldiers. After studying the modes of living in his own encampment, and making these the data of his arguments, he also drew up a tract suggesting improvements in the mode of camp-living in general. The alarm of invasion passed away, but owing to the dearth by the failure of the crops in 1795, the services of Sir John and his agricultural board, in their proper capacity, were called into full exercise in the following year. He recommended in parliament the cultivation of waste and unimproved lands, and procured the passing of a bill by which linseed or oil cake, and rape cakes, were allowed to be imported

in British vessels free of duty. This last appeared but a paltry permission at the time, the articles in question being little known in our husbandry; but a far different opinion now prevails, from their extensive use in British agriculture.

After this period we find Sir John fully occupied with the commercial, financial, and agricultural interests of the country, and always upon the alert for their improvement. One of his proposals was such as no mere hunter after political popularity would have ventured. From the surveys of the Board of Agriculture, he had found that nearly 7,000,000 of acres lay as yet uncultivated in England; and he brought before parliament a "General Bill of Inclosure," by which these lands, held in common, should be inclosed for cultivation. But against this measure there was such an opposition among all classes, from the tourist to the tinker, that although the bill passed through the House of Commons, it was thrown out by the Lords. Still, the discussion had awakened general attention, and prepared the way for private enterprise. Another subject that again occupied his attention was our national finance, upon which he had already written a work in two separate parts, to which a third was added in 1790. The whole, with many additions and improvements, was finally published in three octavo volumes, under the title of a "History of the Public Revenue of the British Empire, containing an account of the Public Income and Expenditure, from the remotest periods recorded in history, to Michaelmas 1802." In two years this work passed through three editions, and was regarded as an authority and text-book in both houses of parliament. The income tax, and the redemption of the land tax, two questions at this period under discussion, also occupied Sir John's attention; and in parliament he strongly advocated the necessity of a paper instead of a metal currency. He was also opposed to free trade, already a great popular question; and he held—as many still do with all the advantages of practical experience—that "no country can be happy at home, or powerful abroad, unless it be independent of other countries for circulation and sustenance."

After so much labour, it is not to be wondered at that, toward the close of the century, Sir John's health began to decay. Already he had only reached the prime of manhood, and was distinguished by temperate and active habits; but he felt as if the shadows of a premature old age were coming upon him while his sun had scarcely passed the hour of noon. Most people in such cases resign themselves as to a dire necessity, and forsake the bustle of public life for the charms of an easy chair and home enjoyment. But Sir John had no idea of such selfish resignation; and though he knew as well as any man that he "owed heaven a death," still, he also felt that "it was not due yet," and that he was bound to work on until his Master called him home. The subject therefore of health, in relation to longevity, occupied his researches; and the result, in the first instance, was a pamphlet, which he published in 1803, entitled "Hints on Longevity." His strict attention to the rules which he recommended in this production, seems to have renewed his lease of life, so that he started upon a fresh occupancy of more than thirty years. At the close of this century, also, his reputation was so completely European, that the fellowships of societies and diplomas of universities had been sent to him from almost every country, while the general sense entertained of him abroad was thus aptly stated by Bottinger, in the Jena Universal Literary Gazette of June, 1801: "To whom is Scotland indebted for the attempt to purify her language? Who has exhibited the English finances in the clearest manner and on the



surest basis? Who has erected for Europe a model of statistical information, and carried it the length of twenty volumes, in the face of all difficulties? Who has created a centre for Great Britain's best and dearest interests, her agricultural produce? Who has provided the means of improvement for a chief staple of England, her wool? Who has toiled most earnestly for converting waste land into fertile fields, and inclosing dreary commons? And who has essentially opposed the inveteracy of bad habits, and the indolence of traditional customs, even among our farmers? To whom do we owe this, and more? All this, we must own, we owe to Sir John Sinclair, and almost to him alone."

The investigations of Sir John on the subject of health, with reference, in the first case, to himself, had been so beneficial to others, by the publication of his pamphlet on "Longevity," as sufficed to interest his benevolence; and he resolved to continue his inquiries into the subject. The result was his "Code of Health and Longevity"—a work in four volumes octavo, which was published at Edinburgh in 1807. It comprised an enormous amount of reading, subjected to his favourite processes of analysis and arrangement. His friends were alarmed at this new adventure, and thought that after obtaining such distinction in other departments, he should have left the physicians in possession of their own field. The latter also were wroth at his entrance, and rose in a body to drive the intruder from their premises. It is a grievous offence in their eyes that one even of their own order should betray the sacred mysteries of healing to the uninitiated; but that it should be done by a knight, statesman, financier, and agriculturist, who ought therefore to know little or nothing of the matter, was a monstrous trespass, for which no punishment could be too great. The faculty therefore took up their pens, and few medical prescriptions could be more bitter than the criticisms they emitted as an antidote to the "Code." But it was an excellent code notwithstanding, and the rules of health which he had gathered from every quarter were founded upon the principles of temperance and active exertion, and tested by common sense and long-confirmed experience. Not only individuals but communities were considered, and not one, but every class, could find in it directions, not merely for the recovery, but the preservation of a sound healthy temperament. To sedentary persons of every kind, to students, and to hypochondriacs, this work was especially useful; and such, by attending to his simple directions, could not only hold despondency and dyspepsia in defiance, but retain that *mens sana in corpore sano* which is so often sacrificed as the price of their occupation.

The "Code of Longevity" was followed by another of a different description: this was the "Code of Agriculture," which Sir John published in 1819. For this, in truth, there was much need. The Agricultural Society had done much, in multiplying, to an almost indefinite extent, the results of their inquiries and discoveries in the cultivation of the soil and improvement of live stock; but these were scattered over such a vast extent of publication as to be inaccessible to those who most needed such instruction. Few farmers, few even of our country gentlemen "who live at home at ease," could be expected to pursue their researches in agricultural improvements through forty-seven octavo volumes, in which the English County Reports were comprised, and the thirty which contained those of Scotland, besides seven volumes more of communications from correspondents. It was necessary that the pith of this huge mass should be so concentrated as to be both accessible and intelligible to general

readers. This was suggested by Sir Joseph Banks, who, in writing to Sir John Sinclair upon the subject, stated "that an account of the systems of husbandry adopted in the more improved districts of Scotland would be of the greatest advantage to the agricultural interests of the United Kingdom; and that it was incumbent upon a native of Scotland, while presiding at the Board of Agriculture, and possessing all the means of information which that situation afforded, to undertake the task." All this was true—but what a task! This was fully explained by Sir John in his excuse for declining the attempt: but Sir Joseph Banks would not be thus satisfied; and he returned to the charge, declaring "that agriculture has derived, is deriving, and will derive more benefit from Scottish industry and skill, than has been accumulated since the days when Adam first wielded the spade." Having allowed himself to be persuaded, Sir John Sinclair went to work, and not content with the voluminous materials already on hand, he visited every district noted for the cultivation both of heavy and light soils, and scattered queries in all directions among the farmers respecting their best processes of cultivation. It was no wonder that this labour occupied as long a period as the siege of Troy; so that, although it commenced in 1809, it was not finished until 1819. Three editions of the "Code of Agriculture" have since appeared; it was also published in America, and translated into the French, German, and Danish languages. One of these translators, M. Mathieu Dombasle, of Loraine, the most distinguished agriculturist of his nation, thus correctly characterized the work in a letter to Sir John:—"I have been for some time occupied in translating your excellent 'Code of Agriculture.' If anything can contribute to raise agriculture in France to the rank of a science, which we could not till now pretend to do, it will certainly be the publication of this work in France, being the most systematic, the most concise, and, in my opinion, the most perfect which has hitherto been written in any language."

From the foregoing account, in which we have endeavoured to present the beneficent and most valuable exertions of Sir John Sinclair in an unbroken series, it must not be thought that his career was without interruption. Had he escaped, indeed, the obloquy and opposition that have ever requited the great benefactors of mankind, he would have formed a singular exception to that universal rule which has prevailed from the days of Tresmegistus to our own. His first annoyance was from Pitt himself, once his attached friend, but finally alienated from him upon certain great political questions of the day. It was strange that this should react upon him as president of the Agricultural Board, from which all political resentments ought to have been excluded. But his sentiments upon such questions as the Warren Hastings trial, the government of Ireland, and the Westminster scrutiny, were destined to unseat him from a chair which he had so nobly filled, and that, too, of a society that owed its very existence to himself. And where was another to be found that could occupy his room? But upon such a question political resentment seldom condescends to pause; and after he had been for five years chairman of the Board of Agriculture, another was proposed, and chosen by a majority of one. This new election was made in favour of Lord Sommerville, who assumed the appointment with reluctance, while the public were indignant at the movement. Thus matters continued for eight years, when Sir John was restored to his proper office—an unsalaried office, that not only involved much labour, but personal expense to boot. This Sir John felt in weary days of anxiety and toil, and such a

diminution of his private fortune, that in 1813 he was obliged to resign it. Two years before this took place, he was appointed cashier of excise for Scotland, in consequence of which he resigned his seat in parliament. He had previously, in 1810, been raised to the rank of a privy councillor. On his resignation of the presidency of the Board of Agriculture, an event justly deemed of the highest national importance, in consequence of his great public services during forty years, many a grateful survey of his past life was made, and the worth by which it had been distinguished was affectionately commemorated.

Although the remainder of Sir John Sinclair's life was equally distinguished by active enterprising usefulness, our limits permit nothing more than a hasty summary of its chief events. In 1814 he made an excursion to the Netherlands, being his fourth visit to the Continent, and on this occasion his object was to examine the comparative prices of grain in Great Britain and the continental countries, and ascertain the best means of putting a stop to inequality of price for the future. He then passed over to Holland, to investigate the management of the Dutch dairies, so superior in their produce to those of other countries. The escape of Napoleon from Elba interrupted his farther progress, and on returning to England, he published his "Hints on the Agricultural State of the Netherlands compared with that of Great Britain;" in which he explained at full the improvements of foreign agriculture, for the imitation of British farmers. After the battle of Waterloo Sir John revisited Holland and the Netherlands, and afterwards France, where he made a close agricultural inspection of its provinces; but the minute subdivision of landed property in that country gave him little hope of the improvement of French agriculture. On his return to England he saw, with much anxiety, the sudden recoil which peace had produced in our trade, commerce, and agriculture, and carefully sought for a remedy. The result of his speculations was a pamphlet, which he published in October, 1815, entitled "Thoughts on the Agricultural and Financial State of the Country, and on the means of rescuing the Landed Farming Interests from their present depressed state." These evils he traced to the return of peace prices of produce, while war taxes were continued; and the remedy he proposed was, an increase in the currency, a bounty on exportation, and public loans for the benefit of landlord and tenant.

In passing on to 1819, we find Sir John Sinclair as busy as ever, and employed in the way most congenial to his intellectual character. This was the task of code-making, which he was anxious to apply to matters still more important than those that had hitherto been subjected to his industry. He contemplated a great work, to be entitled "A Code or Digest of Religion," in which the mind of the reader was to be led, step by step, from the first simple principles of natural religion, to the last and most profound of revelation. This plan, of which he sketched the first portion, and printed for private distribution among his friends, he was obliged to lay aside, in consequence of the more secular public questions that were daily growing, and pressing upon his notice. His theory, however, was afterwards realized in part by other agencies, in the "Bridgewater Treatises." Another printed paper which he circulated among his friends, was "On the Superior Advantages of the Codean System of Knowledge." It was his wish that every department of learning, science, and literature, hitherto spread over such a boundless field, and so much beyond the reach of common minds, should be collected, condensed, and simplified for the purposes of general instruction—and for this purpose, to associate the

learned and talented of every country "for the collection and diffusion of useful knowledge." We know how ably this plan was afterwards taken up, and realized by a mind well fitted for such a task. From these theories for the elevation of human character, Sir John again turned to the improvement of sheep and oxen, of which he had never lost sight since his great sheep shearing festival of 1792; and in 1821 he proposed the plan of sheep and cattle shows to the Highland Society. This time the proposal was favourably received, and forthwith put into practice, so that the first annual show of this society was held in Edinburgh at the close of 1822, while the prizes, appointed according to his suggestion, for the best specimens of sheep, cattle, breeding stocks, seeds, and agricultural implements, excited a spirit of ardent industrious competition over the whole kingdom. So great a machinery having thus received such an impetus as secured the easy continuance of its motion, Sir John returned to the other manifold subjects of his solicitude, and with such diligence, that after the year 1821, thirty pamphlets and tracts issued from his pen, besides many others whose authorship has not been traced. These, as might be expected, were chiefly connected with finance and agriculture. The proof-sheet of the last of these tracts, bearing the date of 1835, contains additions and corrections written in his own hand, but so tremulous and indistinct as to be almost illegible. The brain that had never rested, the hand that never was folded in idleness, the heart that had never been weary of well-doing, were all alike to be stilled: and these were the tokens of the final effort; the last throb, after which all was to be the wondrous change of moveless silence and repose.

The last illness of Sir John occurred on the 16th of December, 1835, when he was in the eighty-second year of his age. Its approach was sudden, as only the day previous he had taken a long drive, and conversed cheerfully with his friends. It was the rapid collapse of a healthy old age, in which our patriarchs are frequently removed from the world without sickness or suffering, rather than a regularly formed disease; and in this way Sir John lingered for a few days, and expired on the 21st.

Sir John Sinclair was twice married. By his first wife, as has been already mentioned, he had two daughters. By his second marriage, in 1788, to Diana, daughter of Alexander Lord Macdonald, he had thirteen children, of whom seven were sons, and six daughters. He was succeeded in the baronetcy by his eldest son, Sir George Sinclair, the present member for the shire of Caithness.

STEVENSON, ROBERT.—This eminent engineer, whose great professional talents are so signally attested by that wondrous structure, the Bell Rock lighthouse, was born at Glasgow, on the 8th of June, 1772. He was the only son of Allan Stevenson, merchant in Glasgow, partner in an establishment connected with St. Christopher, West Indies, in which island he died, while on a visit to his brother, who managed the business there. By this event Robert was left an orphan while still in infancy; and to add to the difficulties that beset his early life, his uncle in St. Christopher died soon after his father, leaving the mercantile affairs of their establishment involved in such embarrassment as must always ensue on the want of superintendence. In this way, the mother of Robert Stevenson, whose name was Jane Lillie, was obliged, in the management of her household, to depend mainly upon her own unaided energies. She, however, discharged her task with that ability which so often compensates for the want of paternal superintendence; and Robert, who was at first designed for the ministry, received the earlier part of his education with a view to that

sacred profession. Circumstances, however, soon altered this destination; for when he had finished his fifteenth year, his mother was married to Mr. Thomas Smith, a widower, originally a tinsmith in Edinburgh, but whose studies were devoted to engineering, and chiefly to the construction and improvement of lighthouses. In this department, he had the merit of substituting oil lamps with parabolic mirrors for the open coal fires that had hitherto lighted our naval beacons—an improvement so justly appreciated, that after the Lighthouse Board was established in 1786, Mr. Smith was appointed its engineer.

It is easy to guess how quickly such a relationship must have changed the whole current of Mr. Stevenson's studies. No stranger who conversed with him, no phrenologist who looked at him, could have failed to perceive at once that he was born an engineer, and the new parental superintendence to which he was consigned, was well fitted to develop his latent talents in this department. Accordingly, he made such proficiency, that at the age of nineteen he was intrusted by Mr. Smith with the erection of a lighthouse, which the latter had planned for the island of Little Cumbrae, and been commissioned to construct by the trustees of the Clyde Navigation. This task Mr. Stevenson executed with such ability, and showed such talent in his new vocation, that soon after he was adopted by Mr. Smith as his partner in the business. In 1790 he married the eldest daughter of Mr. Smith, whom he succeeded as engineer and superintendent of lighthouses, and continued to hold this office until he resigned it in 1843.

This change of occupation, and the success that crowned it, required a correspondent change of study; and accordingly Mr. Stevenson, throwing aside his Latin, which he had only half mastered, and turning away from Greek, which he had not yet entered, began to devote himself to the exact sciences. Opportunities, indeed, there were comparatively few, on account of the active life which he had commenced at an early period; but such as he possessed he improved to the uttermost. In this way, while superintending the erection of the lighthouse at Cumbrae, he availed himself of the cessation of the work during the winter months, by attending the Andersonian Institution at Glasgow, where he studied the mathematical and mechanical sciences connected with his profession. Here, he had for his preceptor, Dr. Anderson himself, the honoured founder of the institution, of whose valuable instructions Mr. Stevenson ever afterwards retained an affectionate remembrance. He pursued the same course of improvement in his education while employed by Mr. Smith in the erection of lighthouses on the Pentland Skerries in Orkney, so that as soon as the labours of each summer were ended, the winter months found him in close attendance at the classes of the university of Edinburgh. In this way he completed, during the course of several sessions, a curriculum that comprised mathematics, natural philosophy, chemistry, and natural history, to which he added logic, moral philosophy, and agriculture. It was the same perseverance at work which struggled for a foundation upon the living rock amidst the battling of waves and tempests, and having found it, persisted in adding stone to stone, until a stately tower was erected, and a guiding light kindled upon its summit. He thus became not only an accomplished scientific scholar, but also a student of considerable literary attainments, while he was employed the greater part of each year in contending with the stormy seas of the Orkneys, and dwelling upon their bleak islets and solitary shores. His first tour of inspection as superintendent of lighthouses, was made in 1797, for

which year he drew up the annual report for the Board of Commissioners; and during his long tenure of office, that extended over half a century, twenty-three lighthouses in the district of the Commission, which he designed and executed, attested his unwearied diligence, as well as professional skill. Many of these were constructed in situations that tasked the utmost of scientific knowledge and anxious study, while the successive steps of improvement which they exhibited, evinced the fresh ardour with which he had advanced to every undertaking, and the earnestness he had felt that each should prove the fittest and the best.

But the great work of Mr. Stevenson's life, and the durable monument of his professional attainments and success, is to be found in the Bell Rock lighthouse, of which he published such a full and interesting account in 1824, in one volume quarto. This rock, a sunken reef in the Firth of Forth, situated in west longitude from Greenwich  $2^{\circ} 22'$ , and in north latitude  $56^{\circ} 29'$ , and composed of red sandstone, was found so dangerous to navigation, that attention had been called to it at an early period, and, according to tradition, a remedy was adopted to warn mariners from the dangerous spot, by a humane abbot of Aberbrothock. This was a bell, erected upon the rock, and so connected with a floating apparatus, that the action of the winds and seas caused the bell to toll over the uproar of the waves amidst the darkest weather. And thus, as the well-known ballad of Southey informs us—

“When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,  
The mariners heard the warning bell;  
And then they knew the perilous rock,  
And blest the abbot of Aberbrothock.”

The popular legend adds, that a pestilent pirate, the enemy of God and man, in a mere spirit of wanton mischief, silenced the ocean monitor, by taking down the bell, and throwing it into the sea. But poetical justice was not long in overtaking him; for only a year after, while pursuing his vocation in the same dangerous sea, his ship in the dark drifted upon the now silent rock, and went down, with the captain and all hands on board; while,

“Even in his dying fear,  
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,  
A sound as if with the Inch-cape bell,  
The devil below was ringing his knell.”

After not only bell and pirate, but abbot and abbey had passed away, the rock still retained its place, and its wonted dangers, to the great annoyance as well as heavy loss of our shipping. This was so much the case, especially in a great storm that occurred in December, 1799, that it was ascertained not less than seventy vessels had been stranded or lost upon the coast of Scotland alone, most of which, it was supposed, would have found safety by running into the Firth of Forth, had there been a lighthouse on the rock to direct them. This, however, was not all, for it was supposed that the *York*, a ship of 74 guns, of which no tidings could be heard, had been wrecked there, with the loss of the whole crew. While the cry now became general for the erection of a lighthouse on the Bell Rock, government, moved by the calamity that had befallen the *York*, of which timbers were still floating for many miles upon the coast, began to listen to the appeal. But the obstacles to be overcome were of such a nature

as had been hitherto untried in engineering ; for while the Eddystone lighthouse, which was proposed as the model, occupied a site that was barely covered by the tide at *high water*, the Bell Rock was barely uncovered at *low water*. These difficulties made the corporation of the Trinity House of Leith advertise for plans that might lead to the construction of a suitable edifice ; and not less than three temporary experimental beacons were successively erected upon the rock, which were all speedily carried away. Fortunately it happened that the only man of the day who seemed capable of overcoming such a combination of obstacles from winds, and waves, and sunken rock, had long been brooding silently upon the enterprise, and devising the means of success. Even before the storm of 1799, Mr. Stevenson had prepared a pillar-formed model of a lighthouse, which he hoped might be available for the Bell Rock ; and in the summer of 1800 he visited the rock in person, that he might judge of its applicability. He soon saw that his pillar-shaped model would not suit the situation ; but he also saw that it was practicable to erect a solid stone edifice instead, upon the plan of the Eddystone lighthouse. To work, therefore, he went, in the construction of a new model, where massive blocks of stone were to be dovetailed into each other, so as to resist every pressure, both laterally and perpendicularly, and so connected with iron cased in lead, as to be proof against disruption ; while the building itself, high enough to surmount the waves at their wildest, was to occupy to the best advantage the narrow foundation which the rock afforded, and present the smallest front to the force of the tempest. These plans and models being finished, were submitted to the Lighthouse Board, with estimates of the expense of such a building, which amounted to £42,685, 8s. After much demur, arising from the expense of the undertaking, his proposal was duly sanctioned by act of parliament, and Mr. Stevenson was empowered to commence operations. Now it was, however, that a full sense of his new responsibility, hitherto viewed from a distance, assumed, when looked fully in the face, a very formidable aspect. "The erection," he thus wrote in a MS. which he kept for his own use, "on a rock about twelve miles from land, and so low in the water that the foundation course must be at least on a level with the lowest tide, was an enterprise so full of uncertainty and hazard, that it could not fail to press on my mind. I felt regret that I had not had the opportunity of a greater range of practice to fit me for such an undertaking. But I was fortified by an expression of my friend Mr. Clerk [of Eldin, the improver of naval tactics], in one of our conversations upon its difficulties. 'This work,' said he, 'is unique, and can be little forwarded by experience of ordinary masonic operations. In this case, "Smeaton's Narrative" must be the text-book, and energy and perseverance the *pratique*.'"

The work was commenced by searching for such a vessel as would serve for a temporary lighthouse, as well as a habitation for the workmen. This was soon found in a Prussian fishing-vessel of 82 tons, one of the captures of the war, which being rounded off both at stem and stern, was best adapted by its form for the new service in which it was to be employed. After having been suitably fitted up and rigged, this *Pharos*, as it was now named, was furnished with a large copper lantern for each of its three masts, and moored near the Bell Rock. Another vessel, expressly built for the purpose, called the *Smeaton*, of 40 tons, was employed in bringing the stones for the building, that were hewn in the quarries of Rubeslaw near Aberdeen, and Mylnefield near Dundee, and conveyed to Arbroath, the nearest harbour to the rock. The work itself was

commenced on the 18th of August, 1807; and such was the clink and bang of hammers, the hurrying of feet, and the din of human voices that now took possession of the solitude, that the affrighted seals, which had hitherto regarded the Bell Rock as their own exclusive property, went off in shoals in quest of new settlements. It is not our purpose to detail the daily, and almost hourly difficulties with which Mr. Stevenson had to contend in a task of seven years' duration, and the dangers to which he was exposed, while he had to battle with an almost impracticable foundation, and the continual war and shifting of elements that opposed every step of his progress. On one occasion, when the Smeaton was drifted out to sea, he was left with thirty-two workmen upon the rock, which, by the progress of the flood-tide, would soon be submerged at least twelve feet, while the two boats which they had at hand could have carried off little more than half of the company—after perhaps a life-and-death struggle with their less fortunate companions. At this critical moment he thus describes their situation, in the third person: "The writer had all along been considering various schemes, providing the men could be kept under command, which might be put in practice for the general safety, in hopes that the Smeaton might be able to pick up the boats to leeward when they were obliged to leave the rock. He was, accordingly, about to address the artificers on the perilous nature of their circumstances, and to propose that all hands should unstrip their upper clothing when the higher parts of the rock were laid under water; that the seamen should remove every unnecessary weight and incumbrance from the boats; that a specified number of men should go into each boat, and that the remainder should hang by the gunwales, while the boats were to be rowed gently towards the Smeaton, as the course to the Pharos or floating light lay rather to windward of the rock. But when he attempted to speak, his mouth was so parched that his tongue refused utterance, and he now learned by experience that the saliva is as necessary as the tongue itself for speech. He then turned to one of the pools on the rock, and lapped a little water, which produced an immediate relief. But what was his happiness, when, on rising from this unpleasant beverage, some one called out 'A boat! a boat!' and on looking around, at no great distance, a large boat was seen through the haze making towards the rock. This at once enlivened and rejoiced every heart. The timeous visitor proved to be James Spink, the Bell Rock pilot, who had come express from Arbroath with letters. Every one felt the most perfect happiness at leaving the Bell Rock this morning, though a very hard and even dangerous passage to the floating light still awaited us, as the wind by this time had increased to a pretty hard gale, accompanied with a considerable swell of sea. The boats left the rock about nine, but did not reach the vessel till twelve o'clock noon, after a most disagreeable and fatiguing passage of three hours. Every one was as completely drenched in water as if he had been dragged astern of the boats." During the two first seasons occupied on the Bell Rock, Mr. Stevenson's abode was the Pharos or floating light, as uncomfortable as well as perilous a home as the worst hulks which justice could have devised for the taming of a sturdy malefactor. Sometimes they had to ride out a gale, and endure all the horrors that precede a shipwreck, without the consolation of feeling that a voyage was in progress, or a port at hand into which they might run at the worst. On one occasion, indeed, after a storm, they found themselves making a voyage in sad earnest, with the prospect of being dashed against the Bell Rock by way of termination—for the Pharos had



broke from its moorings, and was drifting, none knew whither. Even in fair weather, it rolled like a tub, or rather like a barrel, so that such rocking was provocative of anything but tranquil repose. After the beacon or barrack was erected, Mr. Stevenson took up his abode in it; but here the matter was not greatly amended, as this habitation was nothing more than a sort of pigeon-house edifice, perched on logs, and exposed to the onset of every wave, while the tide in calm weather rose upon it to the height of sixteen feet. Let the following description of a few hours spent in it suffice:—"The gale continues with unabated violence to-day, and the sprays rise to a still greater height, having been carried over the masonry of the building, or about 90 feet above the level of the sea. At four o'clock this morning it was breaking into the cook's berth, when he rung the alarm-bell, and all hands turned out to attend to their personal safety. The floor of the smith's or mortar gallery was now completely burst up by the force of the sea, when the whole of the deals and the remaining articles upon the floor were swept away, such as the cast-iron mortar-tubs; the iron hearth of the forge, the smith's bellows, and even his anvil, were thrown down upon the rock. The boarding of the cookhouse, or story above the smith's gallery, was also partly carried away, and the brick and plaster-work of the fireplace shaken and loosened. At low water it was found that the chain of the movable beam-crane at the western wharf had been broken, which set the beam at liberty, and greatly endangered the quay ropes by its motion. . . . Before the tide rose to its full height to-day, some of the artificers passed along the bridge into the lighthouse, to observe the effects of the sea upon it, and they reported that they had felt a slight tremulous motion in the building when great seas struck it in a certain direction about highwater-mark. On this occasion the sprays were again observed to wet the balcony, and even to come over the parapet wall into the interior of the light room. In this state of the weather, Captain Wilson and the crew of the floating light were much alarmed for the safety of the artificers upon the rock, especially when they observed with a telescope that the floor of the smith's gallery had been carried away, and that the triangular cast-iron sheer crane was broken down. It was quite impossible, however, to do anything for their relief until the gale should take off."

Such is but a specimen of the obstacles encountered and the toils endured in erecting that wondrous edifice, the Bell Rock lighthouse. It was completed in December, 1810, and since that period it would be difficult to estimate the benefit it has conferred in that dangerous sea on the ships of every nation, which, but for its guidance, would have been dashed upon the rock, or wrecked on the neighbouring shore. There, from night to night, its lamp has continued to shine like a guiding star; while in snow and haze, its bell is heard as a warning voice through the thick atmosphere, when the light is obscured, or so dim, that its meaning is unintelligible to the bewildered navigator. Not fully four years after it was finished, when Sir Walter Scott made that well-known cruise among the northern seas, which he has entitled in his diary, "*Voyage in the Lighthouse Yacht to Nova Zembla, and the Lord knows where,*" he thus describes the edifice, at that time still fresh in early youth, and regarded with all the pleasure of a startling novelty.

"*July 30, [1814].—Waked at six by the steward; summoned to visit the Bell Rock, where the beacon is well worthy attention. Its dimensions are well known; but no description can give the idea of this slight, solitary, round*

tower, trembling amid the billows, and fifteen miles from Arbroath, the nearest shore. The fitting up within is not only handsome, but elegant. All work of wood (almost) is wainscot; all hammer-work brass; in short, exquisitely fitted up. You enter by a ladder of rope, with wooden steps, about thirty feet from the bottom, where the mason-work ceases to be solid, and admits of round apartments. The lowest is a storehouse for the people's provisions, water, &c.; above that a storehouse for the lights, of oil, &c.; then the kitchen of the people, three in number; then their sleeping chamber; then the saloon or parlour, a neat little room; above all, the lighthouse; all communicating by oaken ladders, with brass rails, most handsomely and conveniently executed. Breakfasted in the parlour." On being requested to inscribe his name in the album of the tower, Sir Walter, after breakfast, wrote the following lines, which Mr. Stevenson adopted for the motto of his work on the Bell Rock lighthouse:—

*"Pharos loquitur:—*

"Far in the bosom of the deep,  
O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep;  
A ruddy gem of changeful light,  
Bound on the dusky brow of night:  
The seaman bids my lustra hail,  
And scorns to strike his timorous sail."

The whole diary of this voyage in the northern seas, which the great poet and novelist has fully detailed, abounds with incidental notices, in which Mr. Stevenson's amiable disposition, as well as remarkable professional ability, diligence, and enterprise, are strikingly exemplified. It was one of those periodical voyages which Mr. Stevenson was wont to make in the erection of lighthouses, and the superintendence of northern lights; and besides three commissioners of the board, there were three pleasure tourists, of whom Sir Walter was one. The vessel in which they sailed was the lighthouse yacht, of six guns and ten men; for besides the storms of the Atlantic, lately a brush with a French cruiser, and even now with a Yankee privateer, might be no improbable contingency. The singular coasts that had to be surveyed, the strange places to be selected for the erection of lighthouses, and the difficulties that had to be overcome in such erections, will be best understood from the following quotation, which, therefore, notwithstanding its length, we give without curtailment:—

"August 27, 1814.—The wind, to which we resigned ourselves, proves exceedingly tyrannical, and blows squally the whole night, which, with the swell of the Atlantic, now unbroken by any islands to windward, proves a means of great combustion in the cabin. The dishes and glasses in the steward's cupboards become locomotive—portmanteaus and writing-desks are more active than necessary—it is scarce possible to keep one's self within bed, and impossible to stand upright, if you rise. Having crept upon deck about four in the morning, I find we are beating to windward off the Isle of Tyree, with the determination on the part of Mr. Stevenson that his constituents should visit a reef of rocks called *Skerry Vhor*, where he thought it would be essential to have a lighthouse. Loud remonstrances on the part of the commissioners, who one and all declare they will subscribe to his opinion, whatever it may be, rather than continue this infernal buffeting. Quiet perseverance on the part of Mr. S., and great kicking, bouncing, and squabbling upon that of the yacht, who seems to

like the idea of *Skerry Vhor* as little as the commissioners. At length, by dint of exertion, came in sight of this long ridge of rocks (chiefly under water), on which the tide breaks in a most tremendous style. There appear a few low broad rocks at one end of the reef, which is about a mile in length. These are never entirely under water, though the surf dashes over them. To go through all the forms, Hamilton, Duff, and I resolved to land upon these bare rocks in company with Mr. Stevenson. Pull through a very heavy swell with great difficulty, and approach, a tremendous surf dashing over black pointed rocks. Our rowers, however, get the boat into a quiet creek between two rocks, where we contrive to land, well wetted. I saw nothing remarkable in my way, excepting several seals, which we might have shot, but, in the doubtful circumstances of the landing, we did not care to bring guns. We took possession of the rock in name of the commissioners, and generously bestowed our own great names on its crags and creeks. The rock was carefully measured by Mr. S. It will be a most desolate position for a lighthouse—the Bell Rock and Eddystone a joke to it, for the nearest land is the wild island of Tyree, at fourteen miles' distance. So much for the *Skerry Vhor*."—It is only necessary to add to this amusing sketch, that the lighthouse contemplated by Mr. Stevenson was erected in 1842, by Mr. Alan Stevenson, his son, and successor in office, who in this difficult undertaking not only followed his father's instructions, but emulated his perseverance and scientific ability.

During the long course of Mr. Stevenson's professional labours, his calm calculating sagacity, and adaptation of means at once simple and effectual to an end that seemed unattainable, or not to be attained without the most complex agencies, were conspicuous to the last; and although not himself an inventor, he could largely improve on the inventions of others, and turn them to the best account. It was thus that the Eddystone lighthouse suggested to him the bolder and more difficult undertaking of that on the Bell Rock; while his plan of the *jib* and *balance-cranes*, and the changes which he adopted in the masonry of the building, especially in the laying of the floors, so that their stones should form part of the outward wall, were important improvements on the plans of Mr. Smeaton, whom he still was proud to call his master. The best mode of lighting these ocean lamps was also a subject of his inquiry; and the result was, his invention of the *intermittent* and the *flashing* lights, the former suddenly disappearing at irregular intervals, and the latter emitting a powerful gleam every five seconds—a mode of illumination distinct from that of the ordinary lighthouses in the same range, and admirably suited for the dangerous navigation of narrow seas. For the last of these inventions he was honoured with a gold medal from the king of the Netherlands. While his scientific anxiety and skill were thus devoted to the improving and perfecting of those buildings upon which the safety of navigation so much depends, he did not overlook the welfare of those to whom the superintendence of their bale-fires is committed; and his humane regulations, by which the comforts of these self-devoted prisoners of the ocean pillars were promoted, as well as his rules of discipline, by which their duties were simplified, introduced a marked change for the better into the dreary life of those upon whose watchfulness and fidelity so vast an amount of human happiness is at stake. Mr. Stevenson, indeed, may justly be said not only to have created the lighthouse system of Scotland, where it was so much needed, but to have brought it also to that state of perfection in which it has become the model to other maritime nations.

Independently of his duties connected with northern lights, Mr. Stevenson, in his general capacity as a civil engineer, was frequently a co-operator with Rennie, Telford, and the other chief engineers of the day. He also, after the peace of 1815, was the principal adviser in the construction of those new roads, bridges, harbours, canals, and railways, towards which the national energy and capital were now directed. Even the beautiful approach to the city of Edinburgh from the east, by the Calton Hill, was planned by him, and executed under his direction. While his impress was thus stamped upon the public works of Scotland, he was often consulted upon those of England and Ireland; and his ingenious plans of simplifying and adapting, which he had so successfully employed upon one element, were followed by those which were equally fitted for the other. In this way, his suggestion of the new form of a suspension bridge applicable to small spans, by which the necessity for tall piers is avoided, was partially adopted in the bridge over the Thames at Hammersmith. While planning a timber bridge for the Meikle Ferry, he also devised an arch of such simple construction, composed of thin layers of plank bent into the circular form, and stiffened by *king-post pieces*, on which the level roadway rests, that this form of bridging has come into very general use in the construction of railways.

As an author Mr. Stevenson has not been particularly fertile. He sat down to draw a plan instead of excogitating a theory, and his published work was the erection itself, instead of a volume to show how it might be accomplished. Still, however, he has written sufficiently for one who did so much. Independently of his large work upon the Bell Rock lighthouse, he wrote several articles in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and Brewster's "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," and other scientific journals. In 1817 he published a series of letters in the "Scots Magazine," giving an account of his tour through the Netherlands, and a description of the engineering works connected with the drainage and embankment of Holland. His professional printed reports and contributions are also sufficient to occupy four goodly quarto volumes. Owing, however, to the obstacles under which his early education was impeded, he had not acquired that facility in composition which a commencement in youth is best fitted to impart, so that we question whether, in his great achievement of the Bell Rock, his book or his lighthouse occasioned him most trouble. In 1815 he became a fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; he afterwards joined the Geological Society of London, and the Wernerian and Antiquarian Societies of Scotland.

In private life Mr. Stevenson was endeared to all who knew him, by his lively intelligent conversation, kind disposition, and benevolent deeds, while his whole course was a beautiful illustration of the Christian character superinduced upon the highest scientific excellence. And as he had lived, so he died, at the ripe age of seventy-nine, at peace with the world he was leaving, and rejoicing in the hope of a better to come. His decease occurred at his residence in Baxter's Place, Edinburgh, on the 12th of July, 1850. His most fitting monument is an admirable marble bust likeness, executed by Samuel Joseph, at the command of the Commissioners of the Board of Northern Lights, and placed by them in the library of the Bell Rock lighthouse.

STRUTHERS, JOHN.—"It is said that the solitary and meditative generation of cobblers have produced a larger list of murders and other domestic crimes than any other mechanical trade except the butchers; but the sons of

Crispin have, to balance their account, a not less disproportionate catalogue of poets; and foremost among these stands the pious author of the 'Poor Man's Sabbath,' one of the very few that have had sense and fortitude to resist the innumerable temptations to which any measure of celebrity exposes persons of their class." This honourable attestation from the pen of the distinguished editor of the "Quarterly Review," in his Life of Sir Walter Scott, when speaking of John Struthers, entitles this lowly bard to not a little consideration. The author of the "Poor Man's Sabbath" was born at Forefaulda, a cottage built upon the estate of Long Calderwood, East Kilbride, Lanarkshire, on July 18, 1776, and was the son of William Struthers, who for more than forty years had been a shoemaker in that parish. The education of John, when a boy, was of the simplest kind: he was taught to read from the Shorter Catechism, the Proverbs of Solomon, and the Bible; and to write, by copying the letters of the alphabet in a rude printing fashion upon the side of an old slate. His mother, however, who was his preceptor, was aided in the task of tuition by Mrs. Baillie, widow of Dr. James Baillie, formerly professor of theology in the university of Glasgow, then residing at Long Calderwood, and by her two daughters, the youngest of whom was the afterwards celebrated Joanna Baillie. These accomplished ladies had the sickly little boy frequently brought to their house, where they conversed with him, read to him, told him amusing stories, and gave him his first glimpses of the bright world of music, by airs upon the spinnet. That mind must have had no imagination whatever which such a training could not waken into poetry, or something resembling it. When the house was shut up, and the family had departed to London, it seemed to John, now only seven years old, as if a beatific vision had been closed for ever; and the consequence was a fever, that confined him to bed for six weeks. No one who afterwards knew the hard-visaged and iron-minded John Struthers, would have suspected him of ever having been the victim of such susceptibility, were we not aware that it is often such seemingly impassive characters who feel most keenly. On going afterwards to school, he made such progress in the common branches of education, that his parents were urged to have him trained for the ministry; but this temptation, so strong among the peasantry of Scotland, they had the good sense to resist, and John was sent, for three years and a half, to the occupation of a cow-herd. During this period he unconsciously trained himself for his future work of an ecclesiastical historian, by devouring the contents of his grandfather's covenanting library, which was stored with the works of Knox, Calderwood, Wodrow, and other Scottish writers of the 17th and 18th centuries, while he cherished the polemical spirit, so essential to his future task, by keen debates with a neighbouring herd lad upon the religious controversies of the day.

After a rough kind of life, partly as cow-herd, and partly as farm-servant, John Struthers, at the age of fifteen, settled in Glasgow, for the purpose of learning his father's occupation of shoemaker; and this being fully attained, he returned to the paternal home, and was busily employed in his new calling. During these changes he had also diligently pursued the task of self-education, in which he made himself acquainted with the best poetical and prose writers both of England and Scotland, while his intellectual superiority gave him a high standing among the rustic society by which he was surrounded. At the age of twenty-two he married, after a courtship of more than four years. Having removed once more to Glasgow, which he now made his permanent

abode, Struthers adventured on his first attempt in authorship, and, like many tyro authors, he was soon so much ashamed of it, that he burnt the whole impression, and did his best to forget the trespass. What was the nature of the work, or whether it was in poetry or prose, he has not informed us, although from a chance hint that escapes him in his biography, we rather think it was the former.

The next attempt of Mr. Struthers in authorship was one that was to bring him into notice, and establish his reputation as a poet of no common order. We allude to his "Poor Man's Sabbath;" and as the origin of this work is characteristic both of the writer and the period, we give it in his own words, where he speaks of himself in the third person: "Though the removal of our subject from a country to a town life, was upon the whole less grievous than he had anticipated, still it was followed by regrets, which forty-eight long years have not yet laid wholly asleep. Of these, the first and the most painful was his position on the Sabbath day. In the country his Saturday was equally tranquil, rather more so than any other day of the week. He was, on the Saturday night, always early to bed, and on the Sabbath morning up at his usual hour—had his moments of secret meditation and prayer—his family devotions—his breakfast and dressing over by nine o'clock, when his fellow-worshippers of the same congregation, who lived to the westward of him, generally called at his house. Among them was his excellent father, and one or two old men of the highest respectability as private members of the church, with whom he walked to their place of worship, Black's Well meeting-house, Hamilton, returning with them in the evening, enjoying the soothing influences of the seasons, whether breathing from the fragrant earth, or glowing from the concave of the sky; taking sweet counsel together, and holding delightful fellowship with the God of all grace, and of all consolation, and with each other, in talking over the extent, the order, the grandeur, and the excellent majesty of His kingdom." From this picture of a rural Scottish Sabbath at the beginning of the present century, he turns to those Sabbatical evils of our cities, which, at that period of recent introduction, have ever since been on the increase:—"In town, on the contrary, he found Saturday always to be a day of bustle and confusion. There was always work wanted, which could not be had without extra exertion. He was always earlier up in the morning, and later in going to bed on that day than on any other day of the week. With the extra labour of that day, added to the everyday toils of the week, he was often exhausted, and his hands so cut up, that it was not without difficulty that he managed to shave himself. On the morning of the Sabbath, of course, he was weary, drowsy, and listless, feeling in a very small degree that glowing delight with which he had been accustomed to hail the hallowed day. At the sound of the bell he walked into the meeting-house with the crowd, an unnoticed individual, unknown and unknowing; his nobler desires clogged and slumbering; his activities unexcited; and his whole frame of mind everything but that which he had been accustomed to experience, and which it was, amidst all these evil influences, his heart's desire it should have been."

These feelings wrought themselves into stanzas, and the stanzas, in course of time, grew into a regular poem. Still warned, however, by his late failure, Struthers was afraid to venture once more into the press, until the success of a war ode, entitled "Anticipation," which he published in 1803, when the dread of a French invasion was at its height, encouraged him to commit the "Poor Man's

Sabbath," in the following year, to the tender mercies of the public. The approbation with which it was welcomed was great, and the sale of it was rapid. A few weeks after this, Graham's "Sabbath" was published, so that the "Poor Man's Sabbath," on account of its priority, had established a refutation of the charge of plagiarism, which was attempted to be brought against it. A first and second, and afterwards a third impression of the work was rapidly sold; and although the profits collectively amounted to no great sum, it brought Struthers something better than a few fleeting pounds; "it made his name and character known," says Lockhart, in his *Life of Scott*, "and thus served him far more essentially; for he wisely continued to cultivate his poetical talents, without neglecting the opportunity, thus afforded him through them, of pursuing his original calling under better advantages." It is not a little to the honour of Struthers, that his production was patronized by Sir Walter Scott, and also by Joanna Baillie, the friend and instructor of his early boyhood, from whom he was so fortunate as to receive a visit at Glasgow in 1808. Such a visit he thus touchingly commemorates in his old days:—"He has not forgotten, and never can forget, how the sharp and clear tones of her sweet voice thrilled through his heart, when at the outer door she, inquiring for him, pronounced his name—far less could he forget the divine glow of benevolent pleasure that lighted up her thin and pale but finely expressive face, when, still holding him by the hand she had been cordially shaking, she looked around his small but clean apartment, gazed upon his fair wife and his then lovely children, and exclaimed, 'that he was surely the most happy of poets.'"

Encouraged by the success that had crowned his last effort, Struthers persevered amidst the many difficulties of his humble position to cultivate the muse, and the result was the "Peasant's Death," intended as a sequel to the "Poor Man's Sabbath," and which was as favourably received by the public as its predecessor. Then succeeded the "Winter Day," a poem in irregular measure, which he published in 1811. This was followed, in 1814, by a small volume, bearing the title of "Poems, Moral and Religious." In 1818 he published his poem of "The Plough," written in the Spenserian stanza. About the same time he also edited, from the original MS., a collection of poems by Mr. William Muir, to which he appended a biographical preface. A still more important editorial work, which he was induced to undertake, was a collection of songs, published in three volumes, under the title of "The Harp of Caledonia." But after all this labour, the author was as poor as ever, and still dependent upon the work of his hands for his daily bread. The cause of this is to be found not only in his general indifference to lucre, but his sturdy independence, that would not stoop to the higgling of the literary market, and the high estimate he had formed of the dignity of literary exertion. Hear his own estimate of the matter:—"The mercenary spirit of literary men he considers to be the disgrace and bane of human nature—an intellectual harlotry, more disgraceful and more destructive to the immortal spirit, than that prostitution of the body, which subjects all who submit to it to self-loathing and the contempt of all men—a vice which converts one of the noblest acquisitions of human nature, and that which should be one of the principal sources of distinction in the world—THE KNOWLEDGE OF LETTERS—into a curse the most wide-spreading and morally ruinous to which our frail nature can be subjected; and he confesses candidly, that up to this day he has serious doubts whether general or miscel-

laneous literature, as the sole means of supporting existence, be, after all, a lawful profession."

It was not, however, merely to poetry that Struthers confined his intellectual exertions. Looking sharply at men and things, he knew much of the prose of life; while his course of reading, which he had never intermitted from boyhood, and which extended over an ample range of Scottish theology, history, and general literature, fitted him for writing upon the most important subjects of the day. He felt it also the more necessary to be a prose writer and public instructor, in consequence of the innovations that were taking place in society, under which all old time-honoured institutions were decried as the mere ignorance of childhood, compared with that great millennium of improvement, of which the French revolution was the commencement. On this account he had sturdily opposed the *strikes* of his fellow-workmen, and the levelling democratic principles of the class of society to which he belonged, although he stood alone in the contest. While these were at the wildest, he published, in 1816, an "Essay on the State of the Labouring Poor, with some hints for its improvement." The plan he recommended was that of the ten-acre-farm, which has so often been reiterated since that period; and such were the merits of the production, which was published anonymously, that more than one writer of eminence had the credit of the authorship. Another pamphlet, which he afterwards published, with the title of "Tekel," was written during the heat of the Voluntary controversy, and intended to represent what he conceived to be the ruinous effects of the Voluntary principle upon religion in general. He was now to become more closely connected with authorship as a profession than ever, in consequence of being employed as a literary reader and corrector of the press, first at the printing-office of Khull, Blackie, and Co., Glasgow, and afterwards in that of Mr. Fullarton. During this period, which lasted thirteen years, besides the task of correcting proofs and making or mending paragraphs, he furnished notes for a new edition of Wodrow's "History of the Church of Scotland." He also wrote a history of Scotland from the Union (1707) to 1827, the year in which it was published, in two volumes, and was afterwards employed in preparing a third, continuing the narrative until after the Disruption, so that it might be a complete history of the Scottish Church; when, just as it was all but completed, death put a period to his labours. He was also, for sixteen or eighteen months, occupied with Scottish biography, and most of the lives which he wrote on this occasion, were ultimately transferred to Chambers' "Lives of Eminent Scotsmen."

In 1833, an important change occurred in the tranquil career of Mr. Struthers, by his being appointed to the charge of that valuable collection, well known in Glasgow as the Stirling Library. Here his salary as librarian was only fifty pounds a-year; but his wants were few and simple, and the opportunities of the situation for study were such as would have outweighed with him more lucrative offers. In this office he remained nearly fifteen years, and returning in his old days to his first love, he resumed his poem entitled "Dychmont," commenced in early life, which he completed and published in 1836. These literary exertions were combined with biographical sketches, which appeared in the "Christian Instructor," several tracts on the ecclesiastical politics of the period, and essays on general subjects, of which only a few were printed. In 1850, a collection of his poetical works was published in two volumes, by Mr. Fullarton, to which the author added a highly interesting autobiography.



In this manner passed the useful life of John Struthers to its close, while every year added to the esteem of his fellow-citizens, who regarded him not only as an excellent poet, but an able historian and general writer—an estimation in which society at large has fully coincided. He died in Glasgow, on the 30th July, 1853, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

## T.

TENNANT, WILLIAM, LL.D., Professor of Oriental Languages in St. Mary's College, St. Andrews.—This most accomplished linguist and excellent poet was born in Anstruther, a royal burgh on the south-eastern coast of Fife, once a town and seaport of great commercial importance in the history of Scotland, but which has now dwindled, in the course of mercantile changes, into a place of little note. He was, however, the fellow-townsmen and cotemporary of Dr. Chalmers. He was born in the year 1784. His father, who was a small merchant in Anstruther, appears to have been a man in straitened circumstances, while in early infancy the future poet and professor, without any original malformation, lost the use of both his feet, and was obliged for life to move upon crutches. Thus desperate from the beginning was his chance of attaining to excellence and distinction. But within that puny frame was lodged a spirit that could wrestle down such obstacles, and grow stronger from the conflict.

In those days it was the custom in Scotland, that whosoever was thought not fit to be anything else, was judged good enough to be a teacher, and destined accordingly; and thus it too often happened that our parochial seminaries were Bethesda pools, surrounded by the lame, the halt, and paralytic, waiting for the friendly hand of patronage to lift them into office when a vacancy occurred. It was not wonderful, therefore, that the poor lame boy was educated with the view of permanently occupying a schoolmaster's chair, instead of *poussing* his fortune by a life of travel and adventure. He was accordingly sent betimes to the schools of his native town, and after he had learned all that they could teach him, he was transferred in 1799 to the university of St. Andrews, with the view of finishing his education. One so fitted to be a linguist by nature, could not fail to make a rapid progress under the prelections of such instructors as Dr. Hunter and Dr. Hill. After having spent two years at the United College, St. Andrews, in the study of the classics, the state of pecuniary affairs at home did not permit him to enjoy the usual curriculum, and he was hastily recalled to Anstruther. In the meantime, however, by the study of two languages, he had acquired the key that could unlock them all, be his circumstances what they might; and of this facility he soon showed himself a ready occupant. Independently of the higher Latin and Greek writers, so seldom mastered at our universities, but with which he became as conversant as with the authors of his own tongue, he ventured upon the study of Hebrew, with no other teachers than a dictionary and grammar, and made such proficiency, that in half a year and three days he read through the whole of the Hebrew Bible. While thus employed in the study of languages at Anstruther, and laying the foundation of his future renown and success, the claims of business called him away to Glasgow in 1803-4, where he was employed as clerk to his brother, a corn-factor in that city; and on the removal of the business to his native town a year after, he continued in the

same capacity in Anstruther. While thus exalted upon the high tripod of a counting-house, or haggling with borrel discontented farmers upon the price of *oats* and barley—an admirable specimen of the “pursuit of knowledge under difficulties”—he was making, by his unaided efforts, and in his moments of leisure, such acquirements as the halls of Oxford or Cambridge would have been proud to have enshrined. Language after language yielded before his onset, whether dead or living, whether barbarous or refined, whether eastern, western, northern, or southern. One startling proof of this desperate indomitable perseverance, as well as peculiar aptitude in acquiring a tongue, was, that in a very few weeks after studying the Gaelic, reckoned the most impracticable of all living languages, he was able to read the whole of the Highland New Testament with ease and fluency.

While William Tennant was thus laudably occupied, a more than ordinary portion of the cares of life interposed to annoy him. The business of a corn-factor, in which his brother was engaged in Anstruther, was unsuccessful, and became involved in such pecuniary responsibilities, that the principal found it advisable to make a hasty retreat, leaving poor William, his substitute, to answer in his stead. This the latter did, not only by enduring incarceration, as if he had been the real debtor, but a large amount of obloquy to boot, from those who went in search of the assets of the business, but could not find them. After the innocent scape-goat had sustained his unmerited share of reproach and imprisonment, he was set free, upon which he retired to his father's humble dwelling. He was soon to emerge into the world in a new character. To his remarkable powers of application and abstraction, by which he was enabled to acquire so many languages, he added the higher qualities of taste and imagination, so that the study of poetry and the occupation of verse-making had been alternated with his graver pursuits. He now set himself in earnest to attempt authorship as a poet, and the result was “Anster Fair,” not only the first, but the best of all the productions he has given to the world. Its chances of fame were at first extremely precarious, for it appeared in 1811 in a humble unpretending form, and from the obscure press of an Anstruther publisher. It was thus accessible to few except the peasants and shopkeepers of Fife, who had no fitting relish for such poetical *caviare*; so that, after languishing a year unnoticed it might have passed into oblivion, but for one of those simple accidents that sometimes arrest a work of merit in full transit, and restore it to its proper place. Lord Woodhouselee, the accomplished scholar and critic, having seen the little volume, perused it—and to read it, was to admire and appreciate. Anxious to know who the author was—for the poem was published anonymously—and to make his merits known to the world, he applied to Mr. Cockburn, the Anstruther publisher, for information, in the following letter:—

“SIR,—I have lately read, with a very high degree of pleasure, a small poetical performance, which, I observe, bears your name as publisher on the title-page. The author of ‘Anster Fair’ cannot long remain concealed. It contains, in my opinion, unequivocal marks of strong original genius, a vein of humour of an uncommon cast, united with a talent for natural description of the most vivid and characteristic species, and, above all, a true feeling of the sublime—forming altogether one of the most pleasing and singular combinations of the different powers of poetry that I have ever met with. Unless the author has very strong reasons for concealing his name, I must own that I should be much gratified by being informed of it. “ALEX. FRASER TYTLER.”

After this, "Anster Fair" began to be read in circles where it could be best appreciated, and a criticism in the "Edinburgh Review," from the discriminating pen of Jeffrey, in 1814, established the character of the poem as one of the most talented and remarkable productions of its kind that had yet appeared. Its merits are thus summed up by the lynx-eyed, accomplished critic: "The great charm of this singular composition consists, no doubt, in the profusion of images and groups which it thrusts upon the fancy, and the crowd, and hurry, and animation with which they are all jostled and driven along; but this, though a very rare merit in any modern production, is entitled perhaps to less distinction than the perpetual sallies and outbursts of a rich and poetical imagination, by which the homely themes on which the author is professedly employed, are constantly ennobled or contrasted, and in which the ardour of a mind evidently fitted for higher tasks is somewhat capriciously expended. It is this frequent kindling of the diviner spirit—this tendency to rise above the trivial subjects among which he has chosen to disport himself, and this power of connecting grand or beautiful conceptions with the representation of vulgar objects or ludicrous occurrences—that first recommended this poem to our notice, and still seem to us to entitle it to more general notoriety. The author is occupied, no doubt, in general with low matters, and bent upon homely mirth, but his genius soars up every now and then in spite of him; and 'his delights'—to use a quaint expression of Shakespeare—

—— 'his delights

Are dolphin-like, and show their backs above  
The element they move in.' "

Thus far the critic. The groundwork which the poet selected for this diversified and gorgeous superstructure, was as unpromising as it well could be, for it was the dirty and unpicturesque Loan of Anster; the sports were sack-racing, ass-racing, and a yelling competition of bagpipes; and the chief personages of the tale were Maggie Lauder, a nymph of less than doubtful reputation in the songs and legends of Fife, and Rob the Ranter, a swaggering, deboshed beggiper, of no better character. All this, however, was amplified into a tale of interest, as well as purified and aggrandized by redeeming touches; so that, while Maggie under his hands became a chaste bride, and Rob the pink of rural yeomanry, Puck, almost as kingly as Oberon himself, and his tiny dame, scarcely less fair than Titania, take a part in the revels. And the exuberant wit that sparkles, effervesces, and bubbles o'er the brim—the mirth and fun, that grow fast and furious as the dancing nimble-footed stanzas proceed—for all this, too, we can find a sufficient cause, not only in the temperament of the poet, but the peculiar circumstances under which the poem was produced. For Tennant himself, although a cripple, so that he could not move except upon crutches, was requited for the loss by a buoyancy of spirit, that bore him more lightly through the ills of life than most men. In addition to this, also, it must be remembered that he had been impoverished, imprisoned, and villified; and that "Anster Fair" was the natural rebound of a happy cheerful spirit, that sought and found within itself a bright and merry world of its own, in which it could revel to the full, undisturbed by debts, duns, writs, empty pockets, and sour malignant gossiping. What were John Doe and Richard Roe compared with Rob the Ranter and his bright-haired Maggie, or with Puck and his little Mab fresh from their imprisonment of

mustard-pot and pepper-box? These were circumstances that made him write in such a rattling mirthful strain as he never afterwards reached, when every aid of an honoured and prosperous condition stood obedient beside his learned chair.

As for the mechanical structure of the poem, this too was happily suited to the subject, being as completely out of the beaten track as the tale itself. The following is his own account of it in his original preface: "The poem is written in stanzas of octave rhyme, or the *ottava rima* of the Italians, a measure said to be invented by Boccaccio, and after him employed by Tasso and Ariosto. From these writers it was transferred into English poetry by Fairfax, in his translation of "Jerusalem Delivered," but since his days has been by our poets, perhaps, too little cultivated. The stanza of Fairfax is here shut with the 'Alexandrine' of Spenser, that its close may be more full and sounding." It was not the least of Tennant's poetical achievements, that he restored this long-neglected stanza into full use in English poetry. It was adopted by Lord Byron in his "Beppo" and "Don Juan," and has since been followed by a whole host of imitators, both in the serious and comic strain.

As it was not by poetry, however, that William Tennant meant to live, he set himself in earnest to the humble and laborious, but less precarious occupation of a schoolmaster, for which he had been originally designed. In 1813, he was so fortunate as to be appointed teacher of a school in the parish of Denino, a district situated between Anstruther and St. Andrews, and about five miles from the last-named seat of learning. And it speaks not a little for his contented spirit and moderate wishes, that he accepted a situation yielding only £40 a year, at a time when his poetical reputation had obtained a fair start in the race, while his acquirements as a linguist could scarcely have been matched in Scotland. But for the present he was fully content with a quiet little cottage, and access to the stores of St. Andrews' college library; and here, without any other teacher than books, he made himself master of the Syriac, Persian, and Arabic languages. From his limited means he also published a second edition of "Anster Fair," much superior in typography and external appearance to the humble little volume that had first issued from the press of Anstruther. After labouring three years at Denino, where he had little literary society of any kind, except that of Hugh Cleghorn, Esq., of Stravithie, and the minister of the parish, Tennant was promoted to the more lucrative situation of schoolmaster of Lasswade, chiefly through the kind offices of Mr. George Thomson, the friend and correspondent of Burns. Besides the superior means which he now possessed of pursuing his beloved studies, his nearness to the capital and his growing reputation brought him into full intercourse with the distinguished literary society with which Edinburgh at this time abounded, so that, both as linguist and poet, his social spirit found ample gratification. At Lasswade he continued to perform the duties of a parish schoolmaster, when a further rise in office awaited him. The newly established and richly endowed institution of Dollar was in want of a teacher of the classical and Oriental languages, and as Tennant's reputation was now deservedly high, not only for his scholarship, but—what was of far greater importance—his power of making others good scholars as well as himself, he was appointed to this profitable and important charge, in January, 1819. Even yet, however, he had not attained a promotion that was fully adequate to his merits, for in the highest charge which profound and varied scholarship could reach, he

would have been found the best fitted to occupy it. The opportunity seemed to occur in 1831, when the chair of Oriental languages in St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, became vacant, and Tennant offered himself as candidate for the professorship, and had almost succeeded, his claims and those of his rival, Dr. Scott, minister of Corstorphine, having been for some time doubtfully deliberated by the crown authorities. The latter, however, was preferred, and Tennant continued three years longer at Dollar, when, by the death of Dr. Scott, he was, on the strength of his former competition, appointed to the professorship.

In this way the author of "Anster Fair," by a series of steps, ascended from the lowest to one of the highest grades of Scottish academical distinction. But while he was thus struggling onward as a teacher, and at every stage adding to his philological acquirements, he did not lose sight of that poetical character through which he had first risen into notice. Some years, therefore, after his Anstruther production, he produced a new poem, entitled "Papisty Storm'd, or the Dingin' doun o' the Cathedral." The subject, as may be guessed, was the demolition of the cathedral of St. Andrews, the metropolitan church of Scotland at the commencement of the Reformation; and in the style of the narrative he endeavoured to imitate the quaint and vigorous manner of Sir David Lyndesay. But it was not easy for a poet of the 19th century to imitate one who impersonated the very fashion and spirit of the 16th; and, therefore, it is no wonder that the attempt was a failure. Had there been a "No Popery" cry, or had the poem been published in the present day, the subject, independently of the intrinsic merits of the work, might have forced it into wide though temporary popularity; but as it was, the age had not yet got reconciled to the demolition of the stately strongholds of Antichrist, and, therefore, his "Dingin' doun o' the Cathedral," was as complete a downfall as the eversion it tried to commemorate.

The next poetical attempt of Tennant was a poem of the epic character, which he published in 1822, under the title of the "Thane of Fife," having for its theme the invasion of the east coast of Fife by the Danes in the 9th century, when Constantine, the Scottish king, was slain, and the enemy obtained a footing on the coast of Fifeshire, to the great advantage of our fishing villages, and the provision of skate, haddocks, and oysters for the tables of the present generation. But who of our living race could otherwise care for Hungar and his hard-knuckled belligerent Scandinavians, although the poet brought in Odin, the sire of gods and men, and Niord, the god of the winds, to back them? Therefore, although the poem was a very good poem as far as the rules of epic poetry went—even better by half than Sir Richard Blackmore's "Arthur"—and although the correctness of the Runic mythology was such that an ancient Scald would have translated it into a rune without alteration, the "Thane of Fife" was such an utter failure, that it met with less acceptance than its predecessor. Luckily, only the first part of the poem, consisting of six cantos, was published; the rest, like the story of "Cambuscan Bold," or of "The Wondrous Horse of Brass," remained unsung.

Only a year after the "Thane" (in 1823), Tennant published his "Cardinal Beaton, a Tragedy, in five acts." This dramatic poem few have read, and of that few not half of the number would greatly care to remember it. The subject itself is a noble one, and the character of the cardinal, that "less than a king, yet greater," was amply fitted to develope the very highest of poetic

talent. But, unluckily, the poet, instead of exhibiting this bold bad man with the lofty regal and intellectual qualities which he undoubtedly possessed, has stuck to the sordid and sensual vices with which Beaton was chargeable, and has thus converted him into a mere vulgar incubus. In fact, he has made him talk, not in the elevated language of one to whom high designs, by which Europe itself was to be shaken, were familiar, but rather after the fashion of the vulgar sensualist, who, in the phrase of Knox, "was busie at his compts with Mistris Marion Ogilbie." This was not a picture suited to the improved tastes of the day, and therefore the public would none of "Cardinal Beaton."

Undeterred by the failure of this attempt in dramatic poetry, Tennant, in 1825, published "John Baliol," and only added another unit to his failures. His adoption of the "toom tabard" as his hero, seemed to intimate that his own wits were run out, and the poem therefore fared as its namesake had done—it was deposed and sent into oblivion. The public now wondered, and well it might, that the rich promise given in "Anster Fair" had been so poorly redeemed. What had become of that ungovernable wit that had burst its bounds, and overflowed in such profusion? A single stanza of Rob the Ranter was worth fifty Baliols and Beatons to boot. Fortunately for Tennant's character as a poet, his retirement from the stage was calm and graceful. His last work, which he published in 1845, entitled "Hebrew Dramas, founded on Incidents in Bible History," and consisting of three dramatic compositions, illustrative of characters and events mentioned in the earlier part of the Old Testament, are free of the extravagance and bad taste of his former productions, while they abound in passages of poetical dignity and gracefulness. It will easily be surmised, however, from the foregoing statements, that Tennant would have ranked higher as a poet, had he abandoned poetry altogether after his first fortunate hit. It would seem as if he had either poured out all his poetical genius in this one happy attempt, or dried it up in those verbal studies that occupied him wholly to the last.

As a prose writer, Tennant, like other great masters of languages, never attained any high distinction. It would be too much, indeed, to expect from a man who has acquired a dozen or a score of tongues, that he should possess the same power over the world of thought. Accordingly, although he was a contributor to the "Edinburgh Literary Journal," his articles, which chiefly consisted of a correspondence with the Ettrick Shepherd about a new metrical version of the Psalms, do not exhibit any peculiar excellence. His prose, indeed, is as stiff and artificial as if it were a translation, leaving the reader to suspect that he could have written it every whit as well in Syriac or Hindostanee. It seemed, indeed, as if, in the study of so many languages, he had partly forgot his own.

By a system of rigid economy, which his early condition had probably taught him, Tennant became proprietor of the pleasant villa of Devongrove, near Dollar, where he usually spent the summer months at the close of each college session; and there his library was his world, and its books his chief companions. There, also, his peaceful life passed away, on the 15th of October, 1848, in consequence of a cold of two years' standing, by which his constitution was exhausted.

THOM, JAMES.—This wonderful self-taught sculptor, whose productions excited such general interest, was born, we believe, in Ayrshire, and in the

year 1799. Such is all that we can ascertain of his early history, except the additional fact, that he was brought up to the trade of a mason or stone-cutter, in which humble and laborious occupation he continued unnoticed until he started at once into fame. This was occasioned by his celebrated group of "Tam o' Shanter," where the figures of that well-known legend, as large as life, were chiselled out of the material upon which he had been accustomed to work—the Scotch gray-stone. No sooner was this singular production unveiled to the public gaze, then every one recognized the likeness of personages who had long been familiar to their thoughts, and who were now thus strangely embodied, as if they had been recalled from the grave. Tam himself, happier than a king—the Souter in the midst of one of his queerest stories—and the "couthie" landlady, supplying the materials of still further enjoyment, until it should reach its utmost, and enable "heroic Tam" to encounter and surmount the terrible witches' sabbath that was awaiting him at Alloway Kirk—all these, in feature, expression, figure, attitude, and costume, were so admirably embodied, that each seemed ready to rise up and walk; and so truthfully withal, that in each impersonation the delighted beholder saw an old acquaintance. While such was the fitness of the humblest classes for the task of criticism, and while such was the manner in which it was expressed, the same approving feelings were uttered by those who were conversant with the highest rules of art, and conversant with the productions of ancient Greece and modern Italy. Here was evidently a kindred genius with Burns himself—one who had expressed in stone what the poet had uttered in words; and the admiration which had been exclusively reserved for the "Ayrshire ploughman," was now fully shared by the Ayrshire stone-cutter, who had shown himself such an able and congenial commentator.

Thom having thus attained, by a single stride, to high celebrity, and been recognized as the Canova of humble everyday life, was not allowed to remain idle; orders for statues and groups poured in upon him, which brought him not only fame but fortune; and his productions in gray-stone, the first material in which he had wrought, and to which he still adhered, were eagerly sought, as choice ornaments for princely halls and stately classical gardens. After Mr. Thom had been for some time thus employed in London, he found it necessary to visit America, in consequence of the agent who had been commissioned to exhibit his "Tam o' Shanter" group and that of "Old Mortality," by the proprietors of these statues, having made no returns, either in money or report of proceedings. In this pursuit he was partially successful; and having been gratified with his reception by the Americans, he resolved to become a citizen of the United States. In his new adopted country, his fame soon became as extensive as in the old, so that his chisel was in frequent demand for copies of those admirable statues upon which his fame had been established. To this, also, he joined the profession of builder and architect; and as his frugality kept pace with his industry, in the course of twelve or fourteen years of his residence in America, he acquired a comfortable competence. He died of consumption, at his lodgings in New York, on the 17th of April, 1850, at the age of fifty-one.

THOMSON, GEORGE.—Independently of the merited reputation he acquired for his successful labours in Scottish music and song, he will go down to posterity as the "friend and correspondent of Burns." In the very brief sketch which he has given of his own life till 1838, written for "The Land of Burns,"

a valuable and well-known publication, he states that he was born at Limekilns in Fife, and, as he supposes, about 1739, at least he was so informed; for at the time of writing, although touching on his eightieth year, he found himself so hale and vigorous, that, as he playfully adds, he could scarcely persuade himself that he was so old. His father was a teacher at Limekilns, and afterwards in the town of Banff; and at this latter place George was taught by his parent the elements of education, and afterwards sent to study Latin and Greek at the grammar-school. From Banff his father, who had been struggling for some time in vain for a moderate livelihood, removed to Edinburgh, and here his son, now seventeen years old, soon obtained a situation as clerk in the office of a writer to the signet. In this situation he remained till 1780, when, through the recommendation of Mr. John Home, author of the tragedy of Douglas, he was appointed junior clerk to the honourable Board of Trustees, and soon after, on the death of the principal clerk, he was promoted to that vacant office. Here he found himself so comfortable in worldly circumstances, and so highly esteemed by Mr. Robert Arbuthnot, the secretary of the board, and afterwards by Sir William, his son and successor, that he had no desire to risk his present happiness in search of more, and accordingly he continued in this situation until the close of his long and well-spent life. On having thus established himself in comfort, Mr. George Thomson performed what he calls the "wisest act of his life," for at the age of twenty-five he married Miss Miller, daughter of Lieutenant Miller, of the 50th regiment, a lady who made him the happy father of two sons and four daughters.

The tastes of Thomson from an early period were those that are best qualified to foster such a happy contented spirit. He saw that there were other aims in life than that of seeking adventures, and purer pleasures to be enjoyed than that of making money. In boyhood, a love of the beautiful led his heart to the study of music and painting, and these attractive pursuits he continued to cherish in the society of their ablest professors. It was a most unwonted occupation, as some can still remember, for a young lawyer's clerk in the city of Edinburgh, in the latter part of the 18th century; and in Mr. Thomson's case, no small amount of devoted enthusiasm must have been required to meet the ridicule of his companions, or resist their invitations, that would have drawn him from his path. But he persevered in his own way, and soon found that the fine arts, like virtue itself, are their own reward. As one of these is generally found sufficient for the final occupation of one man, music obtained the preference, and his retrospections, in old age, of the musical evenings of his early days among those who were of kindred spirit with himself, in some measure serve to redeem even the Edinburgh of that period from its notorious grossness. "Having studied the violin," he tells us, "it was my custom, after the hours of business, to con over our Scottish melodies, and to devour the choruses of Handel's oratorios, in which, when performed at St. Cecilia's Hall, I generally took a part, along with a few other gentlemen—Mr. Alexander Wight, one of the most eminent counsel at the bar; Mr. Gilbert Innes, of Stow; Mr. John Russel, W.S.; Mr. John Hutton, &c.—it being then not uncommon for grave amateurs to assist at the Cecilia concerts, one of the most interesting and liberal musical institutions that ever existed in Scotland, or, indeed, in any country. I had so much delight in singing those matchless choruses, and in practising the violin quartettos of Pleyel and Haydn, that it was with joy I hailed the hour when, like the young amateur in the good old Scotch



song, I could hie me hame to my Cremona, and enjoy Haydn's admirable fancies:—

'I still was pleas'd, where'er I went; and when I was alone  
I screw'd my pegs, and pleas'd myself with John o' Badenyon.'

Although music was his recreation, not his profession, George Thomson could not long content himself with being merely a musical dilettante. Like Burns, he resolved to do something for "puir auld Scotland's sake," in the way that nature and training had best qualified him. Might he not make a national collection of our best melodies and songs, and obtain for them suitable accompaniments? With this patriotic ambition he was inspired by the arrival of that celebrated *musico*, Signor Tenducci, into Scotland—the first *man* of his kind, be it observed, who had ever visited the country, and who brought to Scottish ears a style of singing of which they previously could have little or no conception. The enterprise which Mr. Thomson thus contemplated was one of the most daring and self-denying description. There was the toil of collecting, arranging, and improving to be undergone; there was the expense of publishing such a costly work to be encountered. If it succeeded, there was no hope of profit to be obtained from it, or, at least, of profit adequate to the toil; and if it failed, he was certain to be buried in the ruin of the downfall, amidst the jeers of those who would wonder that a lawyer should have embarked in such an undertaking. But it was now the great business of his life, and he was ready to stake life itself upon the issue.

At the very commencement of his labour, he was confronted by difficulties under which most persons would have succumbed. "On examining with great attention," he says, "the various collections on which I could by any means lay my hands, I found them all more or less exceptionable; a sad mixture of good and evil, the pure and the impure. The melodies in general were without any symphonies to introduce and conclude them; and the accompaniments (for the piano only) meagre and common-place; while the verses united with the melodies were, in a great many instances, coarse and vulgar, the productions of a rude age, and such as could not be tolerated or sung in good society." He first obtained the melodies themselves, both in print and manuscript, and after comparing copies, and hearing them sung by his fair friends, he selected the copy which he found the most simple and beautiful. His next work was to obtain accompaniments to these airs, and symphonies to introduce and conclude them; and for this purpose he applied to Pleyel, at that time at the height of his musical popularity. As the collection grew upon his hands, Thomson found that more extensive aid than that of Pleyel was necessary; and accordingly, after dividing the numerous airs which he thought worthy of preservation into different portions, he transmitted them to Haydn, Beethoven, Weber, Hummel, and other musicians, at that time the most distinguished in Europe, to whom his commission was a welcome one—for they at once appreciated the beauties of our national melodies, at that time little known beyond the boundary of the Tweed, and composed for them such rich original accompaniments, as have imparted to them all the superiority as well as permanence of an established classical music. It was, indeed, a glorious achievement that made such lilt as the "Broom of the Cowdenknowes," "O'er the muir among the heather," or "Logan Water," become almost as much at home on the banks of the Seine, the Rhine, or the Dneiper, as they had hitherto been among their native

streamlets. From the Grampians to the Himalayas, every mountain was thenceforth to re-echo with the music of Scotland.

The poetry, which was the last, was also the greatest of Thomson's difficulties. It was needful that such lays, now so beautiful and adorned, should be "married to immortal verse;" but where was he to find the Cupid of such a Psyche? Some, indeed, of the old songs were every way worthy of the music with which they were embodied; but these were so few, that while of the Scottish muse it was too justly said,

' High-kilted was she  
As she gaed o'er the lea,"

our worthy countryman felt that in such a trim she could not be allowed to go inland, to provoke the scoff and merriment of proud conceited foreigners. But the hour brought the man—the soul of Scottish song to the body of Scottish melody—the Promethean fire to the beautifully modelled clay. Burns was living, for whose poetry no loveliness or grandeur of music could be too much; and when Thomson, in a happy hour, applied to him for co-operation, and unfolded to him the nature of his work, the great bard threw himself into the undertaking with all his characteristic enthusiasm. It needed but this to make the work perfect, for when has the world ever seen such a song-maker? It needed also a noble occasion like this to make Burns put forth his uttermost, and surpass all that he had as yet accomplished, for by far the choicest of his poetry is certainly to be found in Thomson's Collection. The correspondence between the musical lawyer and the poetical ploughman, which extended from 1792 till the death of the latter in 1796, while it is full of wit, vivacity, and hearty patriotic ardour in the good work in which they were engaged, reflects high credit not only upon the critical taste and vigorous intellect of George Thomson, but also upon his affectionate feelings, and honourable upright disposition. It is the more necessary to announce this fact, as, after the death of Burns, certain anonymous biographers presumed to state that Thomson, after securing the services of the poet to a large extent, had churlishly and unjustly refused to refund them. A single glance at the correspondence between them, which was published by Dr. Currie, is sufficient to refute this odious calumny, independently of the subsequent attestations of Thomson himself. It will there be seen that the latter, although engaged in so precarious and costly an undertaking, invited the assistance of the bard with offers of a fair remuneration; and that although Burns gladly embarked in the enterprise, he sturdily stipulated that his contributions should be accepted gratuitously, or not at all. It will also be seen that, after some time, Thomson, impatient at receiving such rich donations without requital, ventured, in the most delicate manner, to transmit to the poet a sum of money, at which the latter was so indignant, that he vowed, if the offence was repeated, he would drop the correspondence at once and for ever. It is well known that Burns entertained, among his other peculiarities, such lofty notions of independence as would have stopped all reciprocity in the interchange of favours, and thrown an impassable gulf between giver and receiver, or even debtor and creditor. He would bestow, and that largely and freely, but he would not for an instant stoop to receive; his songs must be considered as either beyond price or not worth purchase. Had he lived in the present day, when genius and poetical inspiration are as marketable as the commodities in the bakehouse or shambles upon which they

are nourished; and had he seen, not starveling threadbare authors, but high-born dames and mighty earls, haggling about the price of their productions, and sticking upon a few shillings more or less per sheet, against the calculating and demurring publisher; he would have learned, that even poetry has its price, and that a Milton himself might exact it to the last doit, without impinging upon his dignity.

Of these matchless contributions which Burns transmitted to Thomson, it is enough to state, that during the course of four short years, they amounted to more than 120. He also fully empowered Mr. Thomson to make use of all the songs he had written for Johnson's "Scots Musical Museum." But during the lifetime of Burns, only six of his productions appeared in Thomson's collection. On the death of the poet, Mr. Thomson, had he been avaricious, might have turned the rich contributions which he had on hand to his own account, by publishing them as a separate work; for they had been unreservedly given to him, and were his own unquestionable property. But on learning that the poetical works of his friend were about to be republished in behalf of the poet's family, he transmitted the whole of these contributions to Dr. Currie, as well as the correspondence, by which the value of the publication was immeasurably enhanced, and ample profits realized for the bereaved survivors. Little, indeed, did Burns imagine, that such a controversy would ever have been raised; and still less would he have thanked the ill-advised zeal of those who endeavoured to heighten the public sympathy in behalf of his memory, by traducing the character of a man whom he had so highly and justly esteemed.

After the completion of his great national work, little remains in the life of George Thomson that is of public interest. He left the Trustees' office in 1838, after a long course of usefulness in that department; and on the September of that year he went to London, where he took up his residence, and afterwards to Brighton. In June, 1845, he returned to Edinburgh, and three years afterwards went again to the British metropolis; but after little more than a year of residence there, he came back at the close of 1849 to the city in which all his early affections were enshrined. He was now so old that it seemed as if the day of his death could not be distant; and as he trode the streets of Edinburgh, now one of the oldest of its inhabitants, he must have felt that this was no longer the world in which he had once lived. But still his cheerfulness was unbroken, and his enjoyment of happiness undiminished, and his letters of this period, written in the regular formal text-like hand of our great grandfathers, are as juvenile and buoyant as his productions of a former century. In this way the "time-honoured" lived till the 16th of February, 1853, when he was gathered to his fathers after a few days' illness, and with a gentle departure, in which he suffered little pain, and enjoyed the full possession of all his faculties to the last. Independently of his invaluable services to Scottish Song, his name will go down to posterity from being associated with that of Burns, whose memory ages will continue to cherish.

THOMSON, REV. JOHN.—The title of the Scottish Claude Lorrain which this reverend candidate for distinction acquired, at once announces the walk in which he excelled, and the progress he attained in it. He was born in Dailly, Ayrshire, on the 1st of September, 1778, and was the fourth and youngest son of the Rev. Thomas Thomson, minister of the parish of Dailly. As he was destined by his father at an early age for the ministry, John's studies in boyhood were directed with a reference to this sacred calling; but already, he

had unconsciously made a choice for himself, and such a choice as was little in coincidence with the wonted occupations of a country pastor. Instead of submitting to the drudgery of the school-room and the study, the young boy was to be found afield, roaming in quest of the beautiful and the picturesque, for which the banks of the water of Girvan are so justly famed; and to extend these explorations, he frequently rose at two o'clock in a summer morning, and made a journey of miles, that he might watch the effect of sunrise, as it fell upon different portions of the scenery, or played among the foliage with which the cliffs and hill tops were clothed. What he thus appreciated and admired, he was anxious to delineate, and this he did on pasteboard, paper, or the walls of the house, while his only materials for painting were the ends of burnt sticks, or the snuffings of candles. This was by no means the most hopeful of preparations for the ministry, and so he was told by his father, while he was informed at the same time, that the pulpit was to be his final destination. John at first stood aghast, and then wept at the intelligence. He was already a painter with all his heart and soul, and how then could he be a minister? He even knelt to the old man, and besought him with tears in his eyes to let him follow out his own favourite bent; but the father in reply only patted the boy's head, bidding him be a good scholar, and go to his Latin lessons. In this way, like many Scottish youths of the period, John Thomson, through mistaken parental zeal, was thrust forward towards that most sacred of offices for which, at the time at least, he felt no inclination.

As nothing remained for him but submission, the embryo painter yielded to necessity, and in due time was sent to the university of Edinburgh. There, besides the learned languages, he earnestly devoted his attention to the physical sciences, and became a respectable proficient in astronomy, geology, optics, and chemistry. While in Edinburgh, he lodged with his brother, Thomas Thomson, afterwards the distinguished antiquarian, who was twelve years his senior, and at that time a candidate for the honours of the bar; and in consequence of this connection, John was frequently brought into the company of Walter Scott, Francis Jeffrey, and other rising luminaries of the literary world, who had commenced their public life as Scottish barristers. It was impossible for the young student to mingle in such society without catching its intellectual inspiration; and he showed its effect by the proficiency he made in the different departments of his university curriculum, as well as the acquisition of general knowledge, and his facility in imparting it. Such was his career during the winter months; but when the return of summer released him from attendance on his classes, he showed his prevailing bent by an escape into the country, where the green earth and the blue sky were the volumes on which he delighted to pore. During the last session of his stay at college, he also attended for a month the lessons in drawing of Alexander Nasmyth, the teacher of so many of our Scottish artists, by whose instructions as well as his own diligent application, he improved himself in the mechanical departments of pictorial art.

Having finished the usual course of theology, John Thomson, at the age of twenty-one, was licensed as a preacher; and his father having died a few months after, he succeeded him as minister of Dailly in 1800. A short time after his settlement as a country clergyman, he married Miss Ramsay, daughter of the Rev. John Ramsay, minister of Kirkmichael, Ayrshire. He had now full inclination (and he took full leisure also) to pursue his favourite bent, and thus, the pencil was as often in his hand as the pen, while the landscapes which he

painted and distributed among his friends, diffused his reputation as an artist over the country. But little did the good folks of Dailly rejoice in his growing fame: in their eyes, a minister who painted pictures, was as heinous a defaulter as the divine who actually played "upon the sinfu' sma' fiddle;" and this, with his buoyant fancy and exuberant spirits, which were sometimes supposed to tread too closely upon the bounds that separate clergymen from ordinary mortals, made the rustics suspect that their pastor was not strictly orthodox. This dislike of his strange pictorial pursuits, which they could not well comprehend, and his mirthful humour, which they could comprehend too well—for Mr. Thomson, at this time, could draw caricatures as well as landscapes—excited the attention of his brethren of the presbytery, one of the eldest of whom (so goes the story) was sent to remonstrate with him on the subject. The culprit listened in silence, and with downcast eyes; and, at the end of the admonition, was found to have sketched, or rather etched, an amusing likeness of his rebuker with the point of a pin upon his thumb-nail.

The incumbency of Mr. Thomson in Dailly was a short one, as in 1805 he was translated to the parish of Duddingston, a picturesque village within a mile of Edinburgh, and having the manse situated on the edge of its lake. In the neighbourhood of the northern metropolis, now rising into high literary celebrity, surrounded with scenery which can scarcely anywhere be surpassed, and by a society that could well appreciate his artistic excellence, he gave full scope to his hitherto half-imprisoned predilections, while his improvement continued to keep pace with the number of his productions. He was soon noted as a landscape painter of the first order; and such was the multitude of commissions that poured upon him, that sometimes nine carriages could be counted at the manse door, while at one period his revenue from this profitable source did not fall short of £1800 per annum. Who can here fail to regret the over-eager zeal of his father, by which such a painter was compelled to adopt the ministerial office; or be slow to perceive, that these were not the kind of applications that should beset a clergyman's dwelling? True, the pulpit of Duddingston was regularly occupied on the Sabbath, and the usual number of sermons preached; but Edinburgh was close at hand, and abounded with probationers whose offices could be secured at a day's notice. In the meantime, as years went onward, Mr. Thomson's love of rich and striking scenery continued unabated, and his long pilgrimages in quest of it as ardent and frequent as ever. Often, indeed, he was to be found travelling with Grecian Williams, long before dawn, towards some selected spot, where they wished to delineate its appearance at the first sunrise; and having reached it, the enthusiastic pair would sketch and retouch, until each had depicted the view according to his own perceptions and tastes, communicating from time to time the progress they were making, and playing the part of friendly critics on each other's productions. On returning to his home from these excursions, it was commonly a change from the beauties of nature to the charms of conversation and social intercourse; for the manse of Duddingston was famed for hospitality, while the artistic reputation of its tenant was so high and so widely spread abroad, that few strangers of distinction in the fine arts arrived in Edinburgh without visiting Mr. Thomson. Independently, too, of his conversational talents, and warm-hearted affectionate disposition, that endeared him to his guests, and made his society universally courted, Mr. Thomson was almost as enthusiastic a lover of music as of painting, and played both on the violin and flute with admirable skill. Nor were

the more intellectual studies of his earlier days neglected amidst the full enjoyment of society, and his increasing popularity as an artist, and several articles on the departments of physical science which he wrote in the "Edinburgh Review," were conspicuous even in that distinguished journal for the vigour of their style and clearness of their arguments.

Such a course of uninterrupted felicity would at last have become cloying; for man, as long as he is man and not angel, must weep and suffer as well as laugh and rejoice, in order to be as happy as his mixed and imperfect nature will permit. This the minister of Duddingston undoubtedly knew, and besides knowing, he was fated to experience it. For in the midst of his success, and when his young family was most dependent upon maternal care, he became a widower. The evil, heavy as it was, was not irremediable, and in fitting time a comforter was sent to him, and sent in such romantic fashion as to enhance the value of the consolation. An amiable and attractive lady, daughter of Mr. Spence, the distinguished London dentist, and widow of Mr. Dalrymple of Cleland, happened one day, when visiting Edinburgh, to step into a picture-shop, where she saw a painting of the Fall of Foyers. Struck with the originality and beauty of this production, she eagerly asked the name of the artist, and was astonished to find that it was Mr. Thomson of Duddingston; for, although she had seen several of his former paintings, none of them was to be compared to this. She was anxious to be personally acquainted with the author of such a painting—and such an anxiety seldom remains ungratified. She was soon introduced to him by mutual friends, and the first time that Thomson saw her, he said to himself, "That woman must be my wife; never have I beheld for years a woman with whom I could sympathize so deeply." The result may be easily guessed. In a short time, she became Mrs. Thomson; and seldom, in the romance of marriage, has a couple so well assorted been brought together, or that so effectually promoted the happiness of each other. Independently of her taste in painting, she was, like himself, an ardent lover of music; and such was her earnest desire to promote the cultivation of the latter art, that she set up a musical class at the manse, which was attended not only by the most tasteful of the young parishioners of Duddingston, but by several pupils from Edinburgh, all of whom she instructed of course gratuitously. Two minds so assimilated could not fail to be happy, unless there had been a dogged determination to be otherwise, which was not in their nature, and, accordingly, the domestic ingle of Duddingston manse beamed brighter than ever. As if all this, too, had not been enough, an event occurred by which every chivalrous feeling in the heart of Mr. Thomson was gratified to the full. His eldest son was first mate of the "Kent" East Indiaman, that took fire and went down at sea—an event that was associated with such circumstances of heroic devotedness, that it is still fresh in the memory of the present generation. At this trying crisis, when the captain was stunned with the magnitude of the danger, and unable to issue the necessary orders, young Thomson assumed the command, and used it with such judiciousness, promptitude, and presence of mind, that the whole ship's crew and passengers were extricated from the conflagration, and conveyed to the shore in safety, while he was himself the last to leave the vessel.

The paintings of Mr. Thomson were so numerous, that it would be difficult to attempt a list of them, more especially as they were exclusively devoted to portions of Scottish scenery over the whole extent of the country. As the manse of Duddingston commanded a full view of the castle of Craigmillar, and

the picturesque landscape that surrounds it, he made this stately ruin and its accompaniments the subject of many a painting from different points of view, and under every variety of light—from the full blaze of an autumnal noon day, to the soft half-shadowy outline and tint of a midnight moon. The striking towers and fortalices along the Scottish coast—famed as the ancient residences of the champions of our national independence, from Dunstaffnage, Dunluce, and Wolfs Crag, down to the humble peel upon the rocky sea-shore—were also the subjects of his pencil; and when these were exhausted, he devoted himself to the romantic inland scenery, which the genius of Scott had but lately opened, not only to the world, but his own countrymen—the Trossachs, Loch Achray, and Achray Water, as well as the more familiar scenes of Ben-laffen, Glenfishie, Loch Lomond, Loch Etive, and others, in which land and water, striking outline, change of light and shade, and rich diversity of hue, are so dear to the painter of nature, as well as the general tourist. As Mr. Thomson was not a professional artist, in the proper acceptation of the term, he was not eligible for the honour of membership among the royal Academicians; but his paintings, nevertheless, were gladly received into their Annual Exhibitions; while his merits, instead of being regarded with jealousy, were acknowledged as occupying the front rank among the British masters of landscape-painting, and incontestibly the best which his own country had as yet produced.

These indefatigable labours were continued till 1840, when symptoms of rapid constitutional decay began to manifest themselves, so that he was laid aside altogether from clerical duty; and when autumn arrived, he occupied a sick-bed, without any prospect of recovery. His death was characteristic of that deep admiration and love of the beauty of nature which had distinguished him through life, and secured him a high name in the annals of his countrymen. On the 26th of October, feeling that his last hour was drawing nigh, he caused his bed to be wheeled towards the window, that he might look upon the sunset of a bright afternoon; and upon this beloved spectacle he continued to gaze until he swooned from exhaustion. This was his last effort, and he died at seven o'clock on the following morning.

THOMSON, THOMAS, M.D., F.R.S., Regius Professor of Chemistry in the University of Glasgow.—This distinguished chemist was the seventh child and youngest son of John Thomson and Elizabeth Ewan, and was born at Crieff, on the 12th April, 1773. He was first educated at the parish school of Crieff, and was sent, in 1786, in his thirteenth year, for two years, by the advice of his brother, and of his uncle, the Rev. John Ewan, minister of the parish of Whittingham, in East Lothian, a man of some independent means, to the borough school of Stirling, at that time presided over by Dr. Doig, the distinguished author of the "Letters on the Savage State." Here he acquired a thorough classical education, the benefits of which have been so signally manifested in his numerous improvements of chemical nomenclature now generally adopted in the science. In consequence of having written a Latin Horatian poem of considerable merit, his uncle was recommended, by Principal McCormack of St. Andrews, to advise that he should try for a bursary at that university, which was open to public competition. He accordingly went, in 1788, to that school of learning, and, having stood an examination, carried the scholarship, which entitled him to board and lodging at the university for three years. In 1791 he came to Edinburgh, and became tutor in the family of Mr. Kerr of Blackshields, one of his pupils being afterwards well known in con-

nection with the bank of Leith. In session 1794-5 he began the study of medicine, and in 1795 resided in Edinburgh with his elder brother, afterwards the Rev. James Thomson, D.D., and still (1855) minister of the parish of Eccles, author of many articles in the "Encyclopædia," and of works on the Gospel by St. Luke and Acts, and who succeeded the late Bishop Walker as colleague to Dr. (afterwards Bishop) Gleig, in the editorship of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." In the session of 1795-6 Dr. Thomson attended the lectures of the celebrated Dr. Black, of whom he always spoke in terms of the utmost veneration, and of gratitude for those invaluable instructions which first awoke the latent taste for the science of which he was destined to become so bright an ornament. In this session he wrote the article "Sea" for the "Encyclopædia." In November, 1796, he succeeded his brother in the editorship of the third edition of the "Encyclopædia," and remained connected with it till 1800. It was during this period that he drew up the first outline of his "System of Chemistry," which appeared in the Supplement to the "Encyclopædia," under the articles Chemistry, Mineralogy, Vegetable Substances, Animal Substances, and Dyeing Substances. These all appeared before the 10th December, 1800, when the preface was published, in which it is stated, by Dr. Gleig: of the author "of these beautiful articles, a man of like principles with Dr. Robison, it is needless to say anything, since the public seems to be fully satisfied that they prove their author eminently qualified to teach the science of chemistry." During the winter session of 1800-1, he gave his first chemical course with fifty-two pupils. Hence he appears to have been before the public as a lecturer for the long period of fifty-two years, and, as he used latterly to say, he believed he had lived to be the oldest teacher in Europe.

It was in the article Mineralogy, written about 1798, that he first introduced the use of symbols into chemical science, universally acknowledged to be one of the most valuable improvements in modern chemistry. In this article he arranges minerals into genera, according to their composition. Thus his first genus is A, or alumina, under which are two species, topaz and corundum, in accordance with the analyses of the day. The second genus is A M C, comprising spinell, which, according to Vauquelin, contained alumina, magnesia, and chrome iron ore. The fourth genus is S, including the varieties of silica or quartz. The eighth genus is S A G, or silica, alumina, and glucina, including the emerald or beryl; and thus he proceeds throughout. In the editions of his "System," the first of which (a development of the original article in the Encyclopædia) was published in 1802, he continued the same arrangement and symbols, and was thus not only the originator of symbolic nomenclature in modern chemistry, but was the first chemist to bring mineralogy systematically within the domain of that science. In the third edition of his "System," published in 1807, in illustrating the atomic theory of Dalton, and in his article on oxalic acid, in the Philosophical Transactions for 1808, he freely uses symbols. Berzelius, who appeared some years later on the chemical stage, being Dr. Thomson's junior by five years, published a work in 1814, in Swedish, in which he adopted the system of symbols used by Dr. Thomson, with some modifications (the introduction of Latin initials in certain cases), but he strictly "followed the rules for this purpose given by Thomson in his 'System of Chemistry,'" (*öch skall dervid följa en enledning som Thomson gifvit i sin kemiska handbok*). The work in which this passage occurs, enti-



tled "Försök att genom användandet af den electrokemiska teorien, &c., grundlägga för mineralogier," af J. Jacob Berzelius, Stockholm, 1814, p. 18, was sent by Berzelius to Dr. Thomson, in the same year, with a request, in a letter which is still extant, that he would endeavour to procure a translator for it. Dr. Thomson applied to Dr. Marcet and others without success; but at last prevailed on his learned friend, John Black, Esq., who so ably conducted the "Morning Chronicle" for many years, to undertake the task. Dr. Thomson graduated in 1799. He continued to lecture in Edinburgh till 1811, and during that time opened a laboratory for pupils, the first of the kind, it is believed, in Great Britain. Among those who worked in his laboratory was Dr. Henry of Manchester, a chemist, for whom he had always the greatest regard, who had visited Edinburgh for the purpose of graduation, and who there made many of his experiments on the analysis of the constituents of coal-gas. During this period likewise, Dr. Thomson made his important investigations for Government on the malt and distillation questions, which laid the basis of the Scottish legislation on excise, and rendered him in after-life the arbitrator in many important revenue cases. He likewise invented his saccharometer, which is still used by the Scottish excise under the title of Allan's saccharometer. In 1807 he first introduced to the notice of the world, in the third edition of his "System," Dalton's views of the atomic theory, which had been privately communicated to him in 1804. He did not confine his remarks to mere details, but made many important new deductions, and by his clear, perspicuous, and transparent style, rendered the new theory soon universally known and appreciated. Had Richter possessed such a friend as Thomson, the atomic theory of Dalton would have long been previously fully discovered and attributed to Richter. In his papers on this theory, which occupied much of his thoughts, from the mathematical precision which it promised to impart to the science, we find numerous suggestions cautiously offered, which have often been subsequently examined and confirmed, or developed in another direction. Thus, in August, 1813, he states that, according to the atomic numbers then determined, "an atom of phosphorus is ten times as heavy as an atom of hydrogen. None of the other atoms appear to be multiples of 132 (the atom of hydrogen at that time adopted by chemists), so that, if we pitch upon hydrogen for our unit, the weight of all the atoms will be fractional quantities, except that of phosphorus alone." It was undoubtedly this observation which caused Dr. Prout to make new inquiries, and to announce, in Nov. 1815, the view that the relation of phosphorus as a multiple of hydrogen, as detected by Thomson, may be general, connecting all other atomic weights with that unit—a view now generally adopted, and considered as a nearly demonstrated law.

The existence of such mathematical relations Dr. Thomson was continually in the habit of testing at the conclusion of his own researches, or in examining the experiments of others. Any peculiarity of character in a substance hitherto known, or in a newly-discovered body, he never failed to point out in his "System;" and innumerable instances have occurred, and might be mentioned did our space admit, where lucrative patents have resulted from a simple statement or foot-note, often original on the part of the author. A fact of this kind in the "Animal Chemistry" led Mr. Robert Pattison to his ingenious patent invention of lactarin, a preparation of casein from milk, for fixing ultramarine on cotton cloth; and Dr. Thomson's systematic plan of describing all the characters of bodies in detail, led Henry Rose of Berlin to the discovery of niobium

and pelopium, two new metals. From the fragments of four imperfect crystals of certain tantalites, as the mineral dealers who sold them to him termed them, he was enabled to make some analyses, and to take a series of specific gravities, which he published in a paper "On the Minerals containing Columbium," in his nephew, Dr. R. D. Thomson's "Records of General Science," vol. iv., p. 407, in 1838. He found that these minerals possessed an analogous constitution, but their specific gravity differs. He termed them torreyllite, columbite, tantalite, and ferrotantalite. In making his experiments he expended all the material he possessed, and he had passed the great climacteric. Professor Rose, struck with the facts, examined the minerals upon a greater scale, and, after immense labour, showed that not only columbic or tantallic acid was present in these minerals, but likewise two new acids, niobic and pelopic acids. Instances of this kind of contribution made by Dr. Thomson to chemistry might be indefinitely particularized. About 1802 he invented the oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe, in which he introduced the oxygen and hydrogen into one vessel; but the whole apparatus having blown up and nearly proved fatal to him, he placed the gases in separate gas-holders. At that time he made many experiments on its powers of fusion, but as Dr. Hare had invented an apparatus at the same time, and published his experiments, Dr. Thomson did no more than exhibit the apparatus in his lectures. In August, 1804, in a paper on lead, he first published his new nomenclature of the oxides and acids, in which Latin and Greek numerals were made to denote the number of atoms of oxygen in an oxide. He thus introduces this important invention, which has been almost universally adopted in the science:—"As colour is a very ambiguous criterion for distinguishing metallic oxides, I have been accustomed for some time to denote the oxide with a minimum of oxygen, by prefixing the Greek ordinal number to the term oxide. Thus, protoxide of lead is lead united to a minimum of oxygen; the oxide, with a maximum of oxygen, I call peroxide. Thus, brown oxide of lead is the peroxide of lead. I denominate the intermediate degrees of oxidizement by prefixing the Greek ordinals, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, &c. Thus, deutoxide is the second oxide of lead, tritoxide of cobalt the third oxide of cobalt, and so on." This paper being translated and published in France, the nomenclature was speedily introduced into that country. But the improvements which he afterwards adopted by denoting the exact number of atoms of oxygen present, by the Latin, and those of the base by the Greek numerals, and used in Great Britain, never superseded, in that country, the original suggestion in the above note.

All these inventions were merely particular parts of a systematic arrangement adopted in his "System of Chemistry"—a work which, if carefully examined with a philosophic eye, will be found to have produced beneficial results to chemical science, similar to those which the systems of Ray, Linnæus, and Jussieu effected for botany. In his second edition, published in 1804 (the first large edition having been sold in less than ten months), he divided the consideration of chemical bodies into—Book I. *Simple Substances*: 1. Confinable bodies, including oxygen, simple combustibles, simple incombustibles, metals; 2. Unconfinable bodies, comprising heat and light. Book II. *Compound Bodies*: 1. Primary compounds; 2. Secondary compounds, &c. It is most interesting to observe how his plan was developed with the progress of the science in the different editions. It is sufficient to say that it was generally considered as a masterly arrangement, and used to be quoted

by the Professor of Logic in Edinburgh, as an admirable example of the analytic and synthetic methoda. Previous to the publication of his "System," British chemists were contented with translations from the French; and hence it was believed on the Continent that "Britain possessed scarcely a scientific chemist." That all his contemporaries viewed his plan as highly philosophic cannot be affirmed. There are some men who, having no mental powers of arrangement in themselves, discover in a systematic treatise only a compilation possessing the generic characters of matter; while those who can pry below the surface, on the other hand, know that the art of arranging is one of the most difficult tasks of the philosopher; that it requires a comprehensiveness of mind, a clearness of judgment, and a patience of labour, which fall to the lot of a small number of the human race. When we recollect that many of these remarkable views began to be devised by the self-taught chemist, in a narrow close in the High Street of Edinburgh, the author being in the receipt of a salary of £50 a-year, from which he sent £15 to his aged parents; and when we contrast such a picture with the costly education and refined apparatus of the modern laboratory, it is impossible to avoid the inference, that in Dr. Thomson Britain possessed a genius of no common order.

One immediate result of the publication of his "System" was the appropriation of their due merit to respective discoverers, and especially to British chemists, who had been overlooked in the Continental treatises. It was the subject of our memoir who thus first imparted to us the true history of chemistry, and in doing so often gave offence to disappointed individuals; but the honesty of his nature and his unswerving love of truth never allowed him for a moment to sacrifice, even in his own case, the fact to the fallacy.

During the first years of this century, he discovered many new compounds and minerals, as chloride of sulphur, allanite, sodalite, &c.; but to give a list of the numerous salts which he first formed and described during his onward career would be difficult, as he scarcely ever treated of them in separate papers, but introduced them into the body of his "System," without any claim to their discovery. His exact mind was more directed towards accurate knowledge and principles, than to novelties merely for their own sake, although there is probably no chemist who has added so many new bodies to the science. Hence, many of his discoveries have been attributed to others, or re-discovered over and over again, as was the case with many of his chromium compounds — viz., chlorochromic acid, the two potash oxalates of chromium, bichromate of silver, potash chromate of magnesia, chromate of chromium, hyposulphurous acid (1817), and hydrosulphurous acid (1818),  $S_2O_3$ , &c., all of which were examined by him above a quarter of a century ago.

In 1810, Dr. Thomson published his "Elements of Chemistry," in a single volume, his object being to furnish an accurate outline of the actual state of the science. In 1812 he produced his "History of the Royal Society," a most important work, as showing the influence which that society produced on the progress of science. In August, 1812, he made a tour in Sweden, and published his observations on that country in the following year. It is still a valuable work, and contains a very complete view of the state of science and society in Sweden. In 1813 he went to London, and started the "Annals of Philosophy," a periodical which he continued to conduct till 1822, when the numerous calls upon his time in the discharge of the duties of his chair at Glasgow, compelled him to resign the editorship in favour of Mr. Richard

Phillips, one of his oldest friends, who pre-deceased him by one year. The journal was, in 1827, purchased by Mr. Richard Taylor, and was merged in the "Philosophical Magazine." In 1817, he was appointed lecturer on chemistry in the university of Glasgow; and in 1818, at the instance of the late Duke of Montrose, Chancellor of that institution, the appointment was made a professorship with a small salary under the patronage of the Crown. As soon after his appointment as he was enabled to obtain a laboratory, he commenced his researches into the atomic constitution of chemical bodies, and produced an amount of work unparalleled in the whole range of the science, in 1825, by the publication of his "Attempt to Establish the First Principles of Chemistry by Experiment," in 2 vols. It contained "the result of many thousand experiments, conducted with as much care and precision as it was in his power to employ." In this work he gives the specific gravities of all the important gases, ascertained by careful experiment. The data thus ascertained were often disputed and attacked in strong but unphilosophical terms, as they tended to supersede previous experimental deductions; but the excellent subsequent determinations of specific gravities by Dumas, which were made at the request of Dr. Thomson, after that distinguished chemist had visited him at Glasgow in 1840, fully substantiated the greater accuracy of Dr. Thomson's numbers over those which preceded him, and in most cases furnished an identity of result. The atomic numbers given in his "First Principles" as the result of his labours, were the means of a vast number of experiments made by himself and pupils, the data of which still exist in his series of note-books. They all tended to the result that the atomic weights of bodies are multiples by a whole number of the atomic weight of hydrogen—a canon confirmed to a great extent by the recent experiments of French and German chemists, and which he himself was the first to point out in the case of phosphorus. That the subject of our memoir was frequently in error in his experiments is not attempted to be denied; for, as the great Liebig has said, it is only the sluggard in chemistry who commits no faults; but all his atomic weights of important bodies have been confirmed. After the publication of this work, he devoted himself to the examination of the inorganic kingdom of nature, purchasing and collecting every species of mineral obtainable, until his museum, now (1855) at St. Thomas's Hospital, London, which he has left behind him, became not only one of the noblest mineral collections in the kingdom, but a substantial monument of his taste and of his devotion to science. The results of his investigation of minerals were published in 1836, in his "Outlines of Mineralogy and Geology," in 2 vols., and contained an account of about fifty new minerals which he had discovered in a period of little more than ten years. In 1830-1, Dr. Thomson published his "History of Chemistry," a masterpiece of learning and research. During these feats of philosophic labour, the eyes of the community were attracted to Glasgow as the source from which the streams of chemistry flowed, the class of chemistry and the laboratory being flocked to as to fountains of inspiration.

It would be a great omission not to mention that it was Dr. Thomson who introduced a system of giving annual reports on the progress of science in his "Annals of Philosophy;" the first of these was published in 1813, and the last in 1819. These reports were characterized by his usual perspicuity and love of *sum cuique* which distinguished his conduct through life, and were composed with a mildness of criticism far more conducive to the dignity of the

science than those which, three years after his reports had ceased, were begun by the distinguished Swedish chemist, Berzelius. In 1835, when Dr. R. D. Thomson started his journal, "The Records of General Science," his uncle contributed to almost every number, and encouraged him by his sympathy in his attempts to advance science.

Dr. Thomson continued to lecture till the year 1841, discharging all the duties of his chair without assistance; but being then in his 69th year, and feeling his bodily powers becoming more faint, he associated with him at that period his nephew and son-in-law, Dr. R. D. Thomson, who was then resident in London. He continued, however, to deliver the inorganic course only till 1846, when the dangerous illness of his second son, from disease contracted in India, hurried him for the winter to Nice, when his nephew was appointed by the university to discharge the duties of the chair, which he continued to perform till Dr. Thomson's death. Of the hardship of being obliged in his old age thus to toil in harness, and to have no retiring allowance, he never murmured or complained. But there were not wanting suggestions, that one who had raised himself to eminence from comparative obscurity, and who had benefited his country in no common measure, might have been relieved in some degree by the guardians of the state, without popular disaffection, from fatigues which even a green old age cannot long sustain. Dr. Thomson continued to attend the examinations for degrees for some years after retiring from the duties of the chair; but in consequence of the increasing defect in his hearing, he ultimately gave up this duty, and confined his public labours to attendance at the fortnightly meetings of the winter session of the Philosophical Society of Glasgow, of which he was president from the year 1834. His last appearance there was on the 6th November, at the first meeting of the session 1850-51, when he read a biographical account of his old and affectionate friend, Dr. Wollaston, to whom he was ever most strongly attached. During the early part of 1852 his frame became visibly weaker, and, latterly, having removed to the country, where it was hoped the freshness of the summer season might brace his languishing powers, his appetite failed; but no pain appeared to mar the tranquil exit of the philosophic spirit. To inquiries after his health—"I am quite well, but weak," the good old man replied, within a few hours of his last summons. On the morning of the 2d of July he breathed his last in the bosom of his affectionate family, on the lovely shores of the Holy Loch. Dr. Thomson married, in 1816, Miss Agnes Colquhoun, daughter of Mr. Colquhoun, distiller, near Stirling, with whom he enjoyed most complete and uninterrupted happiness. He was left a widower in 1834. He left a son, Dr. Thomas Thomson, of the Bengal army, the author of "Travels in Tibet," the result of several years' researches into the botany and physical structure of the Himalaya Mountains, and now (1855) superintendent of the Botanic Gardens at Calcutta; and a daughter, married to her cousin, Dr. R. D. Thomson, Professor of Chemistry at St. Thomas's Hospital, London. On strangers, Dr. Thomson occasionally made an unfavourable impression; but by all who knew him intimately, he was universally recognized as the most friendly and benevolent of men. Dr. Thomson was originally destined for the Church of Scotland, and continued to the last a faithful adherent. He was wont to attribute his sound and intellectual views of the Christian faith to the care of his mother—a woman of great beauty and sense; and it was perhaps from his affection for her that his favourite axiom originated—that the talents are derived from the maternal

parent. Who shall prescribe exact limits to the benefits conferred on her country and her race by this humble, but pious Christian woman—who taught in early life religion to her elder son, the author of the article *Scripture*, in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," which, in the third and many subsequent editions of that work, has been read and distributed over the globe for nearly half a century, to a greater extent than perhaps any other religious treatise—and who gave the earliest impressions of his relations to his Maker to the great chemical philosopher?

THOMSON, THOMAS.—In few countries has the study of national antiquities been prosecuted so zealously or so successfully as in Scotland. It would be too much to assign this peculiarity either to the romantic character, or the importance of the early achievements of Scotland, for these were certainly of small account in the general history of Europe. The cause is rather to be found in the grievous calamities that befell our national archives in the times of Edward I. and Oliver Cromwell. By these, our written records, and even our national monuments, were so destroyed or obliterated, that nothing but the most devoted antiquarianism could have restored to us the semblance of a history. Hence, not only the necessity of diligent Scottish research among the relics of bygone ages, but the keenness with which it has been prosecuted, and the success that has attended it. Through these labours, Scotland now possesses a history that, in point both of accuracy and fulness, may compete with that of most countries of Europe. And among the foremost of those antiquaries who, for a century, have toiled in such a patriotic task, perhaps there is none entitled to take precedence of him whose name stands at the head of this notice.

Thomas Thomson was descended of a family that might well be characterized as a portion of the tribe of Levi; for not only his father, but also his grandfather and great-grandfather, had been successively ministers of the Kirk of Scotland. To this, also, it may be added, that his younger brother John was the late minister of Duddingston, although he is better known among the lovers of the fine arts as the Claude Lorraine of Scotland. Thomas, the future antiquary, was born in the manse of Dailly, Ayrshire, of which parish his father was minister, on the 10th of November, 1768. As it was nothing more than natural that his views, from an early period, should be directed towards the church, in which his ancestors had held the ministerial office since the close of the seventeenth century, he was sent in 1782 to prosecute the necessary studies in the university of Glasgow. He passed through what are called the "gown classes," with considerable distinction, took the degree of A.M. in 1789, and became, during the two following sessions, a student in theology. But at this time the lectures in the divinity hall, as well as the class-room of church history in the college of Glasgow, were of such a massive, not to say a heavy character, that none but a mind of congenial calibre could endure them to the end. Accordingly, in spite of every prospect of church advancement, which was now a sort of heir-loom in the family, Mr. Thomson's mercurial spirit broke impatiently from the restraint, and sought shelter in other pursuits. He resolved to study law, and devote himself to the bar; and for this purpose he exchanged the hall of theology for the law classes of Professor Millar, whose lectures were of a very different description from those he had hitherto attended. After this, he completed his course of legal study in the university of Edinburgh, and at the close of 1793 was admitted a member of the faculty of advocates.

It is not our purpose to follow out the course of Mr. Thomson at the bar,

where, to gain a high name at this period, it was necessary to be wholly, as well as completely, a lawyer and orator. His own bias in a different direction was so distinctly indicated, as quickly to secure for him a high reputation in Scottish antiquarianism, and on this account he was selected, in 1800, to superintend a new edition of the works of Lord Hailes, which were to be collected and edited for publication, accompanied with a biographical memoir. This intention was not carried out, and Mr. Thomson's aid was only available for an edition of his lordship's "Annals" and "Historical Tracts," which were afterwards published in 1819. An office, however, of permanent character, as well as of the highest importance, was already being prepared for his occupation. The neglect that had hitherto been shown towards our national records began, although at a late hour, to be acknowledged, and after due consideration of the subject in the House of Commons, two royal commissions were issued, the one in 1800, and the other in 1806, for the preservation and due arrangement of our public archives. It was found, however, that "the superintendence of the matters arising within this office should be confided to a deputy of acknowledged skill and ability, being a resident advocate of the Scottish bar, of undoubted learning, tried merit, and considerable standing;" and to this effect Lord Frederick Campbell, the lord-clerk register, having memorialized his majesty (George III.), a royal warrant was issued in 1806, authorizing the appointment of the office. A fit Archivarius to fill it was not still to seek; and, to the satisfaction of all who felt an interest in this important department, Mr. Thomas Thomson was forthwith nominated deputy-clerk register. Among those who rejoiced in the appointment, no one could be more ardent than Sir Walter Scott. "Have you seen," he writes in a letter to George Ellis, "have you seen my friend, Tom Thomson, who is just now in London? He has, I believe, the advantage of knowing you, and I hope you will meet, as he understands more of old books, old laws, and old history, than any man in Scotland. He has lately received an appointment under the Lord Register of Scotland, which puts all our records under his immediate inspection and control; and I expect many valuable discoveries to be the consequence of his investigation, if he escapes being smothered in the cloud of dust which his researches will certainly raise about his ears." Speaking at a later period in conversation upon the subject of antiquarian studies in general, Scott observed—"It is common to laugh at such researches, but they pay the good brains that meddle with them; and had Thomson been as diligent in setting down his discoveries as he has been in making them, he might, long before this time of day, have placed himself on a level with Ducange or Camden."

The rest of his long literary life, which extended over nearly half a century, is best detailed by a list of the literary works which he published. And to begin with those which he prepared in his capacity of deputy-clerk register, and which were published under authority of the Commissioners in the Public Records of the Kingdom, they were the following:—

"*Inquisitionum ad Capellum Domini Regis Retornaturum, quæ in Publicis Archivis Scotiæ adhuc servantur, Abbreviatio.*" 1811-1816. 3 vols., folio.

"*Registrum Magni Sigilli Regum Scotorum in Archivis Publicis asservatum, mcccvi-mcccxxiv.*" 1814. Folio.

"*The Acts of the Parliaments of Scotland. Vol. ii. to vol. xi. mcccxxiv-mdccvii.*" 1814 to 1824. 10 vols., folio. Of this series, the first volume, owing

to many difficulties, chiefly arising from the remote and obscure period to which its "Acts" refer, remained unfinished so late as 1841, when Mr. Thomson's connection with the register-office ceased. It was completed and published, however, in 1844, under the superintendence of Mr. Innes.

"The Acts of the Lords Auditors of Causes and Complaints. MCCCCLXVI-MCCCXCIV." 1839. Folio.

"The Acts of the Lords of Council in Civil Causes. MCCCCLXXVIII-MCCCXCIV." 1839. Folio.

In addition to these, Mr. Thomson prepared the following abbreviates, of which only a limited number were published for the use of the register-office:—

"A Continuation of the Retours of Services to the Chancery-Office, from the Union, A.D. 1707, to the present time."

"An Abbreviate or Digest of the Registers of Sasines, General and Particular, arranged in Counties, with Relative Indexes, from the 1st of January, 1781, to the present time."

"An Abbreviate of Adjudications from the same period to 1830."

"An Abbreviate of Inhibitions, General and Particular, arranged in Counties, from the same period to 1830."

Of an equally professional, and still more personal description, were the following:—

"The First Five Annual Reports of the Deputy-Clerk Register of Scotland," from 1808 to 1811. One vol., folio.

"Annual Reports, from the Sixth to the Fourteenth (from 1811 to 1822)." One vol., folio.

We now pass from the labours of the deputy-clerk register, to those of the member of the Bannatyne Club. This antiquarian institution, which was originated in 1823, unanimously elected Mr. Thomson to the honorary office of vice-president; and afterwards, in 1832, in consequence of the death of Sir Walter Scott, the distinguished president of the club, Mr. Thomson, with the same unanimity, was appointed to succeed him. His services in behalf of this important association were thus characterized by Lord Cockburn, its vice-president, in the funeral eulogium which he pronounced before the members, after the decease of Mr. Thomson:—"As one of our original founders, and deeply conversant with our objects and aims, he was, while absent from Edinburgh, unanimously chosen vice-president. After co-operating assiduously with Sir Walter Scott, our first president, in all the business of the institution, he became our second president on the death of that illustrious person; and throughout the whole of the succeeding twenty years, was our master and our guide. With several powerful associates or competitors, in detached fields, or subordinate walks, it was by his knowledge and sagacity that our general course was directed. The value of his superintendence is attested by its results. The publications of the Bannatyne Club form the greatest, the most difficult, the most important, and the most splendid disclosures that have ever been made of the latent historical treasures of our country. The merit of these works is certainly not due to him entirely; if it had at all been ascribed to him in his presence his candour would have at once disclaimed it, and given the proper part to its true owners. But those by whom the contributions, either of individuals or of the club, have been prepared, and who are best acquainted with the difficulties attending the execution of such undertakings, will acknowledge the aid which they uniformly derived from the president's judgment and zeal.



And never did any one apply to him for advice without feeling his accessibility, and his cordial disposition to assist. The hasty, and indeed sometimes even the patient, murmured occasionally at his slowness; and he had certainly no taste for vulgar rapidity; but this was the result of caution and fastidiousness—both good qualities; and though it sometimes wearied expectation, was generally rewarded by improved excellence in the end."

The literary exertions thus so highly and so justly commended, which Mr. Thomson performed in behalf of the Bannatyne Club, and which were published under its auspices, are comprised in the following list:—

"Alex. Myln, Vitæ Dunkeldensis Ecclesiæ Episcoporum." 4to, 1823.

"Discours particulier d'Escosse, escrit en 1559." 4to, 1824.

"The Historie and Life of King James the Sext." 4to, 1825.

"Memoirs of his own Life, by Sir James Melville, of Halhill." 4to, 1827.—Speaking of this work while in progress, Sir Walter Scott thus alludes to it in his diary—"Thomson is superintending a capital edition of Sir James Melville's Memoirs. It is brave to see how he wags his Scots tongue, and what a difference there is in the form and firmness of the language, compared to the mincing English edition in which he has hitherto been alone known."

"Memoirs of his own Life and Times, by Sir James Turner." 4to, 1829.

"The History of Scotland, by John Lesley, Bishop of Ross." 4to, 1830.

"Collection of Ancient Scottish Prophecies, in alliterative verse." 4to, 1833.

"Diurnal of Remarkable Occurrents, from the Pollok MS." 4to, 1833.

"The Ragman Rolls, 1291–1296." 4to, 1834.

"The Booke of the Universall Kirk of Scotland, 1560–1618." 3 vols. 4to, 1839, 1840, 1845.

"The Accounts of the Great Chamberlains of Scotland, &c., 1326–1406." In 2 vols. 4to, 1817.

A third volume of do. 4to, 1845.

"A Diary of the Public Correspondence of Sir Thomas Hope of Craighall." 4to, 1843.

"Munimenta Vetustiora Comitatus de Mortoun, and Original Letters and Papers in the Archives of the Earle of Morton." 4to, 1852.

In addition to the foregoing, Mr. Thomson edited the following works, which were chiefly printed for private circulation:—

"A Compilation of the Forms of Process in the Court of Session, during the earlier periods after its establishment, with the Variations which they have since undergone," &c. 8vo, 1809.

"A Collection of Inventories, and other Records of the Royal Wardrobe and Jewelhouse; and of the Artillery and Munition in some of the Royal Castles, 1488–1606." 4to, 1815.

"The Chamberlain Rolls, 1306–1400." 4to, 1817.

"Inventory of Worke done for the State, by [Evan Tyler] his Majesties Printer in Scotland, December, 1642—October, 1647." 4to, 1815.

"Ane Addicioun of Scottis Cornikles and Deidis." Small 4to, 1819.

"Memoirs of the Affairs of Scotland from the Restoration of King Charles II., A.D. 1660, by Sir George Mackenzie, of Rosehaugh, Knight." 4to, 1821.

"Memoirs of the Lives and Characters of the Right Honourable George Baillie of Jerviswood, and of Lady Grissell, by their daughter, Lady Murray."

"Menu de la Maison de la Royne faict par Mons. de Pinguillon. M.D.LXII." 4to, 1824.

This amount of antiquarian labour indicates an extent of reading, a patience of research, and a heroic pertinacity of purpose which it would be difficult fully to estimate. And this, too, be it remembered, was in a department of literature in which little fame is to be won, and the achievements of which are so often misprized and ridiculed. "No one," says Lord Cockburn, in his "Life of Lord Jeffrey"—when speaking of Thomas Thomson—"no one has done nearly so much to recover, to arrange, to explain, and to preserve our historical muniments. He found them almost a chaos, and after bringing them into order, has left them on a system, of which the value will be felt the more every day that they accumulate. His real merit, great as it may seem now, will seem still greater 500 years hence." Adverting to Mr. Thomson's capacity for legal study, and the disinterestedness with which it was kept in abeyance, for the sake of that department in which he was so well qualified to excel, Lord Cockburn adds—"Had he not allowed his taste for antiquarian research to allure him from the common drudgery of his profession, he would have stood high in practice, as he always did in character, at the bar; and would now have been adorning the bench by his considerate wisdom and peculiar learning." In turning to Mr. Thomson's course as a barrister, we find his lordship's commendations fully borne out. His knowledge of ancient Scottish history and jurisprudence was so well known, even at the outset, that so early as 1805-7, he was employed in the famous Craigengillan case, in which a fair estate of about £12,000 per annum depended upon the old marriage laws of Scotland, and the kind of union that sufficed to establish a legal claim to legitimacy and inheritance. Another suit in which he was retained in 1816, was the case of *Cranstoun versus Gibson*, in which the principle of our northern elections had to be traced to its fountain-head, inasmuch as the franchise of Scotland, as connected with the valuation of old church lands, was involved in the result. While his brethren of the long robe were utterly in the dark upon such questions of mediæval and monastic lore, Mr. Thomson, as may easily be supposed, felt himself upon his own proper ground; he accordingly produced in one of his memorials, such a lucid account of the origin of the taxation of land in Scotland, that Lord Glenlee, the presiding judge, could not help exclaiming, "It is just delightful! It is like reading a lost decade of Livy!" Mr. Thomson, indeed, did not secure a judge's gown, for that, as we have seen, was never at any time the mark of his ambition; but an office, not greatly inferior in importance and emolument, was freely conceded to him in 1828, by his being appointed one of the principal clerks of Session—an office which Sir Walter Scott himself held, and beyond which he sought no higher.

Amidst the various qualifications which Mr. Thomson possessed, we would greatly err if we confined the literary part of his character to his undoubted superiority in antiquities and black letter. On the contrary, his general knowledge, as well as his talents and taste, were so fully recognized, that at the creation of the "Edinburgh Review" in 1802, he was one of that illustrious coterie who were wont to meet in solemn secrecy for the purpose of commencing it, and by whose joint labours that critical tribunal was silently built up, before whose dread awards the whole literary world was so soon compelled to bow and tremble. For this journal he also wrote several articles, and, during the occasional absences of Mr. Jeffrey, took charge of its editorship.

Mr. Thomson married Anne, daughter of Thomas Reed, Esq., formerly army agent in Dublin. He died at his residence at Shrubhill, between Edinburgh

and Leith, on the 2d of October, 1852, and was interred in the Dean Cemetery. His character was thus appropriately summed up by Lord Murray at the ensuing Anniversary of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland—"In the death of my old and valued friend, Mr. Thomas Thomson, the Society has to deplore the loss of one, whose contributions to our antiquarian literature, and to the facilities of the historical student of the Records of Scotland, have conferred a boon upon the country, such as it would be difficult to over-estimate in value. He was a man of great and varied learning, and a highly refined mind. His enthusiasm was undamped by the intricacy and forbidding aspects of one of the most perplexing and protracted labours which ever engrossed the life-labour of the legal antiquary; and yet, while devoting his fine mind to such labours in his study, he united to all the acquirements requisite for such pursuits, manners the most pleasing, and a warmth and geniality of feeling which have embalmed him in the memories of a numerous circle of friends and admirers."

TOD, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JAMES.—Of the early life of this distinguished historian of the East we have been able to glean only a few particulars. Such, however, is frequently the case with his countrymen. Their talents and enterprise lead them to eminence, and place them full in the view of the world; but when the general curiosity is expressed in, Where was he born?—who were his parents?—how was he trained and educated for the place he so worthily occupies?—the biographer is compelled to confess his ignorance, or feel his way at hap-hazard and by conjecture.

With these remarks we judge it necessary to premise a notice of Lieutenant-Colonel Tod, of the Honourable East India Company's Service, and their political agent in the Western Rajpoot states. He was born in Scotland about the year 1782; but in what district, or of what parentage, we are unable to ascertain. In March, 1800, he went to India, being then only in his eighteenth year, and obtained a commission in the second Bengal European regiment. Although he commenced his career thus early, he appears to have arrived in India an unbefriended adventurer; for, instead of waiting for promotion like his brother officers, who had patronage to back their merits, he volunteered for the Molucca Isles, was transferred to the marine service on board the *Mornington*, and afterwards, to use his own expression, "ran the gauntlet from Calcutta to Hurdwar." In the course of this run, however, he not only escaped the dangers that crossed it, but reached the starting-place of a new and better career. At the close of 1805, when he was nothing more than a subaltern in the subsidiary force at Gwalior, an embassy was to be sent, at the close of the Mahratta war, to Sindhia, at that time encamped at Mewar, in Rajpootana. Tod's friend, Mr. Græme Mercer, was sent as ambassador on this occasion, while Tod himself was to accompany him as assistant. The country of Rajast'han, of which it formed a part, was thenceforth to be the "home of his adoption," as he affectionately called it, and the place to which the best part of his life was to be enthusiastically and usefully devoted.

On settling down amidst the official duties with which he was intrusted, Tod, now scarcely twenty-four years old, resolved to be something more than a mere political resident. Great capacities, hitherto undeveloped, were struggling within him, which the new land of his abode was calculated to call forth; and, under this inspiration, he successively became geographer, historian, and archæologist. As was natural, the geography of Rajast'han was the first subject of his inquiry, into which he threw himself with ardour, almost as soon

as he arrived; and for this there was urgent need—for large and important though the country was, it was still a mere *terra incognita* to his employers, the conquerors of the East. Once a vast cluster of provinces, that composed an empire extending, in all probability, from the Jumna and Ganges to the base of the Himalaya, comprehending nearly eight degrees of latitude, and nine of longitude, it still was a large territory, inhabited by a variety of interesting races, but who, from the misgovernment of their own chiefs, and the absence of European instruction, were fast sinking into hopeless barbarism. He therefore began the survey of the country, which hitherto, in the maps of India, had been almost a total blank, while the course of rivers and the position of capitals were in most cases utterly reversed. All this mass of ignorance and error was superseded by his ample and accurate map of Rajast'han, which he completed and presented to the Marquis of Hastings in 1815. To the country itself thus delineated he gave the name of Central India, and that name it has ever since retained. The value of the map was fully tested as a guide in the operations of the government only two years afterwards, as its information was adopted in the plan of operations, by Lord Hastings, in 1817.

It was not enough for Tod, however, that he should be the geographer of his adopted country: he resolved also to be its historian. It was a bold attempt. Hitherto it had generally been thought in Europe that Indian history was but a myth—a collection of opium dreams, more unreal than even the Arabian Nights' Entertainments—and therefore unworthy of a moment's attention. The names, indeed, of Alexander of Macedon and Timour, of Mahmoud of Gazni, Babar, and Achar, were familiar as invaders and conquerors of India; but the peoples and heroes whom they slew or subjugated in the lands which they formed into new empires, were as unknown as if they had been the inhabitants of a different planet; and yet these people must have had a history of some kind or other, and, perchance, a history worth reading, if it were only written. This, he resolved, should be done; but where were the materials? Rajast'han had abounded in poets and fabulists, and these, too, of the true eastern stamp; but it had not a Herodotus or a Xenophon, nor yet even a Bede or Fordun. These were all but insuperable difficulties, let the amount of research and talent be what it might. All this, however, he overcame. The labour which he endured in such a task, while it has a startling sound to European ears, gives a high idea of his indomitable zeal and perseverance. He began with the sacred genealogies contained in the Puranas, examined the Mahabharat, studied the historical poems of Chund, Jesselmer, Marwar, and Mewar, and the bardic lays containing the history of the Kheetchies, and that of the Hara princes of Kotah and Boondi. He also procured and carefully studied a large portion of the compilations of Jeysing of Amber or Jeypoor, the learned rajah of modern times, illustrating the history of his race. For ten years he was occupied with this mountain of recondite matter, being assisted in his labours by an erudite scholar of that eastern sect called the Jains, who made copious extracts from the above-mentioned mass, and translated them into those more familiar dialects of the East with which Tod was acquainted. He also mingled in frequent conversation with the most intelligent of the people; and having made himself master of their language, he extracted from them the knowledge of their historical traditions, whether in tales, allegories, or poems, and questioned them about their religious opinions, and their daily habits and usages. His ardent enthusiasm, and the Asiatic character that was rapidly ingrafting

itself upon his Scottish temperament, admirably fitted him for such a task; and seated amidst the ruins of ancient cities, with a group of these story-tellers around him, he listened for hours to their stirring tales of the wild chivalry of the East, and the patriotic deeds of their ancestors, until he felt as if he was a Rajpoot, and that the bleak northern country in which his boyhood had been spent was nothing more than a dream of the night. But still his hereditary caution—*canniness* if you will—did not desert him under such tempting circumstances; and, therefore, independently of such sources of information, he studied every authentic monument, inscription, and architectural relic, by which he tested the innumerable legends that solicited his notice; and the result was his “Annals and Antiquities of Rajast’han,” of which the first volume was published in London in 1829. This splendid work at once demonstrated that India has actually a native history, while it became the text-book and authority of our most distinguished Oriental scholars. It also gave an irresistible impulse to that study of Indo-Grecian antiquities which has since been so extensively prosecuted, and by which so much new light has been thrown upon ancient history, by revealing the connection between the European and Asiatic races.

And worthy, indeed, were the past achievements of the Rajpoots of such a commemoration. Proud of our northern chivalry of ancient days, and the national liberties which it established, we are too apt to lose sight of other nations that have struggled as bravely, though not so successfully, as ourselves. But Rajast’han, through the labours of Colonel Tod, has now a chronicle to unfold to the world, in which a patriotism as devoted, and sacrifices as great, and valiant deeds as illustrious are to be found as adorn the pages of Greece and Rome, or even our own Britain. “What nation on earth,” he exclaims triumphantly, “could have maintained the semblance of civilization, the spirit or the customs of their forefathers, during so many centuries of overwhelming depression, but one of such singular character as the Rajpoot? . . . Rajast’han exhibits the sole example in the history of mankind, of a people withstanding every outrage barbarity could inflict, or human nature sustain, from a foe whose religion commands annihilation; and bent to the earth, yet rising buoyant from the pressure, and making calamity a whetstone to courage. . . . Not an iota of their religion or customs have they lost, though many a foot of land.” That so noble and gallant a people should have been overruled, and that in the midst of such achievements the country should still have continued to diminish, so that it became the very Poland of the East, can be easily explained, as in the case of Poland, by the defective nature of its government. Wherever the patriarchal system of rule predominates, the bravery, the devotedness, and patriotism of its people have been unavailing. They have furnished, indeed, a glorious and spirit-stirring history; but decay and downfall have been the inevitable close. Such was the fate of Rajast’han, a land of many tribes and many princes. The Parthians, by whom they were overrun, and the Tartars, by whom they were finally subdued, were united nations; and that single advantage made them victorious over a people braver perhaps than themselves, but divided by the feudality which prevented a united and universal resistance, and insured a piecemeal destruction.

Such was the nature of Tod’s labours till 1817, when he was appointed political agent of government over that extensive country, comprising the five principal states of Rajast’han, viz., Mewar, Marwar, Jessulmer, Kotah, and

Boondi. It was a high office for one holding his subordinate military rank, although scarcely too high for his service and merits, and the confidence which the Rajpoots reposed in him. But the appointment seems to have given umbrage to those who perhaps thought themselves better entitled to promotion, irrespective of their fitness for such a peculiar office. The sympathy also which he felt for the people, and the influence which he possessed among the native princes caused him for a short time to be regarded at head-quarters with suspicion and jealousy. But these unseemly feelings, although they annoyed him at first, he soon refuted by his conduct, while the excellence of his administration endeared him more and more every day to the people. This Bishop Heber found afterwards, in his Episcopal tour, when he passed through the province of Mewar. On this occasion, the inquiries of the people as to the welfare of their "Tod Sahib" were incessant, and whether they should ever see him again. It is not often that the deputy who rules in the name of foreign masters is thus endeared to a subjugated, but still high-spirited people. The nature of his administration, his attempts for the restoration of Rajpootana, and the estimation in which his labours were held, can be best understood from the following letter to a friend:—"Regarding Bhilwana, the work of my hands, in February, 1818, there was not a dog in it; in 1822 I left 3000 houses, of which 1200 were bankers and merchants; an entire street, arcaded, was built under my directions, and with my means. The merchants from Calcutta, Jessulmer, Delhi, Surat—from every mart in India—had their correspondents; and, in fact, it was becoming the chief mart of Rajast'han. The affection of these people a thousand times repaid my cares. The females met me at a distance, with vessels of water on their heads, singing the Sohahoh, and the whole of the merchants and bankers advanced in a body to conduct me through it. The streets were crowded; brocades of gold silks were suspended from the shops—it made me proud, not vain. It was with difficulty I checked the determination to call it Todgunge; but whatever I did was in the Rana's name. My conscience tells me I deserved their love. How health and comfort were spurned in their behalf! I have lain on my pallet with high fever, my spleen so enlarged as to be felt in every part of my ribs; fifty leeches at work, left to a servant to superintend, whilst I had the whole of the territorial officers of the district of Mondelgurb, consisting of 350 towns and villages, at the other side, taking the whole of their accounts, and separating the fisc and the lands of the chiefs even to a beegah—all the while half-dead with inanition. But I had the principle of life strong within me. It appears now a dream. But a week before I was at the point of death; but it was vain to tell me to desist from work. A short time after I was knocked off my elephant in going to restore to the chief of the Megawats twenty-seven villages, alienated for forty-five years, which I recovered from the fangs of the Mahrattas. The animal ran off, crossing the wooden bridge of his moat, and the arch, being too low, carried me fairly off. That I was not crushed was a miracle. *That night the triumphal arch of the Megawats was levelled to the ground!* These are the men without gratitude! It was worth a broken limb, yet I escaped with bruises. But my head burns as did my heart for my Rajpoots."

In this short account we have the secret of that wondrous spell by which we retain the empire of the East. Compare Colonel Tod with a Roman prætor or pro-consul! It is only when Britain will impose rulers upon her Indian dependencies who will pillage, rather than protect and benefit the people, that

her rule over India will pass away into other hands, and leave nothing behind it but the glory and the shame of a historical remembrance.

The rest of Colonel Tod's proceedings among the Rajpoots may be briefly told. In 1819 he completed the circuit of Marwar, and visited its capital, Joudpoor, by the route of Komulmer, and returned to Oodipoor by the way of Mairta and Ajmer. In 1820 he visited Kotah and Boondi, and on the following year he revisited the latter province, in consequence of the death of his friend, the Rao Rajah Ram Sing, who bequeathed to the colonel the guardianship of his son, the prince of the Haras. It was now time that his personal connection with India should cease, as after a residence of twenty-two years of incessant occupation in that climate, his broken constitution could withstand it no longer. He was accordingly released from his duties as British political agent of Rajast'han, which he had discharged during five years, and allowed to return to England. But instead of instantly availing himself of the opportunity, by hastening to embark when he left the valley of Oodipoor in June, 1822, he crossed the Aravalli to the sacred mountain of Aboo, and explored the remains of that district, so venerated in the religious traditions of Hindoostan. His interest in Rajpootana and love of travel being still unabated, he continued his journey of research, in which he discovered the ruins of an ancient city in the borders of Marwar, explored the ancient capital of the Balhara kings, and crossed the peninsula of Saurashtra, visiting in his way the towns, temples, and shrines that illustrated the ancient history of the country. This journey was so replete with interest that he drew up a full account of it after his return to England. He finally embarked at Bombay in the early part of 1823, and arrived in England the same year.

On returning home, Colonel Tod by no means abandoned himself to a life of rest or recreation. His Indian studies and discoveries, carried over so long a period, and involving such important subjects, were to be arranged and prepared for the press, and to this duty he turned his attention with all his wonted ardour. And how well he discharged his task the "Annals of Rajast'han" will sufficiently attest, independently of his other writings. It opened up new paths in the study of the history, philosophy, and religion of India, which subsequent scholars have entered with the happiest results. But these efforts, upon a constitution already all but exhausted, accelerated the process of decay; and a complaint in the chest obliged him to take up his residence in Italy, where he chiefly abode during the last twelve months of his life. Still his studies were continued, and during the winter while he staid in Rome, he employed himself daily in a work entitled, "Travels in Western India," containing his observations during a journey to the Peninsula of Guzerat, which he had made before his departure for Britain. From Italy he returned to England in the beginning of September, 1835, and on the 14th of November he came from his mother's residence in Hampshire, to London, ready to publish his work on Western India, and retire for the rest of his life to a property which he had lately purchased. But on the 16th, the anniversary of his marriage, while transacting business at his banker's, he was suddenly struck with apoplexy, under which he continued speechless and insensible for twenty-seven hours, when he expired on the afternoon of the 17th, 1835.

TRAILL, REV. ROBERT.—The family of the Traills is of considerable antiquity, and was settled in Fifeshire, where they possessed the estate of Blebo. The first of the name who appears in Scottish history was Walter Traill, son

of the laird of Blebo, who was appointed Archbishop of St. Andrews, by King Robert III., about the year 1385. The father of Robert Traill, who was minister of the Greyfriars' Church, Edinburgh, was one of those bold witnesses for the Covenant, who lived during the stormy period of the Commonwealth, and the still more trying season of the Restoration, in which, at the age of sixty, he was banished from Scotland for life upon the charge of holding a conventicle, because he had read and expounded Scripture to a few friends who were assembled in his house. In consequence of this sentence he retired to Holland, the usual place of refuge for the exiled Presbyterians of Scotland, and there spent the rest of his life.

It was in the midst of these troubles that the subject of the present memoir was ushered into the world. He was born at Elie, in Fifeshire, of which parish his father at first was minister, in May, 1642. Being destined for the ministry, at a period when the office in Scotland possessed few secular attractions, and was best fitted to test the disinterestedness of its candidates, he prosecuted the usual course of study in the university of Edinburgh, and secured by his proficiency the approbation of the professors. While a divinity student, and as yet only nineteen years old, he evinced his sincerity and courage by attending James Guthrie, of Stirling, to the scaffold, when that faithful martyr was executed for his adherence to the persecuted Kirk of Scotland. It was easy to foresee from such a commencement that the course of the young man would be neither a profitable nor a safe one. On the banishment of his father two years afterwards, the circumstances of the family were so straitened, that Robert Traill, who shared in all their trials, was often without a home. Matters in 1666 became even worse, in consequence of some copies of the "Apologetic Relation"—a work obnoxious to the prelates and privy council, having been found in their house; for in consequence of this discovery, his mother, brother, and himself were obliged to hide themselves from pursuit. While he was thus a fugitive, the unfortunate rout at Pentland occurred; and—as in the trials that followed, all the homeless and persecuted in Scotland were assumed as being more or less implicated in the insurrection—Robert Traill, whether truly or falsely, was said to have been in the ranks of the insurgents, in consequence of which charge, he was liable every hour to be apprehended and executed as a traitor. In this difficulty he fled to Holland in 1667, and joined his father, who had been settled there four years. Here he resumed his studies in theology, and assisted Nethenus, professor of divinity at Utrecht, in publishing "Rutherford's Examination of Arminianism."

The stay of Robert Traill in Holland must have been a short one, probably only till the close of 1668; for in April, 1669, he was preaching in London upon a Thursday previous to the administration of the Lord's Supper. It is probable, that having completed his theological studies in Holland, he had come to England in the earlier part of the year, and received ordination from the London Presbytery. Here he preached for some time without any settled charge, and was afterwards permanently appointed to the Presbyterian Church at Cranbrook, a small town in Kent. In this retirement he could exercise his calling in safety, as the Presbyterianism of England was not regarded as either so formidable or so important as to provoke the interposition of state persecution. But the case was very different in his native Scotland, which he visited in 1677. During his sojourn in Edinburgh he privately preached there, notwithstanding the severe laws against conventicles; and as the privy council



had their spies everywhere, he was soon arraigned for this highest of offences before their bar. His trial was a brief one. He was first accused as a holder of house-conventicles, and this he acknowledged to be true. He was then asked if he had also preached at field-conventicles; but as this was the trying question, upon what was a capital offence, he gave no answer; and when required to clear himself by oath, of having preached at, or attended such meetings, he refused to comply. For lack of witnesses or proof they would oblige him to be his own accuser, and were prepared to punish him whether he confessed or remained silent! But such was the law of Scotland in those days against the persecuted children of the Covenant. On further questioning, all that he acknowledged was, that he had been ordained a minister in London, and that he had conversed with Mr. John Welch, one whom they had proscribed, upon the English border. For these offences he was sentenced to imprisonment in the Bass—a punishment only short of the gallows; and here he remained three months, at the end of which period he was released by order of government. It is not impossible that he had some influential friends in the English metropolis, otherwise he might have remained in the Bass for years, had his life endured it so long. On being released from his damp and dismal dungeon, that was scooped in the bowels of the sea-girt rock, Traill returned to Cranbrook, and resumed his ministerial duties over his little flock, until he was called to a wider sphere in London. There he lived and laboured as a Presbyterian minister, until he died in May, 1716, at the ripe age of seventy-four, having witnessed before he closed his eyes the deposition of the Stuarts, the firm establishment of Presbyterianism in his native country, the union of the two kingdoms, and the prospect of peaceful days and more liberal principles of rule under the accession of the Hanoverian dynasty.

Such are the few particulars that can be ascertained of the life of Robert Traill; and from these it is evident that he was a man of peace, and that the persecutions he so manfully endured were not sought by him, but thrust upon him. It is easy, also, to perceive from his published works, that he was a thoughtful student, as well as one of large and vigorous intellect; and that his taste as a writer was greatly in advance of his cotemporary countrymen. His writings are essentially English—clear, nervous, and Saxon—while the catholicity of their sentiments made them a favourite with every class of religious men both in England and Scotland. Although so well adapted, also, to obtain influence and distinction in authorship, he did not commit his first work to the press until he had attained the ripe age of forty, and even then, such was his modesty, that it was extorted from him by the importunity of his admirers; while his second publication did not follow till ten years after. The following is a list of his writings:—

Sermon on "How Ministers may best win Souls."

Letter on "Antinomianism."

Thirteen discourses on "The Throne of Grace; from Heb. iv. 16."

Sixteen sermons on "The Prayer of our Saviour; in John xvii. 24."

These works obtained such high popularity, and were found so useful, that after his death the following were also published from his manuscripts:—

Twenty-one sermons on "Steadfast Adherence to the Profession of our Faith; from Heb. x. 23."

Eleven sermons from 1 Peter i. 1-4.

Six sermons on Galatians ii. 21.

Ten sermons on various subjects. These were transcribed from family MSS., and issued by the Cheap Publication Society of the Free Church of Scotland in 1845.

TROTTER, THOMAS, M.D., who held at one time the important office of physician to the Channel fleet, was born in Roxburghshire, educated at the university of Edinburgh, and while still young, was appointed surgeon in the Royal Navy in 1782. Finding occupation in his own particular department too scanty, or rival aspirants too numerous, he turned his attention to the African trade, and was, as he has informed us, the first of his professional corps who was obliged to betake himself to that humble and somewhat perilous vocation. Returning from Africa in 1785, he settled as a medical practitioner at a small town in Northumberland, and obtained the degree of M.D. at Edinburgh, in 1788. Better days now began to dawn upon him; for on the following year he was appointed, through the patronage of Admiral Roddam, surgeon to that commander's flag-ship; in 1793, he was made physician to the Royal Hospital at Portsmouth, and in 1794, physician to the fleet.

This was high as well as rapid promotion for one who had been fain to commence his pursuit of fortune in a merchant ship, and under the baneful sun of Africa; but the first step in his ascent once secured, Dr. Trotter soon showed his fitness for the eminence to which he was raised, for in 1790, only a year after his first appointment, he published a "Review of the Medical Department of the British Navy." Such also was his care for the health of the naval service, the important improvements he introduced into its regulations, and his attention to the due promotion of merit among the navy surgeons, that all classes combined in acknowledging his worth. After having occupied the important charge of physician to the fleet for several years, he retired upon a pension of £200 per annum, and settled at Newcastle, where he practised with reputation till his death, which occurred in that town on the 5th September, 1832.

As an author, Dr. Trotter was known to the medical world at large by the excellent works he published, as well as the reforms he effected in the British navy. A list of these productions we here give in their order:—

1. "Treatise on the Scurvy."
2. "Thesis '*De Ebrietas*.'" 1788.
3. "Review of the Medical Department of the British Navy." 1790. A work to which we have already adverted.
4. "Medical and Chemical Essays." 1796.
5. "*Medica Nautica*, or an Essay on the Diseases of Seamen." 3 vols., 8vo. 1799.
6. "Essay on Drunkenness." 1804. This was a translation with additions of his Thesis which he had written in 1788, and which had been highly commended by Dr. Cullen.
7. "An Address to the Proprietors and Managers of Coal Mines, on the Means of Destroying Damp." 1806.
8. "A View of the Nervous Temperament; being a Practical Treatise on Nervous, Bilious, Stomach, and Liver Complaints." 8vo. 1812.

Dr. Trotter was a poet as well as physician, and his productions in this department, forgotten though they now are, excited during their own day such an amount of respectful attention, as mere common rhymes could scarcely have obtained. First in the list of these was his "*Suspiria Oceani*," being a

monody on the death of Earl Howe; the next, published in 1813, was a tragedy, entitled "The Noble Foundling, or the Hermit of the Tweed." He also published a volume of his miscellaneous poetry, and was a frequent contributor at his leisure hours, not only to the "Medical Journal," but also to the "European Magazine," and other literary periodicals.

TYTLER, PATRICK FRASER.—The rarest, as well as the most valuable inheritance that can be transmitted, is certainly that of a high intellectual organization; and when great mental qualities are continued in their descent through more than a single generation, a family aristocracy is established, with which mere hereditary rank and title cannot compete. The Douglasses of old, the Hunters, Gregories, Napiers, and Malcolms of modern times, are proofs of the assertion. With these can be classed the honoured name of the subject of this memoir. He was the son of Alexander Fraser Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee, whose writings as a lawyer, professor of universal history, critic, and biographer are too well known to require enumeration; and grandson of William Tytler of Woodhouselee, the generous champion of Mary Queen of Scots, and successful investigator of our ancient national history and literature. Thus, for nearly a century, the labours of these distinguished three have followed in uninterrupted succession, and been almost exclusively devoted to the illustration of the annals of our country.

Patrick Fraser Tytler was born at Edinburgh, on the 30th of August, 1791, and was the fourth son of Lord Woodhouselee. His early education was commenced at the high-school of his native city, where he had for his preceptors, Mr. (afterwards Professor) Christison, and Dr. Adam the rector of the institution. On leaving the high-school he entered the university of Edinburgh in 1806, and went through the usual course of literary and philosophical studies necessary for the study of the law, having chosen the Scottish bar for his destination. Besides the eminent public teachers, who at this time occupied the literary chairs in the high-school and college of Edinburgh, Mr. Tytler was so fortunate as to have for his private tutor the Rev. John Black, a highly accomplished scholar, who in 1810 published a "Life of Tasso," and was afterwards minister of Croyton, in Ayrshire.

It frequently happens, both at school and college, that those who afterwards distinguish themselves in authorship, give no correspondent promise of the eminence they are destined to attain; as diligent and ambitious as their class-fellows, they yet pass on without notice, and are little heard of, until, it may be, they burst out in full strength, and take the public attention by storm. In such cases, however, it will generally be found, that the young student has higher aims than those of his companions; that he is silently training himself for a great achievement; and that, in such a process, he does not mistake the gymnasium for the battle-field, or waste his energies upon mere tyro-skirmishing or prize-fighting. Such seems to have been the case with the future historian of Scotland, during the course of his early education. It has been stated by one who was his class-fellow for years, that he was of an amiable temper and greatly beloved by all his companions; and that he always held a respectable place in the class, without distinguishing himself in any particular manner.

After having ended his studies at the university, Mr. Tytler underwent his public examinations, and was admitted into the faculty of Advocates on the 3d of July, 1813. In his case, however, the law, as a profession, had few attractions, compared with those of literature and historical research, and there-

fore, after some desultory practice, he finally abandoned the bar for the more congenial work of authorship. An event also occurred, after he had worn the barrister's gown scarcely a twelvemonth, that must have had some influence in confirming his choice. This was the peace of 1814, by which the Continent, and especially France, were thrown open to British tourists, and the spirit of travel set free to wander where it listed. Like many of our young inquirers who were eager in this way to finish their studies, Mr. Tytler availed himself of the opportunity, by making a tour through France and Belgium; and the companions of his journey on this occasion were Mr. (afterwards Sir Archibald) Alison, the well-known historian of modern Europe, and the present Lord Justice Clerk Hope. In the year following (1815) a work was published anonymously in Edinburgh in two volumes, small octavo, under the title of "Travels in France during the years 1814-5, comprising a residence at Paris during the stay of the Allied Armies, and at Aix at the period of the landing of Bonaparte." This work was the production of Mr. Alison, and in his acknowledgment, that in preparing it, he was "indebted to the journals of a few friends who had preceded him in their visit to the capital" (Paris), he is believed to have especial reference to the communications of Mr. Tytler. After this modest entrance into authorship, by placing a supply of the raw material in the hands of an able workman, Mr. Tytler made a bolder advance by adventuring original compositions of his own, in the pages of the Edinburgh and Blackwood's Magazine. Of these anonymous productions, by which he tried his early strength, and put himself in training for higher efforts, two have been mentioned: these were, a "Life of Michael Scott," the Merlin or Friar Bacon of North Britain; and a fragment, under the title of a "Literary Romance," in which as much of a tale was supplied as gave work to the imagination of the reader, and enabled him to form a conclusion for himself.

A mind so well stored could not long remain contented with the transient efforts of journalism; and Mr. Tytler's first work, which was published in Edinburgh in 1819, clearly indicated the course of his studies, while it gave promise of the historical accessions which he was afterwards to contribute to the annals of his country. This was his "Life of James Crichton of Cluny, commonly called the Admirable Crichton"—a personage of whose learning and varied talents such wonderful tales had been told, that posterity had begun to class him with King Arthur, and the other mythic heroes of old British history, who people the fairy regions of Avalon. This work was so favourably received by the public, that a second edition of it, corrected and enlarged, with an Appendix of Original Papers, was published in 1823.

The next literary production of Mr. Tytler was "An Account of the Life and Writings of Sir Thomas Craig of Riecarton, including Biographical Sketches of the most eminent Legal Characters from the institution of the Court of Session by James V., till the period of the Union of the Crowns." This was published in Edinburgh in 1823.

A third work, also biographical, was published by Mr. Tytler, but anonymously, in 1826. This was the "Life of John Wicklyff," the English Reformer.

These productions, laborious though they were, from the antiquarian toil and research they had occasioned, were considered by him as only light preludes to the far more important work which he now contemplated. The circumstances

that first led to such an undertaking are worthy of notice. Mr. Tytler having, during the course of a summer excursion, paid a visit to Abbotsford, was received with that warm-hearted welcome, and ushered into that choice intellectual society, for which the illustrious owner and his hall were at all times so distinguished; and during the hours of that happy evening, tale, and song, and literary discussion, and old remembrances, followed each other in rich and rapid succession. Matters, however, of more lasting moment occupied, as usual, the mind of Sir Walter Scott, and during the evening he took Mr. Tytler aside for the purpose of some bye-conversation. It was to advise him to write a HISTORY OF SCOTLAND. He had long, in common with many of our most distinguished countrymen, felt the want of such a work;\* and several years before this period he had himself been almost persuaded by the publishers to undertake so congenial a task, and had thought that, by interspersing the narrative with romantic anecdotes, illustrative of the manners of his countrymen, he might produce a work such as the public would gladly welcome. He had, indeed, he added, made a partial commencement, in the form of an introductory essay—the same which was afterwards published in the “Quarterly Review” for January, 1816, as an article upon the Culloden Papers. But on thinking further on the subject, he found difficulties in his way which, in his (Sir Walter’s) case, could not easily be surmounted. He saw that a Scottish history must be something more important than a popular romance; and that although the materials for it were so abundant in the form of national records, old Scottish authors, public and private documents, and other such sources, yet the task of digesting, elucidating, and arranging these materials, would engross more time than he could spare. He also found that the task must be pursued not only in Scotland, but in London, among the national archives, and wherever else such information could be found—a kind of labour which his official duties and other avocations would completely prevent. Perceiving these difficulties, he had abandoned the alluring enterprise, notwithstanding his conviction that a History of Scotland had still to be written, and his own wish to supply the deficiency; and he had at last settled into the purpose of attempting nothing more in this way than a collection of historical anecdotes for the young, such as might impress upon their memories the brave and good deeds of illustrious Scotsmen, and inspire them with sentiments of nationality.†

\* In a letter written upon this subject, A.D. 1823, Sir Walter Scott thus summed up our national deficiency:—“We are still but very indifferently provided with Scotch histories of a general description. Lord Hailes’ ‘Annals’ are the foundation-stone, and an excellent book, though dryly written. Pinkerton, in two very unreadable quartos, which yet abound in information, takes up the thread where Hailes drops it—and then you have Robertson, down to the union of the crowns. But I would beware of task-work, which Pinkerton at least must always be, and I would relieve him [his correspondent’s pupil] every now and then by looking at the pages of old Pitcottie, where events are told with so much *naïveté*, and even humour, and such individuality, as it were, that it places the actors and scenes before the reader. The whole history of James V. and Queen Mary may be read to great advantage in the elegant Latin of Lealy, bishop of Ross, and collated with the account which his opponent Buchanan, in language still more classical, gives of the same eventful reigns. Laing is but a bad guide through the 17th century, yet I hardly know where a combined account of these events is to be had, so far as Scotland is concerned.”

† This Sir Walter Scott accomplished by his “Tales of a Grandfather,” published

All this, as the reader may perceive, was preparatory to an advice—a request. It was nothing less than that Mr. Tytler himself should be the historian of Scotland. Here Sir Walter did not fail to urge upon his young friend such motives as might incite him to the attempt. It was one that would be most congenial to his previous studies and pursuits. It would concentrate upon one great aim those efforts which he had expended upon a variety of subjects. It would gratify his patriotic feelings as a Scot, as well as his predilections for historical writing. The work itself would indeed be long and laborious; but then he had the advantage of youth on his side, so that he might live to complete it; and if it were written under a deep conviction of the importance of historical truth, what a permanent benefit it would prove to his country! Finally, Sir Walter finished his persuasions, in his own kind, characteristic manner, by offering to Mr. Tytler all the assistance in his power, not only in obtaining admission to all the repositories in which the materials were contained, but his best advice in pursuing the necessary investigations.

This was a memorable conversation in the life of Mr. Tytler: it was the turning-point of his literary career, the bias by which his whole after-course was directed. Deeply and anxiously he mused upon it, on his evening ride homeward to the mansion of Yair, where at that time he was sojourning; and it was after he had forded the Tweed at Bordside that he gave vent to his imprisoned feelings, by rehearsing to his friend who accompanied him, the whole tenor of the dialogue. On being asked how he liked the suggestion, he replied, that the undertaking had a very formidable appearance—and that though he had always been attached to historical pursuits, and was ambitious of becoming a historian, he had never conceived the idea of writing the history of his own country, from the peculiar difficulties that lay in the way of such an attempt, and in making it what he thought a History of Scotland ought to be; now, however, he felt otherwise, and would lay the suggestion to heart, not only on account of the quarter from which it had come, but the assistance that had been so kindly promised. The resolution on which he finally settled he must have arrived at promptly, and followed up with almost immediate action, by which he stood committed to a lifetime of work in a new sphere of occupation, and to whatever, in the shape of success or failure, it might chance to bring him. The devotedness of a hero who saves his country, or of a legislator who regenerates it, may be matched by the devotedness of him who records their deeds. The historian who evolves the full truth of a Marathon or Bannockburn fight from the remote obscurity in which it is clouded, may have had as hard and heroic a task as he who has achieved it.

It was in the summer of 1828 that the first volume of Tytler's "History of Scotland" issued from the press. As it was only the first instalment of a large promise, the public received it as such; and while its merits were felt, the language of criticism was cautious and measured, although both commendation and hopeful encouragement were by no means withheld. The rest of the work followed at intervals; and as each successive volume appeared, the general

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in 1827. The precise year of this interview between Sir Walter and Mr. Tytler has been unfortunately forgot; but as the indefatigable author of "Waverley," was not accustomed to dally with a purpose he had once formed, the conversation probably occurred in the summer of the previous year.

approbation was deepened: it was soon felt and acknowledged that a truly national history was now in progress, to supersede the fragmentary records in which the Scottish nationality had been hampered and confined. At length the whole was completed in the winter of 1843, when the ninth and last volume appeared. His task was ended, and the author thus gracefully bade it adieu in the last paragraph:—"It is with feelings of gratitude, mingled with regret, that the author now closes this work—the history of his country—the labour of little less than eighteen years: gratitude to the Giver of all good, that life and health have been spared to complete, however imperfectly, an arduous undertaking; regret that the tranquil pleasures of historical investigation, the happy hours devoted to the pursuit of truth, are at an end, and that he must at last bid farewell to an old and dear companion." The completed history was now before the world, but it had not needed to wait thus long to establish the lasting reputation which it now possesses. The generous labour, the indefatigable research, and lucid order by which it is so eminently distinguished; the always deepening interest of the narrative, and increasing eloquence of the style, by which the work gathers and grows in attractiveness to the last, were felt not only by the learned and critical, but the reading public at large, so that even those who could not coincide with the author in his views of the Scottish Reformation, and the agencies by which it was effected, were yet compelled to acknowledge the honesty, the modesty, and the disinterestedness with which his statements were announced, as well as the strong array of evidence with which they were apparently corroborated. With his Tory and high church Episcopalian principles, and with the strange documents in his hands, which he had rescued from the dust of ages, and brought for the first time to the light of day, they could not well imagine how he could have written otherwise. Such was the conviction even of those who entered the field against him, armed with opposite views, and counter-evidence to make them good. A sublunary history wholly divested of sublunary feelings would not be worth reading.

Although Tytler's "History of Scotland" is complete in itself, as far as the original aim and purpose of the author are concerned, yet when the whole was concluded, he felt, in common with many whose opinion he respected, that a still more ample field should have been comprised. Thus, he commenced with the reign of Alexander III., the prelude to the wars of Scottish independence, because it is only from this point that our national history can be properly authenticated. Edward I., who made such wild havoc with the Scottish muniments, so that no trace of Scotland as an independent kingdom should ever be found, was unable to annihilate the memory of the prosperity he had destroyed, the cruelties he had perpetrated, and the gallantry with which his usurpation had been overthrown; these were burnt in, as with a branding-iron, upon Scottish memory to the end of time, and Edward, by his work of demolition, only erected himself into a notorious pillar, to form a new starting-point for the national history to commence its glorious career. Tytler, however, knew that a stirring and eventful era had gone before, and that the early boyhood and youth of Scotland was not only full of interest, but a subject of intense curiosity; and doubly difficult though the task would have been, he had resolved, even long before the history was ended, to explore this mythic period, and avail himself of such facts and probabilities as it afforded, in the form of a preliminary dissertation. Such was his purpose, which his previous investigations had well fitted him to effect; and all that he required was only

a breathing interval, after the nine volumes of his history had been finished. But that interval, in his case so needed, could not restore the active brain and buoyant spirit that had already accomplished their appointed duty, and accomplished it so well! He had also purposed to terminate his history, not at the union of the two crowns of England and Scotland under James I., but of the two kingdoms under Anne; but here he found the incidents so voluminous, and withal so difficult to sift, condense, and arrange, as would have formed a task equal to all his past labours, and required a new lifetime for its fulfilment, so that the design was abandoned.

During the long space of nearly eighteen years, in which Mr. Tytler was employed in the "History of Scotland," this, although his greatest, was not his only literary production; and during occasional intervals he published the following works, which of themselves would have been reckoned a considerable amount of authorship:—

"Lives of Scottish Worthies," in three volumes 12mo. Published in Murray's "Family Library." London, 1831–33.

"Historical View of the Progress of Discovery on the more Northern Coasts of America." Published in the "Edinburgh Cabinet Library" of Messrs. Oliver & Boyd. 1832.

"Memoirs of the War carried on in Scotland and Ireland, 1689–91, by Major-General Hugh Mackay." This volume, which he edited in conjunction with Mr. Hog of Newliston, and Mr. Adam Urquhart, was presented to the Bannatyne and Maitland Clubs in 1833.

"Life of Sir Walter Raleigh." Published in the "Edinburgh Cabinet Library." 12mo. 1833.

"Life of King Henry the Eighth." London, 1837.

"England under the Reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, with the Contemporary History of Europe; in a Series of Original Letters, never before published; with Historical Introductions," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1839.

The article "Scotland," in the seventh edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," which was afterwards published in a separate form, as a History of Scotland for the use of Schools.

While Mr. Tytler thus occasionally unbent his mind with what to others would have proved a serious burden, he was also alive to the stir of the world around him, and felt sufficient interest in the passing events of the day. This was especially the case when that important ecclesiastical movement, the Disruption, occurred in Scotland in 1843. As a Christian, a Scotchman, and a historian, it was especially calculated to arrest his attention; while the fact of his being an Episcopalian removed him from the turmoil, and enabled him to regard it with a cool, dispassionate eye. The sentiments, therefore, of one so situated, and so conversant with the historical facts and principles which were appealed to by the contending parties on this occasion, are well worthy of notice. These he fully and distinctly delivered in a letter, dated June 6th, 1843, to a friend, who had abandoned the Establishment, and joined himself to the Free Church. "I do not see," he writes, "how, consistently with your principles, and belief in what constitutes a true Presbyterian Kirk, you could have acted otherwise. In our conversations on the subject, I remember often saying, that had I been a Presbyterian, I must have done the same. Popular election of their ministers, and complete spiritual independence, were, from the first, the two great principles laid down by Knox as the foundation on which



their whole superstructure rested, and, indeed, without the last, no church could stand. With the first—the right of the people to choose their ministers—I have no sympathies: with the last, every feeling of my heart and reason is on your side—and no one knows how soon the Church of England may have to contend for it. Let us hope that if it does come to this, there may be as much courage and conscience in England as across the border."

In his mode of study, Mr. Tytler, although so deeply immersed in the absorbing research of history and antiquarianism, was no peevish recluse student, sheltering himself within the innermost recesses of his hermitage, and quarrelling with every sound above a gentle whisper: instead of this, his favourite place of work was the parlour or the drawing-room, surrounded by the society of his family and friends; and there he consulted his authorities, arranged his notes, and wrote out his copy for the printer, animated and cheered onward rather than disturbed by the society around him; listening to the music that might be going on, to which he was very partial, and mingling in the subjects of conversation. In this cheerful, genial fashion, he embodied into living form the materials of his anxious research, which he had gleaned among the MSS. of the British Museum, or the State Paper Office. That he might be near these fountain-heads also, he resided for a considerable period during the latter part of his life in the metropolis. During the present reign, he was oftener than once a guest at Windsor, where he was received with honourable distinction; and during the administration of Sir Robert Peel, when literary merit was not thought unworthy of state recognition and reward, his high services as a national historian were attested by a pension of £200 per annum.

In everyday life, unconnected with his intellectual pursuits, the high moral worth, amiable gentle temper, and conversational powers of Mr. Tytler, endeared him to a wide circle of friends, by whom these qualities are still most affectionately remembered. But the characteristic by which he was especially distinguished, was the deep-seated religious principle for which he was noted from his earliest youth, and by which his whole course of life was regulated to the close, both in his private and literary relationships. In subservience to this were his hilarity and wit, which were so pervaded with his own amiable temperament, that instead of repelling, they attracted all around him, and mesmerized the company for the time into happy beings like himself. In this way the historian, amidst the throngs and events of centuries, maintained and preserved to the end his own personal identity, instead of losing it among past ages—a trait of intellectual independence, hard indeed to compass, and very rarely to be found among those who have won for themselves a high literary reputation, especially among the more crabbed and abstruse departments of intellect. In the earlier part of his life Mr. Tytler served in the troop of the Mid-Lothian Yeomanry Cavalry—a corps in which not only the highest rank but the best talent of Scotland was enrolled; and among such congenial spirits he soon took the lead, not only on account of the fascinating wit and cheerfulness of his conversation, but the songs which he composed and sung—for he was also a poet of no common mark; and the lyrics with which he was wont to charm the mess-table, were connected with the military affairs of the regiment, and the duties with which his comrades were occupied. On one occasion, being desirous of retirement, probably for a holiday's recreation, and aware how his furlough would be apt to be invaded, he stole away to the house of his brother, at Woodhouselee. But his absence was instantly felt in

the next merry meeting of his comrades, at their headquarters of Musselburgh, and a corporal's troop, with a led horse, and a mock warrant for seizure, were despatched to apprehend and bring back the deserter. Tytler, who espied the coming of this band, escaped by a back-door, and took shelter in the wood above Woodhouselee. After he had remained there for such a length of time that he thought the danger must be over, he ventured to return to the house; but ill had he calculated upon the double sharpness of the lawyer-soldiers of the Lothian Yeomanry. He was captured at the very threshold by the ambush that awaited his return, deprived of his arms, mounted upon the led horse, and carried off in triumph to the military encampment. This diverting pantomime, of what in the stern realities of war is often a moving tragedy, so greatly tickled his fancy, that on the same evening he composed a song, detailing, in most comic fashion, the circumstances of his capture, which he sang at the mess-table on the following day, amidst the applauding peals of his companions, who were thus well requited for their trouble. This song ever after continued to be the most popular of all his lyrical productions.

But we must hasten to the mournful termination—"the last scene of all." In 1843 Mr. Tytler had finished his "History of Scotland;" and although he had already written so much, and this, too, upon subjects where the apparent quantity of labour bears but a small proportion to the toil and research that have produced it, he was still earnest to accomplish more, and hopeful, after a period of rest, to be enabled to resume those occupations which had now become the chief element of his existence. But even already his literary life had drawn to a close. Although of a healthy vigorous constitution, active habits, and cheerful temperament, his over-wearied mind and exhausted frame had no longer power to rally; and after wandering over the Continent in a hopeless pursuit of health, he returned home to die. His death occurred on the morning of Christmas Eve (24th December), 1849, after several years of sickness and suffering, and when he had entered his fifty-ninth year.

Mr. Tytler was twice married. His first wife, who died in 1835, was Rachel Elizabeth, daughter of the late Thomas Hog, Esq., of Newliston, by whom he had two sons, Alexander and Thomas Patrick, both in the East India Company's military service, and one daughter. His second wife, who still survives him, was Anastasia, daughter of the late Thomson Bonar, Esq., of Camden Place, Kent.

## V.

VEDDER, DAVID.—This warm-hearted enthusiastic sailor-poet, whose open countenance and massive form have so recently disappeared from among us, was born in the parish of Burness, Orkney, in 1790. His father was a small proprietor near Kirkwall; but of him he was bereaved in early boyhood; his widowed mother, however, directed the first steps of his education with singular ability, and carefully led him into that good path which he followed out to the end of his days. Being left an orphan at the age of twelve, David chose the occupation most natural to an island boy and Orcadian—it was that of a sailor,

and in the first instance as a cabin-boy ; but at the age of eighteen he rose to the rank of mate, and only two years after to the command of a ship, in which he made several voyages to Greenland and other places. Afterwards he entered the revenue service, as first officer of an armed cruiser, in which he continued till 1820, when he obtained the government appointment of tide-surveyor of customs, and officiated in that capacity at the ports of Montrose, Kirkcaldy, Dundee, and Leith, till the close of his active and well-spent life.

Although the tempest-beaten shores and incessantly shifting skies of Orkney are so fitted to inspire poetical emotions—though its wild scenery is fraught with such romantic historical remembrances—and though its children are the descendants of those Vi-kings and Jarls, who wrought such wondrous deeds in their day, and of those Scalds who recorded them in song—yet it is singular that so few Orcadians of the modern stock have distinguished themselves in the walks of poetry. A veritable Orkney poet, therefore, is the more valuable, on account of the rarity of the species—and one of these few, as well as the choicest specimen of the whole, was David Vedder. The maternal education, although so early terminated, had not only made him a reader and a thinker, but had cultivated his poetical tendencies, so that the ocean storms, by which they might have been otherwise extinguished, only seem to have nursed them into full maturity. Even while a young sailor, and amidst the boisterous navigation of the Northern seas, his chief recreation as well as delight was poetry, so that he ventured at the early age of twenty-one to launch his first published poem into the pages of a magazine. Thus committed to the destinies of the press, other similar attempts quickly followed ; and encouraged by the favourable reception they experienced, he commenced authorship in earnest, with a volume entitled the “*Covenanter’s Communion, and other Poems*,” which was published by Blackwood in 1826. This work was so favourably received, that the whole impression was soon exhausted.

We can only give a brief enumeration of David Vedder’s other works. To the “*Covenanter’s Communion*” succeeded his “*Orcadian Sketches*”—a production of prose and verse intermixed, in the strong sonorous poetry of which the ringing of his native storms predominates, while many of the events are reminiscences of his own early life. This was followed by a “*Life of Sir Walter Scott*,” which was much read and admired, until it was superseded by the able and ample narrative of Lockhart. In 1841 he published a volume of his collected pieces, under the title of “*Poems—Legendary, Lyrical, and Descriptive*.” In 1848 he published, in conjunction with his son-in-law, Mr. Frederick Schenck, the distinguished lithographer, a splendidly illustrated volume, entitled “*Lays and Lithographs*,” the whole of the letter-press of which was supplied by Mr. Vedder. His last principal work was a new English version of the quaint old German story of “*Reynard the Fox*,” adorned with similar illustrations.

Besides these entire productions, Mr. Vedder was considerably employed, over a course of years, as a coadjutor in other literary undertakings. These, independently of numerous contributions to newspapers and magazines, consisted of additions to George Thomson’s “*Musical Miscellany*,” Blackie’s “*Book of Scottish Song*,” and Robertson’s “*Whistlebinkie*.” He also contributed the greater part of the letter-press to Geikie’s well-known volume of “*Etchings*.” As his authorship had commenced, in like manner it terminated, with the *Covenanters* ; for during his last illness he was employed in the composition of

a beautiful ballad, descriptive of their sufferings, founded upon an incident in the life of Andrew Grey, of Chryston, in Ayrshire.

The estimate of Vedder's literary and intellectual character has been justly and briefly expressed by the Rev. George Gilfillan in the following words—"As a poet and prose writer his powers were of no ordinary kind. He added to strong unrestrained sense much fancy and humour. If not a 'maker' in the full extent of that name, he had unquestionably a true natural vein. Dr. Chalmers used actually to electrify his class-room by reading those lines of Vedder's, entitled 'All Nature worships there;' and many parts of his 'Covenantant's Communion' and his 'Orcadian Sketches' display similar power and truth of genius. Although in a great degree self-taught, he managed not only to acquire an excellent English style, but an extensive knowledge of foreign tongues, and his translations from the German are understood to be exceedingly faithful and spirited."

The death of Mr. Vedder occurred at his residence in Newington, near Edinburgh, on the 11th of February, 1854, when he had reached his sixty-fourth year. His funeral was attended by most of the literary men of Edinburgh, who thus rendered public honour to his talents and worth; and a selection from his writings, edited by that distinguished young poet, Alexander Smith, is expected to be published, the profits of which are to be devoted to the erection of a monument over the grave of Vedder, in the Southern Cemetery at the Grange.

## W.

WALLACE, LL.D., WILLIAM.—This talented mathematician was born at Dysart, Fifeshire, on the 23d of September, 1768, and was the son of a manufacturer of leather in that town. After having been taught to read at a private school, kept by an old woman, he was sent to a public seminary, where he learned to write; but the still more important branch of education in his case—that of arithmetic—he learned at home from the instructions of his father. His father having been unsuccessful in business, removed to Edinburgh, where William was bound apprentice to a bookbinder; still, however, dwelling under the paternal roof, and availing himself of his father's course of instruction. Besides this he was wont, when opportunity offered, to read such books as were placed under his charge for binding. His mind having been thus awoke to action, his favourite bias quickly took the lead: he purchased a few mathematical books, and pored over them till they could teach him nothing further. In this way, we are told, before he had reached his twentieth year he was a considerable proficient in elementary geometry and trigonometry, algebra with fluxions, conic sections, and astronomy. During this successful pursuit of scientific knowledge, he was likewise so fortunate as to form an acquaintance with a man who assisted Dr. Robison in his class-room experiments, and who offered to introduce him to the professor. This offer Wallace, who had now finished his apprenticeship, gladly accepted. The doctor was not long in perceiving the earnest scientific zeal of the young man, and the proficiency he had made in mathematics, and therefore gave him permission to attend the course of lectures on natural philosophy gratuitously. To avail himself of such a welcome oppor-

tunity, Wallace, whose circumstances were those of a straitened journeyman, worked hard at his trade during a portion of the time that should have been devoted to sleep. Here, too, Dr. Robison's kind patronage did not terminate, for he introduced his protege to Professor Playfair, who lent him scientific books, and gave him valuable suggestions for the study of the higher branches of mathematics. Dr. Robison also intrusted him with the tuition of one of his own pupils in geometry—a useful training to William Wallace, for the important charges as a public instructor, which he afterwards occupied.

Finding that the trade to which he had served a regular apprenticeship afforded too little time for study, and that he might advance himself to something better, Wallace became a warehouseman in a printing-office, where his opportunities of acquiring knowledge were more abundant. Here he mastered the difficulties of the Latin language by his own industry, aided by a few lessons from a college student, and afterwards studied French. He then exchanged the printing-office for the situation of shopman to one of the principal booksellers of Edinburgh—and approaching still nearer to the ultimate mark, he devoted his evenings to the teaching of mathematics as a private tutor. As this last occupation was more congenial than the other, he devoted himself to it entirely, having abandoned the shop for that purpose; and a short time afterwards he was appointed assistant teacher of mathematics in the academy of Perth. This was in 1794, when he had attained his twenty-sixth year, and acquired such a reputation that the most scientific men in Edinburgh welcomed him as a brother. Soon after he had settled in Perth he married, and for nine years after there was a lull in his hitherto changeable course, during which he quietly discharged the duties of his somewhat obscure and humble calling. But the time thus spent was not spent in idleness, as he evinced when the fitting season arrived; and among the fruits of his studies at Perth, were three articles, which successively appeared in the respective publications for which they were intended. The first, which was presented to the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1796, was entitled “Geometrical Porisms, with Examples of their Applications to the Solution of Problems.” About the same period he contributed the article “Porism” to the third edition of the “*Encyclopædia Britannica*.” His third article, which he presented to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, contained a new method of expressing the co-efficients in the development of the formula that represents the mutual perturbation of two planets; to which was added an appendix, giving a quickly converging series for the rectification of an ellipse. The scientific men who were qualified to judge of these papers bore high testimony to their accuracy and originality.

The time at length arrived when Mr. Wallace was to be elevated to a more fitting sphere of action. From the obscurity of such a town as Perth, his reputation had so widely diffused itself, that in 1803 he was invited to stand as candidate for the office of mathematical master in the Royal Military College, lately established at Great Marlow, in Buckinghamshire. He consented, moved to this by the advice of his venerated friend, Professor Playfair; and in the examination of candidates, his qualifications were found so much superior, that he was immediately elected to the office. It is interesting to notice that, in the following year, his countryman, Mr. Ivory, who, like himself, had been the subject of struggle and change, and who had also fought his way to scientific reputation, was elected to the professorship of mathematics in the same college. On the removal of the institution to Sandhurst, in Berkshire, Mr. Wallace

accompanied it, and continued to teach in a manner that secured the approbation of the directors. In 1818 his sphere of educational duty was extended, in consequence of a resolution of the directors of the college, that a half-yearly course of lectures on practical astronomy should be given to the students, and that Mr. Wallace should be the lecturer. As this course also was to be combined with instructions on the manner of making celestial observations, a small observatory was erected for the purpose, and furnished with the necessary instruments. This addition to the routine of a military education, has done much to remove the objections often brought against our bravest officers of the army, on account of their deficiency in the science of their profession.

Another movement was now to occur in the changeful career of Mr. Wallace. In 1819 Professor Playfair died; Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Leslie was appointed to succeed him; and by this transference the chair of mathematics in the university of Edinburgh became vacant, and open to competition. The height of Wallace's ambition was to obtain a Scottish professorship, and accordingly he threw himself into the contest with his whole heart and energy. In the trial of candidates, which was a keen one, he was successful, and he brought the maturity of his experience as a teacher, as well as his rich scientific acquirements as a mathematician, to a chair but too often filled with men unpractised in the common ways of life, and whose whole occupation is to muse and dream over a problem. Many of the scientific men of the present day can still remember, with gratitude, the efficiency with which Mr. Wallace discharged the duties of his professorship, and the impulse which his teaching imparted to their studies. He thus continued to labour till 1838, when he was obliged to retire from office in consequence of ill health; and on his retirement, government expressed its sense of the value of his services, both at Sandhurst and Edinburgh, by conferring on him a pension; and the university of Edinburgh, by making him a doctor of laws. Five years of private life succeeded, during which, however, his mind was not idle in his favourite pursuits, as was attested by his productions during this period, while he was unfitted by sickness for the usual intercourse of society. Having reached the age of seventy-five, he died at Edinburgh, on the 28th of April, 1843.

Besides those scientific articles which we have already mentioned, Professor Wallace, in the earlier part of his life, was a contributor to *Leybourne's "Mathematical Repository,"* and the "*Gentleman's Mathematical Companion:*" he was also author of the principal mathematical articles in the "*Edinburgh Encyclopædia,*" and the fourth edition of the "*Encyclopædia Britannica.*" To these productions the following may be added:—

In 1808, he presented to the Royal Society of Edinburgh an article entitled "*New Series for the Quadrature of the Conic Sections, and the Computation of Logarithms.*"

In 1823, he presented another, entitled, "*Investigation of Formulæ for finding the Logarithms of Trigonometrical Quantities from one another.*"

In 1831, he presented another, entitled, "*Account of the Invention of the Pantograph, and a Description of the Eidograph.*" Of this instrument, called the eidograph—from *εἶδος*, a form, and *γραφειν*, to draw—he was himself the inventor; and, like the pantograph, it is used for the purpose of copying plans or other drawings, on the same or on different scales. Professor Wallace was also the inventor of the chorograph, an instrument for describing on paper any triangle

having one side and all its angles given, and also for constructing two similar triangles on two given straight lines, having the angles given.

In 1836 he contributed a paper to the "Transactions" of the Royal Astronomical Society, entitled, "Two Elementary Solutions of Kepler's Problem by the Angular Calculus." He also contributed another, under the title of "Geometrical Theorems and Formulæ, particularly applicable to some Geodetical Problems," to the Cambridge Philosophical Society, which was published in the sixth volume of their "Transactions."

In 1838, when laid aside by sickness, he also composed a work upon the same subject, which he dedicated to his friend, Colonel Colby.

In 1839 Professor Wallace gave his last contribution to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, under the title of "Solution of a Functional Equation, with its Application to the Parallelogram of Forces, and the Curve of Equilibrium," which was published in the fourteenth volume of their "Transactions."

WARDLAW, D.D., REV. RALPH. — This able controversialist, eloquent preacher, and graceful popular writer, who, for more than half-a-century, continued to rivet the public attention and secure its esteem, could have been no man of ordinary, or even of merely second-rate attainments. When to this, however, we add that he was the uncompromising champion of a church which was totally opposed to the Presbyterianism of Scotland; that, mainly by his able superintendence and universally recognized worth, he raised it to an eminence as high, perhaps, as it is capable of reaching in the land of Solemn Leagues and Covenants; and that, notwithstanding the many hard debates which he waged, in order to clear the space around him, and make his footing good, he still continued to retain the esteem of those parties upon whom his blows had fallen the heaviest—in such a case, our certainty of his surpassing worth is confirmed beyond doubt or cavil. After this brief explanation, we may the less regret that the long life of Dr. Wardlaw presents so few incidents for the purposes of popular biography. So regular was the round of his duties, and with such undeviating diligence were they performed, that the narrative of a year or two in his career would be a fair and sufficient specimen of his life-long history.

Ralph Wardlaw was born in the small, but ancient and historical town of Dalkeith, on the 22d of December, 1779. It is not known whether his parents had been settled residents in that locality at the period of his birth, or merely temporary sojourners. Six months after that event they removed to Glasgow, and there his father was long known and honoured, not only as a prosperous merchant and civic magistrate, but an amiable, upright, consistent Christian. By his mother, Ralph possessed a quartering in his escutcheon of which he was justly proud, for she was a descendant of Ebenezer Erskine, the father of the Scottish Secession Church. This ancestry, independently of his own personal worth and reputation, greatly endeared Dr. Wardlaw to the clergy and laity of that denomination. When he had nearly reached his eighth year, Dr. Wardlaw was sent to the grammar or high school of Glasgow, where he continued for four years. On finishing this preliminary course of scholarship, he entered the university of Glasgow; and though not yet twelve years of age, he seems to have soon attracted the observant eye, and secured the esteem of Mr. Richardson, the professor of humanity, himself an accurate as well as a refined accomplished scholar. In after years, indeed, the professor was wont to declare, that there were two of his pupils of whom he had always formed

the highest hopes in their future career, in consequence of the excellent taste, talents, and proficiency which their boyhood manifested. One of these two was Ralph Wardlaw, and in him, at least, the prognostic was not disappointed.

As the great-grandson of Ebenezer Erskine, and grandson of Mr. James Fisher, who succeeded Erskine, his father-in-law, as professor of theology to the Burgher or Secession Synod, it was natural that Ralph Wardlaw in early life should have directed his wishes to the work of the ministry. Accordingly, when his academical curriculum at the college of Glasgow was finished, he entered the theological hall of the Secession Church, at that time under the superintendence of Dr. Lawson, of Selkirk. But strong and unwavering though his adherence had hitherto been to the church of his fathers, events soon occurred by which the young student's views on the subject of ecclesiastical polity were completely changed. This was the new movement in favour of Independency, which the Haldanes had introduced from England, and were now supporting in their own country with such success, that numerous conversions were the fruits. At all this the people of Scotland looked on at first with indignation and wonder, not unmingled with contempt. They could not understand why laymen should dare to preach, or how churches could stand upright of themselves, unpropped by presbyteries and synods; and had the cause continued to depend upon lay directors and isolated tabernacles, it might possibly have passed away with those who had commenced it. The public feeling of hostility, however, was considerably softened when two ordained ministers of the Church of Scotland—the Rev. Messrs. Innes and Ewing—left their comfortable charges, and threw themselves into the new movement. By this event it had not only obtained a regular accredited ministry, but entitled itself to a dispassionate hearing. One of those who in this manner thought and felt, was Ralph Wardlaw; and such was the effect upon his convictions, that when his course of study at the theological hall was ended, instead of taking license as a Secession preacher, he gave himself to the Independents, and joined their church in Glasgow, under the pastoral superintendence of Mr. Greville Ewing. It was certainly a most disinterested choice; for little, indeed, did it offer him either in the way of emolument or distinction, and as little could he calculate upon the future growth of Scottish Congregationalism, or the eminence which himself would obtain as the most influential of its ministers.

After having made so decisive a choice, Mr. Wardlaw was soon called to that sacred office for which he had hitherto been in training. A chapel was erected for him in Albion Street, Glasgow, chiefly through the exertions of his personal friends, and to the pastoral charge of the congregation assembling in that building he was inducted by Mr. Ewing, on the 16th of February, 1803. Soon after his ordination he married Miss Jane Smith, his cousin, who was his comforter and helpmate from youth to old age. As a child, she had sat with him on the same form at school, where they mastered together their perplexing lessons in English reading and spelling. Nearly seventy years after, it was her mournful task to close his lifeless eyelids, and bewail his departure.

In Glasgow, the cause of Congregationalism continued to grow so rapidly, under the care of Mr. Ewing and Mr. Wardlaw, that it was found necessary, in 1811, to institute a theological academy in that city, for the regular training of an efficient ministry. Over this important charge these two were appointed as professors; and it would be difficult to tell whether the institution was most



benefited by the biblical scholarship and profound exegetical theology of Mr. Ewing, or the clear logic, graceful eloquence, and critical tact of Mr. Wardlaw. The latter continued to discharge the duties of this important office till the close of his life, and for the greater part of that time wholly without remuneration. At length, when a salary was attached to it, the amount was so small as scarcely to defray the mere expenses which were involved in the labour. This parsimony was thought strange, considering how many wealthy members belonged to his flock; but, on the other hand, the numerous exigencies of a new and rising cause, and the expensive missionary enterprises in which it was engaged, may account for this stinted liberality to the professor of theology. In the enthusiastic affection of his pupils, however, who were proud of the growing fame of their teacher, as if it had been their own; in the proficiency they made under his charge, in consequence of which many of them took the highest prizes in the university of Glasgow; and in the eminence which several of them reached as ministers, both in Scotland and England, Mr. Wardlaw enjoyed a requital which no salary, however liberal, could have equalled. The character of his teaching is thus described in one of the discourses delivered at his funeral:—"His lectures were admirable specimens of acute disquisition, perspicacious reasoning, and solid conclusion. Their aim was principally directed to the elucidation and defence of that system of truth which their author believed to be revealed in the Scriptures. His theology was primarily biblical, secondarily polemical; he sought first to read the mind of the Spirit as unfolded in the written word, and having satisfied himself on this point, he summoned all the resources of his logic to defend the judgment he had formed from cavil or objection. Beyond this he did not go much into the region of systematic or historical theology; while of the speculations of mere philosophical theologians he took little note, as either lying beyond the sphere which he had prescribed for himself, or not likely to be directly useful to those whom it was his ambition to train to be 'able ministers of the New Testament.' To those who were privileged to attend his prelections, they were valuable not only for the amount of sound theological knowledge which they imparted, but also as models of theological disquisition, and as affording an excellent discipline for the faculties of those who were destined to teach others."

After Mr. Wardlaw had continued for sixteen years to officiate as the minister of Albion Street chapel, his congregation had increased so greatly, that the building, though not a small one, was insufficient for their accommodation. They therefore erected that larger edifice in West George Street, where he continued to officiate till the close of his life. Soon after, his widely-spread reputation procured for him the degree of D.D. from one of the principal colleges in America, and this, too, at a time when literary degrees from that quarter were more rarely given than now, and therefore more worth having. But how our own Scottish universities allowed themselves to be anticipated in conferring this honour upon such a man as Dr. Wardlaw, is one of those anomalies which, perhaps, not even their learning and acuteness would be sufficient to solve.

Allusion has already been made to the popularity of Dr. Wardlaw's ministry, and the steadiness with which this went onward to the end. And yet he was not a Boanerges, to take the popular mind by storm—a preacher that could strike, rouse, or astonish. His pulpit excellencies, indeed, were of a far less obtrusive, but, on that account, of a more sure and permanent character: he

was contented to succeed by gentle persuasion and slow deliberate conviction. The following sketch, from a biographical notice, will give a full and accurate idea of the nature of his preaching:—"His main strength lies in his extensive acquaintance with Scripture, his argumentative distinctness and dexterity, his refined taste, his unimpeachable good sense, and the felicity with which he connects his subject with the personal interests and responsibilities of his audience. He seldom indulges in any ornament, or in any play of fancy, beyond the occasional introduction of some select figure or comparison, for the sake of illustration. He is never dull or common-place; but his vivacity is that of the understanding rather than of the imagination. At times, and when handling suitable themes, a burst of feeling escapes him which is felt to be perfectly genuine, and which seldom fails to communicate its contagion to the hearers; but he spends no time on mere sentimentalities, and shows no ambition whatever to provoke a tear, except as that may be the sign of his arrow having touched the heart. His chief aim seems always to be, to convey fully and clearly to the mind of his hearers the truth presented by the part of Scripture from which he is discoursing. Hence he is eminently textual as a preacher, eminently faithful as an expositor. Hence, also, the practical character of all his discourses. With all his closeness of reasoning and nicety of discrimination, he never indulges in mere abstract speculation—never verges into the regions of transcendentalism—never amuses his audience by adroit defences of fanciful hypotheses, or by gymnastic displays of dialectical subtlety. All is serious, solid, earnest, practical; and though an effort of continuous attention is required on the part of the hearer, in order fully to apprehend the train of his reasoning and illustrations, such an effort will seldom be put forth without being rewarded by a large accession of valuable and sound scriptural knowledge." This intellectual, classical, and subdued style of preaching was delivered in a sufficiently correspondent manner. The author from whom we have just quoted thus describes it:—"In the pulpit Dr. Wardlaw employs little action. An expressive elevation of the eyebrows, an easy and simple action of either hand, and an occasional motion of the body, effected by a graceful step backwards, are the only gestures he is in the habit of employing. His voice, though somewhat feeble, is of considerable compass, and is finely modulated, so that he can make himself distinctly heard by a large assemblage; and, notwithstanding the disadvantage of reading his discourses, can, by the variety of his intonations, avoid the monotony into which this practice so frequently leads. There is, indeed, a peculiar charm in the sound of his voice, which is not without its effect in sustaining the attention and engaging the interest of his hearers. This, combined with the fulness of his matter, and the piety of his whole discourse, reminds one, in listening to him, of the Jewish high-priest of old, on whose garment the sweet-toned bell and the pomegranate, symbolical of richness, betokened the combined clearness and copiousness of that revelation of which he was the herald, whilst on his forehead was inscribed 'Holiness to the Lord,' as the crown and consummation of the whole."

From the foregoing account of the nature of his sermons, the diligence of Dr. Wardlaw in his pulpit preparations may be easily surmised. It was laborious investigation, and careful well-weighed thought, expressed in apposite words and polished sentences; and when these extended, as they often did, to three discourses each Sabbath, instead of two, they constituted an amount of weekly study sufficient to establish the character of a truly painstaking divine.

To this also must be added his duties as a theological professor, which occupied much of his time and attention, and were most diligently discharged. But our idea of his industry is wonderfully heightened by the recollection that he was also a voluminous author; so that, during a course of forty years, his appeals to the public through the press were never intermitted for any great length of time. A separate enumeration of these would be difficult, and therefore we can only refer to them under their general classification, as it was given in the funeral sermon preached by Dr. Alexander:—"His writings may be classed under three heads—theological, homiletical, and biographical. To the first belong his 'Discourses on the Socinian Controversy,' his 'Christian Ethics,' his volume on the 'Atonement,' his 'Letters to the Society of Friends,' his 'Treatises on Baptism and Congregationalism,' his 'Lectures on Ecclesiastical Establishments,' and his 'Essay on Miracles,' the latest but not the least important of his published writings. Under the second head may be ranked his sermons, of which, besides a connected series in a volume, a great number were published separately; his 'Expository Lectures on Ecclesiastes,' his 'Lectures on Prostitution,' and his 'Exposition of the Narrative of the Last Days of Jacob, and the Life of Joseph.' To the third class belong his Memoir of Dr. M'All, of Manchester,' prefixed to the collected Discourses of that eminent pulpit orator; his Introductory Essay to an edition of 'Bishop Hall's Contemplations,' and his 'Memoir of his Son-in-law,' the Rev. John Reid, late of Bellary. Besides these he contributed many articles to religious periodicals, chiefly of a practical kind. He was the author also of several hymns, which, in correctness of sentiment, beauty of expression, and sweetness of rhythm, have few to equal them in our language, and will long hold a primary place in our collections of sacred verse."

In this enumeration it is to be observed that the greater part of Dr. Wardlaw's writings were of a controversial nature. For this his peculiar intellectual character especially fitted him, as well as his devotedness to pure abstract truth, which he thought should be defended at all points, and against every gainsayer. His productions of this nature, therefore, may be divided into two classes—those which dealt with avowed opinions hostile to every, or some important point of Christian doctrine, such as the Socinian Controversy, which was one of his earliest appearances on the field; his "Discourses on Man's Responsibility to God for his Religious Belief," and his "Letters on the Errors of Quakerism," addressed to the Society of Friends. The other class comprised those doctrines upon which the different bodies of Christians are at variance, such as the Nature and Extent of the Atonement, in which he strenuously opposed the views of a new party, headed by Mr. Marshall; his defence of Infant Baptism, and his series of lectures calling in question the necessity and propriety of national Church Establishments. In this way, as a Christian against unbelievers, as an orthodox Christian against those of a mixed creed, and as an Independent zealous for his own church, and ready to answer all or any other party that might attack it, he may be said to have fought his way, during nearly forty years, over the whole round of theological polemics. All this seems to constitute an amount of pugnacity not easily reconcilable with a meek and gentle spirit. But it must be remembered that Dr. Wardlaw did not step out of his way in quest of disputations; on the contrary, they met him in every street, and even knocked at his door, to call him out to fresh contest. Besides, in such a life of controversy, no one perhaps has ever better shown the courtesy of a

thoroughly refined gentleman, blended with the meekness and tolerance of the Christian. He writes not in hatred but in love; to convince and win, not to irritate and defeat: he writes to show the greatness and the excellence of the truth he advocates, and not his own; and even when he runs most keenly upon his adversary, it is to extinguish his garments, that have caught fire, where another would have thrown him into the kennel. And thus, although he had assailed so many parties in turn, yet all united in esteeming or loving him, because all had experienced his warm-hearted catholic philanthropy, as well as been convinced of his sincerity. By such gentleness, too, he was no loser, for he was one of the most successful of disputants. Only on one of these occasions he suffered a signal defeat; this was in the well-known Apocrypha Controversy, waged with such keenness thirty years ago, and which so completely divided the Christian world, that the wise, the learned, and the good were parted from each other, and only brought together for mutual conflict. In this terrible discussion—which was waged with a fervour, and even with a rancour, up to the fighting-point of which, Dr. Wardlaw could never, by any possibility, have been fully kindled—it is not wonderful that he should have failed, more especially when he adopted what is now recognized as the wrong side of the question, and had Dr. Andrew Thomson for his antagonist.

We must now hasten to the closing period of Dr. Wardlaw's uneventful but most useful and well-spent life. A rapid review of it was thus briefly but correctly given at the beginning of 1850, by the Rev. Dr. Alexander of Edinburgh:—"As a minister of the gospel, he has, for nearly half a century, laboured in connection with the same church with the most honourable diligence, the most judicious and blameless deportment, and the most gratifying success. As a theological professor, he has devoted the energies of his remarkable mind, and the resources of his extensive reading and thinking, to the education of the rising ministry in his own denomination, and that for more than a quarter of a century, without any remuneration from man, than the gratitude of his pupils and the thanks of the churches. As an author, he has long held the first rank among theological polemics, and no mean place in other departments of religious literature. Unrivalled as a master of logic, he has shown himself also possessed of eloquence of the purest order, and of a breadth and practicability of view which are often denied to great dialecticians. And as a man, he has passed through a long life, in a position where many eyes were upon him, with an unblemished reputation, and has descended into the vale of years, surrounded by the love, the respect, and the confidence of all good and generous men." Will it be believed, however, that the occasion which called forth such an honourable and truthful testimony, was an aspersion of the worst kind which was attempted to be fastened upon the character of Dr. Wardlaw. After having lived and laboured so well from youth to old age, an accusation was raised against him, more fit to be hurled against a sordid money-broker or fraudulent shopkeeper, than a man of such high and well-tried excellence. But it fared as it deserved; it was met with universal scorn; and the answer everywhere was—"Dr. Wardlaw?—impossible!" The principal Congregational churches of Scotland held meetings on the occasion, to express their firm conviction in his integrity; the leading ministers of English Independency, to the number of sixty-six, signed a joint address to him to the same effect; while—what was perhaps more gratifying to his feelings—a meeting of the members of his own congregation was held in their chapel of West George Street, to testify their

assurance of his innocence, and admiration of his worth. It was held on the 16th of January, and was joined by ministers from far and near, as well as of almost every denomination, while the presentation of a rich and beautiful silver tea service graced the occasion. In his address to the meeting, he thus adverted to the stigma that had been cast upon him:—"I have felt it not a little hard—I am far from meaning on the part of God, who has his own ways and his own instruments of trial to his servants and people, and who does all things well, but on the part of man—at this advanced period of my life and ministry, to be assailed as I have been. When a young man's character is maligned, he has time, as the phrase is, to live it down; but when one has come to be a septuagenarian, such a process of self-vindication seems next to hopeless, unless, indeed (if we may borrow a figure from our neighbours of the Emerald Isle), he may be so happy as to have lived it down before it came—by anticipation." This, indeed, was exactly his own case, notwithstanding the oddity of the expression, and his character only shone out the brighter from the cloud that had attempted to obscure it. In February, 1853, when he had completed the fiftieth year of his ministry, and when a great anniversary was held in the City Hall, Glasgow, on the occasion, he was thus enabled to advert to the harassing incident:—"It is just three years since I was called to pass through the heaviest trial of my life, and it is just three years since, mercifully to myself, and to others marvellously, that my strength for official duty was renewed. He whose it is to turn the shadow of death into the morning, has dispelled the darkness, and has made it only to contribute to augment the serenity and cheerfulness of the light which has succeeded."

It was with this renewed frame, and in this cheerful spirit, that he was visited only ten months after by his last sickness. That sickness was also of brief continuance, for only three weeks before his death he was able to discharge his usual pulpit duties, and administer the sacred rite of the Lord's Supper to the members of his flock. He died on the 17th of December, 1853, at the age of seventy-four. A public funeral, attended by thousands, repaired to the Necropolis, where his remains were interred; while the harmonizing of all denominations of Christians in this last solemn duty, and the deep sorrow that was settled on every countenance, proclaimed that every heart felt the loss they had sustained—that a father in Israel had departed.

Dr. Wardlaw was survived by his widowed partner, who has already been mentioned; and by a large family, of whom one son is a missionary at Bellary, in the East, and another a merchant in Glasgow. Two of his daughters were also engaged in missionary enterprise with their husbands, and of these, one is now a widow, resident with her family in Glasgow.

WELSH, D.D., REV. DAVID.—This distinguished scholar and divine, whom a great national event made the mark of general attention, notwithstanding his recluse studious habits and unobtrusive disposition, was born at Braefoot, in the parish of Moffat, Dumfriesshire, on the 11th of December, 1793. His father, a substantial farmer and small landholder, had a family of twelve children, of whom David was the youngest. Being at an early period intended for the ministry, David, after receiving the earlier part of his education at the parish school of Moffat, went to Edinburgh, where he attended the high school for a year, and afterwards became a student at the university. Here his progress, though considerable, was silent and retired, so that at first he was little noticed among his ardent competitors in Latin and Greek; it was not words,

but thoughts that chiefly captivated his attention, and therefore it was not until he had entered the classes of logic and philosophy that he began to attract the notice of his class-fellows. In the latter he was so fortunate as to have for his teacher Dr. Thomas Brown, the most acute and eloquent of metaphysicians of whom he became not only the pupil, but the friend, and finally the affectionate biographer. The ardent attachment of the young student to such a preceptor, the enthusiasm with which he received his instructions, and docility with which he placed himself under the guidance of such a mind, not only already evinced the intellectual bent of David Welsh, but predicted his future eminence, and this more especially, as he had already only entered his fifteenth year.

On joining the divinity hall, which he did in 1811, he brought to the study of theology all the reading and research of his former years; and although in substantial acquirements he was already considerably in advance of most young students of his early standing, they were accompanied with a shrinking bashfulness, that prevented his superiority from being generally recognized. It would be well for towardly young students in general, and especially those of our divinity halls, if they were equally sheltered from that injudicious admiration by which improvement is so often stopped short, and an overweening vanity implanted in its stead. At this period it was of more than usual importance that divinity students should study the great questions of church polity, in reference to their connection between the civil and ecclesiastical powers; for upon them, in their future character as ministers, that uncompromising conflict was to depend which was finally to end in the Disruption. But David Welsh had already embraced that party in the church to which he adhered through life, and those principles for which he was to sacrifice one of the highest standings in our Scottish universities. He was the descendant of a church-honoured line of Tweedsmuir sheep-farmers, who had suffered in the days of the Covenant for their adherence to the spiritual independence of the kirk against the domination of Erastianism and the Stuarts, and these principles had descended to him not only with a sacred, but hereditary claim. While Welsh was, therefore, a Whig in politics, he was decidedly evangelical in his religious sentiments, and thoroughly at one with the party in the church, still indeed a small and struggling minority, by whom they were represented. After having studied theology during the prescribed period of four years, he was licensed as a preacher, by the presbytery of Lochnaben, in May, 1816. As he was still young, having only reached his twenty-second year, he was in no haste to enter upon the important duties of the ministry; instead of this he resumed the work of self-improvement, and continued to add to his store of knowledge as well as experience of the world. It was only thus that he could effectually prepare himself, not only for the duties of a country minister, but the important charges which he was afterwards to occupy. Among these studies the exact sciences held a conspicuous place—geometry, algebra, and natural philosophy. Nor among these should the study of phrenology be forgot, to which he had become a convert through the arguments of its talented apostle, Mr. Combe. There was something in this fresh and tempting science so congenial to his own favourite study of the human mind—and it was so felicitous, as he judged, in its plan of decomposing so complex a thing as a human character into its simple primitive elements—that he soon became one of the most distinguished as well as enthusiastic students of phrenology, while his name, after he was noted as a learned,

philosophical, and orthodox country minister, was a tower of strength to the science, under the charges of infidelity and materialism that were brought against it. These charges, indeed, became at last too serious to be disregarded, and Mr. Welsh, in after life, became a less zealous and open advocate of the cause. Still, however, he was not to be shaken from his belief in phrenology, in consequence of the injudicious uses that had been made of it, and, therefore, to the end, he continued a firm believer at least in its general principles and application. These he used in his processes of self-examination, and, doubtless, derived much benefit from the practice. Not content with feeling himself weak or sinful in the gross, and condemning himself in wholesale terms, he tasked himself sternly in particulars, and for this purpose, took himself to pieces, and examined bit by bit the origin of the offence or deficiency. Conscience presented to him his own likeness mapped all over like a phrenological cast; and thus, while recording in his private journal whatever was amiss, each fault is specified not by its general name, but by its number. It would be well if phrenologists in general would turn the science to such a good account.

After having been nearly five years a licentiate, Mr. Welsh was ordained minister of the parish of Crossmichael, on the 22d of March, 1821. His presentation was highly honourable to the patron as well as himself; for while the latter was a Whig, the former was a Tory, and at this time political feeling was near its height; so that the young minister owed his promotion to that superiority of character which he had already acquired, and which the patron showed himself well fitted to appreciate. On entering upon the duties of a country minister, Mr. Welsh had two weighty obstacles to encounter, which would have marred the popularity of most persons thus circumstanced. The first arose from the state of his health, which was always delicate; so that the task of public speaking, so easy to the robust, was with him a work of labour, and often of pain. The other originated in the studious reflective habits he had already found so congenial to his nature, and which could ill brook the daily and hourly demands of common-place parochial business. But the physical obstacles and intellectual predilections were equally sacrificed upon that altar of duty at which he now ministered, and he soon became a most popular and useful preacher, as well as a laborious painstaking minister. On this head, his character is best attested by two of his distinguished co-presbyters, who were at one in their esteem of Mr. Welsh to the close of his life, although the Disruption, that afterwards ensued, rent them asunder in opinions of more vital importance. "I need not tell you," thus writes one of them to his biographer, "that Sir Alexander [Gordon of Greenlaw, the patron, who had presented Mr. Welsh, notwithstanding his political principles] had soon cause to rejoice that he had been guided by the wisdom that is profitable to direct, to do so. Dr. Welsh realized, in every respect, his most sanguine expectations, and was soon admitted by all parties to be the most superior, and efficient, and popular minister that was ever settled in that district of Scotland. I visited him more than once in the manse of Crossmichael; preached to his congregation, and mingled a good deal with his people; and never did I see a minister more beloved, or reigning more absolutely in the affections of his people." "From the time that he came to Galloway," the other thus writes of him, "I had the privilege of close intimacy and uninterrupted friendship with him; and certainly I could fill pages in commendation of his talents—his acuteness of intellect—his grasp of mind—his unwearied zeal in the discharge of his profes-

sional duties—the strong hold he had of the affections of his own people—the admiration that his pulpit ministrations met with wherever he appeared in public—the esteem in which he was held by his brethren—and the universal respect that attached to him from the community at large. . . . Notwithstanding all the innate modesty of our excellent friend, it was not possible that, in the most retired retreat, the great vigour of his mind, and the worth of his character as a Christian man and a Christian pastor, could long be hid or confined within the precincts of his immediate locality. It might be predicted of him, from the time of his appearance in public life—perhaps in his earliest days—that he was destined to hold a high place among his professional brethren; and that circumstances would, in the providence of God, occur to bring him into public notice.”

Such was his course in the parish of Crossmichael, and such the effect of his labours. Independently, too, of his ministerial duties, in which he was so zealous and successful, Mr. Welsh still continued to be a diligent student, and one of his first, as well as the most distinguished of his literary labours, was his “Life of Dr. Thomas Brown,” professor of moral philosophy in the university of Edinburgh, who had been the guide of his early studies, and friend of his more advanced years. This congenial task he undertook not only from grateful affection, but in consequence of the urgent request of Dr. Brown’s friends, who thought that the office could not be intrusted to better hands. It is enough to state respecting the merits of this biographical work, that it was worthy of the man whom it commemorated, as well as a profound and luminous exposition of the ethical and metaphysical principles which he had so eloquently taught as a professor; “and in holding converse,” it may be added, in the words of a competent critic—“in holding converse through his memoir with the biographer himself, as well as with its interesting subject, one cannot avoid being infected with a portion of the same earnest and beautiful enthusiasm, which animates so evidently alike the silent inquiries of the master, and kindles the admiration of his accomplished disciple.” While engaged in writing this work, the author also resolved, when it was finished, to produce a treatise on Logic, a design, however, which was never executed. In the meantime, his studies were continued, not only among his old, but among new fields of research; and in the latter was political economy, one of the most important, but withal most difficult, of modern sciences. The subject of education, also, as a science, engaged at this time his close attention, from the accident of the well-known Dr. Bell having become one of his neighbours and acquaintances; and in consequence of these inquiries, Mr. Welsh was enabled to turn his knowledge to an excellent practical account in the superintendence of schools, when his sphere of operation was transferred from a small secluded parish to the educational wants of a crowded city.

And that period of transference was not long delayed. It was soon evident, from the superior talents of the minister of Crossmichael, from his love of mental improvement, and from the earnestness with which he prosecuted the work of intellectual acquirement, in a situation where so many minds relapse into mere literary ease and recreation, that he was fitted for a still more important situation than that which he now occupied. Accordingly, a vacancy having occurred in the church of St. David’s, Glasgow, Mr. Welsh, whose reputation was already known, was invited by the town council of Glasgow to occupy the charge. He accepted the offer, and was inducted toward the close of 1827.



In this new field he found full scope for his talents, and was quickly distinguished, not only as an eloquent and useful preacher, but a most effective promoter of the interests of education, now become of paramount importance in such an over-crowded manufacturing city. Here also he found that cheering and strengthening intercourse of mind with kindred mind, which forms only an occasional episode in a country manse. He likewise married Miss Hamilton, sister of the Lord Provost, and to all appearance had reached that comfortable termination in which the rest of his days were to be spent in peace. But his health, which had been always delicate, and the weakness of his chest, made the task of preaching to large audiences, and the week-day duties of his office, so laborious and oppressive, that in a few years he would have sunk under them. Happily, however, his labours were not thus prematurely to terminate; and the offer of the chair of church history, in the university of Edinburgh, which he received from government in 1831, came to his relief. This was the boundary to which unconsciously all his past studies had been tending, while the weakly state of his constitution only hastened the crisis. It was more in accordance with his feeling of duty to accept such a charge, for which he had strength enough, than to break down in an office which was growing too much for him. And, even setting this aside, he felt that the great work of training up an efficient ministry was of still higher importance than the ministerial office itself. These inducements were obvious not only to himself, but to his attached congregation; and they freely acquiesced in the parting, although with much sorrow and regret. He therefore left Glasgow, in November, 1831, for his new sphere of action, and received the degree of doctor in divinity from the university, at his departure.

The office into which Dr. Welsh was now inducted, had hitherto, in Scotland, for more than a century, been one of the least distinguished of all our university professorships. This was by no means owing either to the inferior importance of church history as a subject of study, or to any innate dryness and want of interest that belongs to it; on the contrary, we know that it embraces subjects of the highest import, and exhibits the development of the human mind in its strongest and most intense aspects—and is consequently of a more stirring and interesting character in itself, than either the rise and fall of empires, or the record of triumphs and defeats. But Scotland had been so exclusively occupied with her Solemn League and Covenant, that she had found little time to attend to the history of other churches; and even when better days succeeded, those classical and antiquarian studies upon which ecclesiastical history so much depends, had fallen so miserably into abeyance, that the evil seemed to have become incurable. What, indeed, could a student make of the history of the church for at least twelve centuries, when his "small Latin and less Greek" could scarcely suffice to make out the name of a bygone heresy, or decipher the text in the original upon which the controversy was founded? In this state, any one or anything had sufficed as a stop-gap, to fill the vacuum of such a professorship—and it had been filled accordingly. But now a new order of things had succeeded. A more ardent literary spirit had commenced among our students, a wider field of inquiry had been opened, and they could no longer submit to doze over a course of lectures as dark as the dark ages, among which they lingered for months, or listen to a teacher who, perhaps, knew less about the matter than themselves. It will be seen, therefore, that nothing could have been more opportune than the appointment of Dr. Welsh.

His clear and vigorous mind, his varied acquirements and extensive reading, had not only furnished him with the requisite stores of knowledge, but given him the power of selecting what was fittest from the mass, arranging it in the most effective form, and expressing it in that perspicuous attractive style which insured attention and stimulated inquiry. And besides all this aptitude, he was so profoundly impressed with the importance of his charge, that he resolved to give himself wholly to its duties; and with this view, he abstained from every engagement, either of literature or public business, that might in any way have allured him from his work. The devout conscientious spirit, too, in which all this was undertaken and carried on, will be manifest from the following memorandum found among his papers. After mentioning what he regarded as shortcomings in the duties of his professorship, and confessing them penitently before the Lord, he adds: "In His strength I now bind myself, during the present session,—

"1. To set apart one hour *every Saturday* for prayer for my students, and for considering my failures and deficiencies in the past week, with corresponding resolutions of amendment in the succeeding week:

"2. To make it a distinct object *daily*, praying for assistance to supply the deficiencies and correct the errors mentioned in the preceding page.

"3. To make a study, as opportunity presents, of the passages in Scripture that relate to my duties as a teacher, and to the duties of the young.

"4. To add to my resolutions from time to time, as new light shines.

"5. To read the above at least once a-week—strictly examining myself how far my conduct corresponds, and praying that God may search and try me.

"In looking at a student, ask, how can I do him good, or have I ever done him good?"

In this spirit Dr. Welsh entered upon his duties; and perhaps it would be needless to add how distinguished he soon became as a professor of church history. In his hands, a course of teaching hitherto so uninteresting and unprofitable, seemed to start into new life. At the close of each session he sat regularly in the General Assembly, as member for the presbytery of Lochcarron, but without taking an active part in its proceedings, as, from his delicate health, nervous temperament, and constitutional diffidence, he was neither a bold combatant in debate, nor a ready extemporaneous speaker. In the latter capacity, indeed, he jocularly compared himself to a narrow-necked bottle, from which the liquid is hurriedly discharged in jerks and gurgles. In the third session of his professorship (1834) he published a volume of "Sermons on Practical Subjects," which he had preached during his ministry in Crossmichael and Glasgow; and although they were intended merely for private circulation among the two congregations, they at once went beyond these narrow bounds, and obtained a wide popularity. During the spring and summer of the same year he also went abroad, accompanied by his wife and two children, and resided at Bonn and Heidelberg, besides visiting other places in Germany. This trip, however, instead of being a mere pleasure tour, was undertaken by Dr. Welsh for the purpose of perfecting himself in German, in reference to the advancement of his studies in theology and church history; and to acquaint himself, by personal examination, with the educational system of Prussia, with a view to the introduction of its improvements into that of Scotland. Having now, by frequent re-writing and improvement, brought his course of college lectures to some conformity with his own rigid standard, and

having become familiarized with the duties of his chair, Dr. Welsh at length ventured to take a larger share in the general business of the church than he had hitherto attempted. Accordingly, in 1838, he accepted the office of vice-convenor of the Colonial Committee, and in 1841, that of convenor. This situation, when conscientiously filled, involved an amount of study about the spiritual wants of our colonies, of extensive correspondence, and delicate influential management, as had hitherto daunted the boldest, and made them pause perhaps too often; but in the case of Dr. Welsh, these difficult duties were entered and discharged with the same unflinching zeal which he had so successfully brought to his professorship. He also took a very active and influential share in an important controversy of the day, regarding the monopoly in printing the Bible, which had so long prevailed in Scotland, but was now felt to be an intolerable religious grievance; and on the monopoly being abrogated, and a board of control and revision established for the new editions of the Scriptures, Dr. Welsh was ultimately appointed by government to be secretary of the board. How he occupied this most trying and responsible charge is thus stated by his talented and distinguished biographer: "His fitness was acknowledged by all, and his performance even exceeded the expectations of the country. In the main matter of securing accuracy in the impressions of the Scriptures, complete success may truly be said to have been achieved, and chiefly through his care and knowledge; while the conciliatory manner in which the control exercised by the board was carried into effect, through him, guarded against all cause of discontent on the part of the trade, and soon did away with those jealousies which a little indiscretion might have called into such activity as to have greatly marred the usefulness of the measure. He brought the whole machinery into smooth and efficient working order, and handed it over to his successor in a state that required little more than the ordinary care of seeing that nothing should interfere with the system as he had arranged it."

During this interval, an under-current had been going on in the life of Dr. Welsh, that was soon to assume the entire predominance. We allude to those great church questions that had been agitated from year to year, and were now to end in the *DISRUPTION*. Upon these questions he had meditated deeply and conscientiously, and at every step had gone along with the evangelical party in the Church of Scotland, and at last had arrived with them at the conclusion, that further concession to the state was impossible; that all state advantages must be foregone by the church, in behalf of those principles that were part and parcel of her very existence. Such was the decision to which the controversy had come in 1842; and upon that memorable year, the decision was to be announced, and the church committed on the issue. At such a solemn period of assize, the high estimation in which Dr. Welsh was held was fully shown by his election to the office of moderator of the General Assembly; and this office, now so fraught with difficulty and deep responsibility, he undertook with fear and trembling. The faithfulness and ability with which he discharged it, is matter of history. Many important measures were passed at the sittings of this Assembly; but the most important of all was the "claim, declaration, and protest," in which the spiritual rights of the church were announced, the assumptions of the civil courts abjured, and the resolution of foregoing all the benefits of an Establishment distinctly declared, unless these rights were recognized, and the encroachments of the civil courts terminated.

Another year rolled on, and the General Assembly again met; but it could only meet for the final departure of such as still adhered to the protest of the former year—for the State had determined not to yield. All things were therefore in readiness for the meditated disruption, and nothing remained but to seize the proper moment to announce it. This was the trying duty of Dr. Welsh, as moderator of the former Assembly; and to be performed while he was labouring under the depression of that wasting disease which at no distant period brought him to the grave. But calmly and with an unaltered step he went through the preliminary duties of that great movement; and on Wednesday, the day previous to the opening of the Assembly, he signed the protest of his brethren, and afterwards dined, according to established rule, with the commissioner, to whom he announced the purposes of the morrow. On Thursday, he preached before the commissioner and a crowded auditory upon the text, "Let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind;" and after this solemn note of preparation, he repaired with the brilliant cortege and throng of divines to St. Andrew's Church, and opened the Assembly with prayer. This duty ended, the promised moment had come. While all were hushed with painful expectation, the pale sickness-worn face of Dr. Welsh was for the last time turned to the commissioner's throne, and in a voice that was soft and slow, but firm and articulate, he thus announced the final purpose of his brethren: "According to the usual form of procedure, this is the time for making up the roll; but, in consequence of certain proceedings affecting our rights and privileges—proceedings which have been sanctioned by her Majesty's government, and by the legislature of the country; and more especially, in respect that there has been an infringement on the liberties of our constitution, so that we could not now constitute this court without a violation of the terms of the union between church and state in this land, as now authoritatively declared, I must protest against our proceeding further. The reasons that have led me to this conclusion, are fully set forth in the document which I hold in my hand, and which, with permission of the house, I shall now proceed to read." He then read the protest; and after bowing to the throne, he left the chair of office, and proceeded to the door, followed by Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Gordon, and the fathers of this momentous secession. Thus the departure commenced; a long array succeeded; and the procession slowly wound its way to Tanfield, where a large hall had been hastily fitted up in expectation of the emergency; and there, a new General Assembly was constituted, by the new—or shall we say—by the *old* and long-forgotten, but now regenerated Church of Scotland.

Amidst the many sacrifices that were made on this occasion by the ministers of the newly constituted Free Church of Scotland—sacrifices which even their enemies will acknowledge were neither few nor trivial—those of Dr. Welsh were of no ordinary importance. In attaining to the professorship of church history in the university of Edinburgh, he had reached an office all but the highest to which a Scottish ecclesiastic could aspire. It was besides so admirably suited to all his past acquirements, and now matured intellectual habits, that perhaps no other could have been found over the whole range of Scotland so completely adapted to his likings. And yet, this he knew from the beginning that he must forego, as soon as he abandoned the state patronage of the Establishment. In addition to his chair, he held the office of Secretary to the Board for the publication of the Bible, an office that yielded him a revenue of £500 per annum; but this comfortable independence, so rare among the scanty

endowments of our national church, must also be sacrificed as well as his professorship. Both offices were quickly reclaimed by the state, as he had anticipated from the beginning. All this would have been enough, and even more than enough, for a bold and brave man in the full strength of manhood, and still eager for enterprise: but in the case of Dr. Welsh the fire of life was well nigh exhausted; a mortal disease was silently and slowly, but securely drying up the fountain-head of his existence; and he had arrived at that state in which every effort is weariness and pain, while tranquillity is prized as the greatest of blessings. And yet he abandoned all, and braced himself anew for fresh action, so that the rest of his brief life was full of exertion and bustle. The chief department that fell to his share was that of Education in connection with the Free Church; and his valuable services in the erection of schools and the establishment of a college, will continue of themselves to endear his memory to the scholars of future generations. Of this new college, which commenced its labours immediately after the Disruption, for the training of an efficient ministry, Dr. Welsh was professor in ecclesiastical history, while Dr. Chalmers held the office of principal. Dr. Welsh also became editor of the "North British Review," and by his able management contributed to raise that periodical to the high literary standing which it quickly obtained. In 1844 he also published his "Elements of Church History" in one volume, which was intended to be the first of a series extending to six or seven volumes, that should carry down the history of the church to the close of the sixteenth century. But his labours had already approached their close; and his inability to continue his college prelections at the close of the year, was the last of many warnings which he had lately received that his departure was at hand, and might probably be in a single moment. The disease under which he laboured was one of those complaints of the heart, now so prevalent, but still so little understood, that often make sickness so painful and death so sudden. And thus it was with Dr. Welsh. He had retired to Camis Eskin, on the banks of the Clyde, but without finding relief, and on the 24th of April, 1845, his troubles were closed. A passage of Scripture had been read to him, which he turned into a fervent prayer, and as soon as it was ended he stretched out his arms, and instantly expired.

Such was the departure of one of whom it was stated by Lord Advocate Ruthesford, in his place in Parliament, shortly after the event, that "within the last fortnight, a gentleman had been carried to his grave, who had commanded more private affection and more public regard than, perhaps, any other man who had recently expired—a gentleman who had taken a high and prominent position in the great movement that had separated the Church of Scotland—a gentleman firm and determined in his line of action, but at the same time, of all the men concerned in that movement, the most moderate in counsel, and the most temperate in language—a man who had never uttered a word or done a deed intended to give offence."

WILKIE, SIR DAVID.—While the wondrous discovery of the power of steam was going on, and those experiments commencing by which our whole island was to be contracted into a day's journey, the doom of Scotland's nationality was sealed. It was evident that our country would soon be absorbed into England, and Edinburgh be converted into a suburban village of London. But while our distinctive national manners were thus about to pass away, and even our scenery to be moulded into new forms, three Scottish master-minds appeared,

by whose genius the whole aspect of the country, as well as the character of the people, were to be electrotyped, before they had vanished for ever. Burns, Scott, Wilkie—these were the honoured three by whom the face and features, the life and expression of Scotland were limned at the best, and by whose portraits it will be known in future ages, however the original itself may change or wither. The strongly-marked and homely, but intellectual physiognomy of the Scot; his rural occupations and modes of life; his sports and pleasures, nay, even the Doric Saxon of his speech, will all continue as living realities, when the Scotchman himself will be as indiscernible as the native of Kent or Middlesex.

The third of this patriotic triumvirate, David Wilkie, was born at Cultra, Fifeshire, on the 18th of November, 1785. His father, the Rev. David Wilkie, minister of the parish of Cultra, was an amiable specimen of the Scottish divines of the old patriarchal school, who, besides attending to the duties of his sacred calling, was a most diligent student, as was shown by his "Theory of Interest," a work which he published in 1794. As his stipend was one of the smallest in Scotland, amounting to only £113 per annum, out of which a family was to be maintained, as well as the hospitality of a country manse supported, the painter learned from his earliest years those practices of honourable economy, self-denial, and independence, that characterized the whole of his after life. When his education had been continued for some time at home, David, at the age of seven, was sent to the parish school of Pitlessie, which was about a mile from the manse of Cultra. But already he had found out more congenial occupations than learning the rules of grammar and arithmetic: even when a little child, his chief occupation was to sketch upon the floor with a piece of chalk such figures as struck his fancy; and when he went to school, his slate and paper were soon employed for other purposes than those of counting and penmanship. He became the portrait painter of the school, and was usually surrounded by a group of boys and girls, all waiting to have their likenesses taken in turn. That which in others is a passing freak, a mere boyish love of imitation, was in him the commencement of the serious business of life: he was thus unconsciously training himself to his vocation while he was handling chalk, charcoal, keel, or ink, watching the effects of light and shade, or studying, with his hands in his pockets, the attitudes and expressions of his school-fellows when they were busy at their play. With this was combined that love of tale and history which characterizes the painter of life and action, while the narratives that most interested his fancy were those that related to Scotland. He thus showed that he was to be a national painter. In some cases, enthusiastic young aspirants seem to start into excellence at a single bound, and produce works in their early boyhood which their more matured experience can scarcely amend. But with Wilkie the case was different. He was studying without a guide, while his standard was so high that every attempt was an effort which still fell short of the mark. In the meantime, his memory and his scrap-book were gradually accumulating those germs which were afterwards to expand into such a rich harvest. From the school of Pitlessie, Wilkie went to that of Kettle, and afterwards to the academy of Cupar; but his progress was still the same—a very *mediocre* proficiency in the ordinary departments of education, because they were held in check by one favourite pursuit. The minister of Cultra at length perceived that his son would be a painter, and nothing else, and, therefore, yielded as to an unwelcome necessity; and therein he was right, as it was

a field new to Scottish enterprise, as well as of uncertain promise. But the chief difficulty was to find a school in which Wilkie should study his future profession, as those of Rome and London were too expensive for his father's means. Fortunately, the Trustees' Academy of Edinburgh was accessible, and there he was admitted as a pupil at the age of fourteen, through the recommendation of the Earl of Leven, where he was so fortunate as to have John Graham for his teacher, and William Allan for his class-fellow. "The progress he [Wilkie] made in art," says the latter, "was marvellous. Everything he attempted indicated a knowledge far beyond his years; and he soon took up that position in art which he maintained to the last. He was always on the look-out for character; he frequented trystes, fairs, and market-places, where there is generally a large assemblage of the country people of all ages, bargaining, or disposing of their various commodities. These were the sources whence he drew his best materials; there he found that vigorous variety of character impressed on his very earliest works, which has made them take such a lasting hold on the public mind."

After remaining in the Trustees' Academy five years, and obtaining a ten guinea prize, Wilkie returned to Culta, and resolved to commence his profession in earnest, by producing some original painting worthy of public attention. His choice was a truly Scottish subject—the "Fair of Pitlessie," a village in his own neighbourhood. While the grouping and incidents were to be original, the characters were to be veritable persons; for "I now see," he said, "how superior painting from nature is to anything that our imagination, assisted by our memory, can conceive." But how to get these personages to sit—there lay the difficulty, for few men, and least of all, Scotchmen, are ambitious of figuring in a picture where drollery or caricature is to predominate. At last a strange expedient suggested itself one Sunday at church, on marking one of his victims whom he had destined for the Fair, nodding in the midst of sermon. Wilkie at once secured the man's likeness with a piece of red chalk on the blank leaf of his Bible. In this way, he went on from face to face, on successive Sabbaths, in the kirk; and not content with the sleepers, he next fell upon the wakeful, minister, elders, and precentor included, until every countenance of note in Pitlessie was faithfully copied. These doings could not long escape notice; heavy complaints were made of the profanity of the young artist in thus desecrating the house of God—and we scarcely hold his apology a just one, that while his hand and eye were thus employed his ear was as open as ever to listen. It was the Scottish apology of one who imagines, that the chief purpose of going to church is to hear a sermon. While he was thus procuring materials on the Sabbath, his week days were employed in transferring them to the canvas, until the whole figures, 140 in all, were introduced, and the "Fair of Pitlessie" completed. It was a wonderful production of art, independently of the youth of the artist, who as yet had only reached his nineteenth year; and as such he valued it when his judgment was riper, and his power of colouring more complete, so that he thus wrote of it to a friend in 1812: "The picture of the country fair I saw when I was last in Scotland; and although it is no doubt very badly painted, it has more subject and more entertainment in it than any other three pictures I have since produced." In the meantime the whole country side rang with the fame of this wonderful picture, the like of which had never been seen in Scotland, so that the profanity of the painter was soon forgot; and an old woman, who was supposed to

know more of futurity than a whole kirk session, *spae'd* on the occasion, that, as there had been a Sir David Lindsay in poetry, there would be a Sir David Wilkie in painting, and that she should live to see it.

All this praise was gratifying, but something more substantial was needed; and accordingly, after the Fair was finished and disposed of, Wilkie betook himself to the painting of portraits, in which he had several customers. At the same time he produced "The Village Recruit," a painting in which a recruiting sergeant, at a country inn, is doing his best to persuade three clod-poles to become heroes and generals. Having soon exhausted the "kingdom of Fife" as a mart of portrait painting, and found it too limited for his ambition, as well as too penurious for his subsistence, he resolved to establish himself in London. Thither he accordingly repaired in May, 1805, and entered the Royal Academy as a probationer, where he was characterized by his compeers as a "tall, pale, thin Sootsman." Here, also, he formed an intimate acquaintanceship with Haydon, a congenial spirit in talent and aspirations—but with what a different termination! Wilkie's attendance at the academy was punctuality itself, while his diligence when there was such as to astonish his more mercurial companions—whom he out-stripped, however, in the long-run. In the meantime, the small store of money which he had brought with him began to fail, while his letters of introduction had procured him no sitters. Fortunately he at this time became acquainted with Mr. Stodart, the piano-forte maker, who not only sat for his portrait but induced others to follow his example; and in this way the desponding artist was enabled to go on with fresh resources, although not without much economizing. "Among the many ways," he writes to his father, "by which we try here to save expense, is that of cleaning our own boots and shoes; for you must know that the people of the house will not clean them, and when you send them out to the shoe-blacks in the street, they become expensive." At the close of the year (1805), he passed from the condition of a probationer to that of a student of the academy, by which his means of improvement were considerably enlarged, and his merits brought more fully into notice. Among those who now learned to appreciate him as an artist of high promise was the Earl of Mansfield, for whom he painted the "Village Politicians." Other orders from persons of rank and influence followed, so that he was now on the fair highway to fame and fortune. And yet, with all this, there were very heavy drawbacks. His ambition for proficiency in his art was so great, that he felt as if all he had done in Scotland was a mere waste of time; while his modesty induced him to put such inadequate prices upon the pictures for which he was now commissioned, that he was not only in debt but also a sufferer from sickness, occasioned by anxiety and incessant application. In the meantime, his "Village Politicians," which was placed in the exhibition of the Royal Academy, not only delighted the public, but astonished the artists, who universally felt that a bright particular star had risen in their horizon; and so loud was the applause, that it rang to the remotest nooks of Fife, and gladdened the old patriarch of Cultra, who was justly proud of his son's fame. "You cannot imagine," he wrote to him in the joy of his heart, "how great a fervour of admiration these accounts have produced in your favour in this quarter of the country; in particular, the gentlemen for whom you painted pictures last year affirm that each of them is worth 100 guineas." "I am now redoubling my application," the young artist wrote in reply, "with the sure hopes of success. My ambition is got



beyond all bounds, and I have the vanity to hope that Scotland will one day be proud to boast of your affectionate son."

The next painting which Wilkie executed was "The Blind Fiddler." This was undertaken for Sir George Beaumont, himself a painter and lover of the fine arts, as well as the most generous and efficient of all the artist's patrons. The great historical picture of "Alfred in the Neat-herd's Cottage" followed. Here Wilkie had no model, and was therefore obliged, like the poet or novelist, to task his imagination. But to draw the most heroic and intellectual of sovereigns in the disguise of a Saxon peasant, was the great difficulty which Wilkie had to encounter. The power of language might so depict him, even though thus shrouded, that any one would say, "Aye, every inch a king!" But the pencil has neither the same minuteness as the pen, nor yet the same universally intelligible power; and thus, let a sovereign in a painting be stripped of his robes and his crown, and how difficult it will be to read the tokens of royalty in his mere gesture and look! But Wilkie was proud of the task, for it was not only a great national subject, but its selection for his especial effort, showed the high confidence that was already reposed in his talents. This admirable production, which was finished at the close of 1806, and was the result of intense study and labour, justified, by its excellence and the reputation it acquired, the pains which had been bestowed upon it. It was at this time that Benjamin West declared of him, "Never in my whole experience have I met with a young artist like Wilkie: he may be young in years, but he is old in the experience of his art. I consider him an honour to his country." Thus rich in reputation, although still poor in purse, for it was almost wholly for fame that as yet he had worked, the artist paid a visit to his native country, in May, 1807, chiefly for the purpose of recruiting his health, which had suffered by the intensity of his labours. After languishing in the manse of Cultra till October, when he had only partially recovered, he hurried back to his little parlour studio in London, which was now become his true home; and there, his first effort was to finish "The Card-players," a painting for the Duke of Gloucester, which he had left on the easel at his departure.

"The Card-players" was succeeded by the "Rent Day," one of Wilkie's best productions. It was painted for the Earl of Mulgrave, who allowed him to choose his own subject; and that the selection was a happy one, has been well attested by the excellence of the picture itself, and the admiration it excited. Of the various figures, indeed, which severally tell their tale with unmistakeable distinctness, who can forget the harsh, overbearing, money-calculating, and money-counting factor, ready either to flatter or explode, as the rent may be forthcoming or not?—the old tenant seized with a fit of coughing, which actually seems to ring from the canvas?—the farmer eating, or rather cramming at the well-furnished table, and apparently mindful of the adage that fingers were made before knives and forks?—the butler, who struggles with the rebellious cork, which refuses to quit its hold?—the fortunate tenants who have paid up in full, and are regaling themselves at the table with beef and pasty; and the luckless tenants whose business is not yet dispatched, and who either are unable to pay, or are prepared to pay with a protest? Even the little fat pug dog of the mansion, and the lean hungry dog of the rent-racked farmer, indicate the wealth and luxury of the landlord, and the means by which all this profusion is supplied. As soon as the "Rent Day" appeared, it was generally declared to be equal, if not superior, to any

thing that Wilkie had hitherto produced. And as yet, with all this full-grown celebrity, he had only reached the age of twenty-three! But the four years he had spent in London had been years of constant occupation and steady progress; and now, that he had attained such excellence in his art, and so high a reputation, he was the same modest, unassuming, and painstaking student which he had been at his first entrance into the metropolis; and not a day, no, not an hour of abatement could be perceived in the diligence with which he still continued at his task of self-improvement, or the docility with which he received every suggestion that tended to promote it. All this is fully attested by the extracts that have been published from his London Journal of this period. From these we find that he still attended the academy, and took lessons as a pupil. At home, he usually painted five hours a-day; and if visited in the midst of work, he conversed with his visitors, while his hand and eye were still busied with the canvas. Every kind of model also was used in his occupation; for he was of opinion, that however imagination might aggrandise the work of the painter, nature must be his authority and exemplar. When the day's work of the studio was finished, his ramble for recreation or pleasure was still in subservience to his pursuits; and thus his visits were to picture galleries and artists; his rambles into the country were in quest of picturesque cottages and their simple inhabitants; and even his walks in the streets were turned to profitable account, with here a face and there an attitude, amidst the ceaselessly revolving panorama. His chief indulgence in an evening was to repair to the theatre, where he enjoyed a rich treat, not merely in the play itself, but in the attitudes of the best performers, where grace and nature were combined in the living delineations of the drama. And still, go where he might, his affectionate heart never seems to have lost sight of his native home; and it may be fairly questioned, whether the delight which his success occasioned in the manse of Cultra was not as high a recompense, in his estimation, as anything that fame could bestow. There is something beautiful and touching in the fact, that while he was fighting his up-hill way in London, through the difficulties of scanty payments, his chief anxiety, besides that of becoming a great painter, was to be able to present his sister Helen with a pianoforte. His letters to his sister and parents at this time are the best of all his portraits.

The year 1808 was a busy year with Wilkie, as he was then employed upon three paintings, each excellent in its kind, and well fitted to advance his reputation. The chief of these, known as "The Sick Lady," was in a higher style of art than he had hitherto attempted, as well as of a very different character; it was an entire abandonment of humble and Scottish life and quiet humour, in which he had hitherto been without a rival, in favour of the graceful, the sentimental, and pathetic. The pains which he bestowed upon this picture, the anxiety with which he touched and retouched it, and the time that was suffered to elapse before it was completed, were the proper accompaniments of this bold attempt in a new field. It is enough to say, that this production, while equal to all its predecessors in point of artistic excellence, was not regarded with the same admiration. And how could it be otherwise? It was in Scottish life that the secret of Wilkie's strength lay, for there he painted as no other man could paint; but when he left this walk, of which he was so exclusively the master, and entered into that of the English artist, he could even at the best do nothing more than others had done before him. It was Burns abandoning his native streams and native dialect, for the banks of the Thames,

and the diction of Pope or Addison. "The Jew's Harp," which was his next production, was less ambitious, and more in his own natural manner. The same was also the case with "The Cut Finger," in which an old cottage matron is performing the part of surgeon to a bluff blubbing boy, who has cut his finger in the act of rigging a toy-boat. In the following year (1809) Wilkie, who had hitherto been contented to rank as a pupil of the Royal Academy, was made one of its associates. At the next exhibition of the Academy, however, he sustained such a slight, as somewhat damped the satisfaction he enjoyed in his election. He had painted a picture which he called "A Man Teasing a Girl by putting on her Cap," and sent it to the exhibition, but was requested by the members to withdraw it. The only cause they stated was that it was inferior to his other productions, and would therefore be likely to diminish his reputation. It was suspected, however, that the true reason was professional jealousy, and that the academicians were impatient that a Scotsman, who only dealt in the "pan-and-spoon style," as they scornfully termed it, should have maintained the ascendancy so long. Wilkie withdrew his painting, and digested the affront in silence. This he could do all the better, that for a year he had been employed upon his picture of "The Alehouse Door," and was anxious to bring it to a termination.

This painting, which was injudiciously changed in its title to that of "The Village Festival," was a great effort of Wilkie's ambition, in which he wished to compete with Teniers and Ostade. He felt that it was a daring attempt, but his indomitable perseverance was fully commensurate with the courage of such an enterprise. And few indeed of the uninitiated in art can comprehend but a tithe of that diligence which he bestowed upon the work till it was finished. After having decided upon the subject, he sallied out with Haydon in quest of an alehouse that might serve as the ground-work of the picture; and having found one to his mind at Paddington, he made occasional pilgrimages thither, until he had transferred it, with its accompaniments, altered and improved to suit its new destination, upon the foreground of his canvas. And then came the living models which were to be sought in the streets of London, and hired to sit to him, sometimes for a whole figure, sometimes for a face or part of a face, and sometimes for nothing more than a neck, a hand, or a foot. Then succeeded the altering and improving, the rubbing out and replacing, the obliterating, the touching and retouching, such as the most fastidious poets—even Gray himself—never endured in the most finished and lengthened of their compositions. With all this his journal of 1809-10 is filled, and an astounding record it certainly is of the patience and labour bestowed upon a work of art—upon that which is commonly regarded as nothing higher than a mere object of pleasurable but passing excitement. At first, he had purposed to paint nothing more than a group of rustics carousing at an alehouse door, and had gone onward as Burns himself had often done after the muse had been fairly stirred, until

"Perhaps it may turn out a sang,  
Perhaps it may a sermon."

A sermon Wilkie's painting certainly became, both in its elaborate character and moral power. The figures multiplied under his creative hand, each assumed a language of its own, and the sum of all was a most eloquent exposition of the pleasures of social enjoyment, coupled with dissuaves against excess. No one, however unskilled in art, can fail to remark how the lesson is fully brought

out in the faces before him, where every shade of the effects of drinking is caught, from the cheering look inspired by the incipient draught of ale, to the idiot inanity of him who lies prostrate in the mire, without even the power to wallow in it.

The close application of the artist, and the annoyance he experienced at the jealousy of his brethren, were followed by a fever, through which he was obliged to retire for some time to Hampstead. But even under a tedious recovery, he was unable wholly to relinquish his wonted pursuits, notwithstanding the orders of the physician and the entreaties of his friends. In 1811, the Academy repaired the injury they had done, by electing him a royal academician. This was a high honour, especially when conferred upon one so young, for as yet he had only reached the age of twenty-six. As he had hitherto profited so little in a pecuniary point of view by his paintings, he now began to execute a plan which he had contemplated three years before, of collecting and exhibiting them on his own account. He therefore obtained the temporary use of them from their purchasers, hired a large room in Pall Mall, where they could be shown to advantage, and opened it with a collection of twenty-nine pieces, the production of his pencil, extending from the years 1804 to 1811. But although the price of admission was only a shilling, the speculation failed to be profitable. A public exhibition of this kind requires an amount as well as variety which no single artist could accomplish. The success of his picture of "Blindman's Buff," which he afterwards produced, was well calculated to alleviate his disappointment. This was one of his happiest conceptions; for such a game not only drew out his peculiar artistic talents in their full force, but addressed itself to universal sympathy. For who, however great or grave, has not revelled at some time or other in the full enjoyment of Blindman's Buff? Most of the actors in Wilkie's game are full-grown children—happy peasants, who, in the midst of their glee, think neither of toil nor taxes, neither of yesterday nor to-morrow, but of the present hour alone, as if it were the only reality—while the attitudes, the blunders, and mischances of such a sport, only heighten the fun, and make it more true to nature. His picture of "The Bagpiper" followed, and afterwards "The Letter of Introduction"—a painting, the subject of which was suggested by the untoward fate of his own introductory epistles which he brought with him to London eight years previous. The sheepish young country lad, who tenders his letter as if he were presenting it to an elephant—and the stately magnifico, who, while breaking the seal, eyes the youth askance, as if he doubted the safety of his silver spoons—all tell their own tale, without the necessity of a title to label the production. In the meantime, Wilkie's father having died, this event introduced a change in the artist's domestic condition. Hitherto he had lived in lodgings; but he now persuaded his widowed mother and his sister to reside with him in London, and for this purpose hired a house in Lower Phillimore Place, Kensington. On the arrival of peace in 1814, he availed himself of the opportunity, like many thousands of our countrymen, by making a trip to France, and studying the treasures of the Louvre, before they were restored to their proper owners. In this short journey, which scarcely extended over six weeks, he travelled with a disposition to be pleased, and was not disappointed.

The next great artistic effort of Wilkie was "The Distraining for Rent." The subject was suggested by the incident of his "Village Festival" having been distrained for the debt of a former tenant, while the picture was exhibited

in the hall at Pall Mall. The indignation which this event excited in the mind of Wilkie was thus turned to the best account; and in sketching the principal characters of the group, he availed himself of what had occurred in the event itself, when the legal functionaries went to work with "Tis so nominated in the bond," while himself and his friends indignantly protested, but in vain. The work, when finished, was sent to the Exhibition of the British Institution; and such was the pathetic tale which it told, that many thought it would bring both discredit and danger upon the task of levying a distraint ever afterward. After it had remained for some time in the exhibition, and attracted universal admiration, as well as not a few candidates for its purchase, it was finally sold for 600 guineas to the directors of the British Institution. A more cheerful theme followed in "The Rabbit on the Wall," where a peasant, returned from his day's labour, is diverting his children by this curious phantasmagoria on the wall of his cottage. His state of health again requiring intermission, Wilkie, in 1816, made a tour of the Netherlands, to examine its galleries, and study the rich colouring of the Dutch school of painting. He saw nothing, however, in its style to induce him to forego his own. At his return he painted "The Breakfast," for the Stafford Gallery. In 1817, he made a journey to Scotland, where he visited both Highlands and Lowlands, and was everywhere received with the most flattering distinction, while he had also the pleasure of associating with his illustrious cotemporaries—Dr. Chalmers, Sir Walter Scott, and the Ettrick Shepherd. The latter, on being assured that the stranger now introduced to him was no other than "the great Mr. Wilkie," seized him by the hand, and rapturously exclaimed "I cannot tell how proud I am to see you in my house, and how glad I am to see you are so young a man." When Scott heard of this, he declared "it was the finest compliment ever paid to man." While a guest of Sir Walter, Wilkie painted "The Abbotsford Family Picture," in which the poet, with his family and friends, are grouped together in the garb of south-country peasants in the act of planning a merry-making.

On returning to London, Wilkie, whose whole heart was revived by the sweet influences of his native heather, addressed himself to a Scottish subject, and produced his "Duncan Gray," founded upon the well-known song of Burns. He had tried his hand upon this theme three years before, and produced "The Refusal," of which the present painting was a fresh edition, with many alterations and improvements. In the following year (1818) his little picture called "The Errand Boy" appeared in the Royal Academy exhibition. Then succeeded "The Penny Wedding," a national work, intended to commemorate an old Scottish fashion only lately obliterated, and still freshly remembered. In this painting, which was executed to order for the Prince Regent, the artist admirably brought out the fun, frolic, and intense enjoyment which such a festival invariably engrafts upon the staid character and saturnine physiognomy of his countrymen. His next production was the "Death of Sir Philip Sidney," intended for a work about to be published by his friend Mr. Dobree. At this time, also, he was engaged to produce a painting upon which all his strength was to be employed, and from which much was expected, for he was to commemorate in it the crowning victory of Waterloo, and execute it for the Duke of Wellington himself, the hero of the fight. In this case, it might have been expected that the artist would have repaired forthwith to the scene of action, for the purpose of sketching its peaceful scenery, and animating

it with the heady charges of horse, foot, and cannon, and all the pomp and circumstance of a battle on which the fate of nations was depending. But Wilkie went no farther than Chelsea Hospital, and sought no other figures than the old, battered, and mutilated inhabitants with which that great asylum is stored. "Even in our ashes live our wonted fires," says the poet; and upon this hint, whether he thought of it or not, Wilkie acted, by showing how these veterans could still be excited by the first tidings of such a victory. It was the "Reading of the Waterloo Gazette," and not the battle itself which he contemplated; and therefore he grouped the pensioners of Chelsea, men who had fought for Britain in every quarter of the world, and suffered every kind of mutilation and dismemberment, pausing in the midst of a jovial dinner, and ready to throw it to the dogs, that they might listen to the reading of the newspaper in which the tidings of Waterloo were first communicated to the nation. Never, perhaps, was heroic triumph so expressed before, either in poetry or in painting—it was the last huzza of the dying on the field of victory. When this picture was finished, it was sent to the exhibition of 1822; but such was the excitement of the visitors, and the eager crowding round it and against it, that for protection a railing had to be set up, to fence it off from the pressure. It is proper to add that Wilkie's productions were now fairly remunerated, as well as justly appreciated, and he received 1200 guineas for the "Reading of the Waterloo Gazette" from its illustrious owner, the Duke of Wellington.

During the long interval that occurred between the commencement and execution of this national work, the orders that flowed in upon Wilkie were so numerous, that he was kept in incessant action, now upon one piece and now on another. In this way he produced "The China Menders," "The Nymphs Gathering Grapes," and "The Whiskey Still." But more important than these was a commission from the King of Bavaria, to paint for him a picture, the subject of which was to be left to the artist's own judgment. That which was selected was "The Reading of the Will," and upon this, Wilkie acquitted himself so well, that when it was finished two royal candidates appeared for its possession, one being the King of Bavaria, by whom it was already bespoke, and the other George IV., who wished to have the original, or at least a duplicate. It was a sore dilemma between the rightful claimant on the one hand, and his own liege sovereign on the other, in which Wilkie stood like Garrick between tragedy and comedy, feeling how happy he could be with either, and yet knowing that one must be refused and disappointed. At length mercantile honesty carried the day against chivalrous loyalty, and "The Reading of the Will" was fairly domiciled in the splendid collection of Munich. "The Newsmongers" and "Guess my Name," which appeared in the exhibition of 1821, were produced during the same interval. To these may be added "The School," a painting that has been highly admired, though it was never finished.

The year 1822, in which the Waterloo picture was finished, was a busy period with Wilkie, when, besides painting "The Parish Beadle," and a portrait of the Duke of York, he received two important commissions that required his attendance in Scotland: the one was a picture of John Knox preaching before the Lords of the Congregation; the other of the arrival of George IV. in Edinburgh. His majesty had not yet set sail to pay the promised visit; but Wilkie hastened to the Scottish metropolis to await the coming advent, and catch what-

ever incident of the great drama might be best fitted for his purpose. The choice was made by the king himself, and the subject was his admission into the palace of Holyrood. This painting, like the rest of Wilkie's productions, was admirably executed; but there were difficulties in the way which no genius could surmount. One was the taste of the king himself, who suggested alterations which the artist found himself obliged to follow; the other was the bizarre costume that predominated on the occasion, by which Edinburgh itself was converted into a huge bale of tartan. At this period, also, he was appointed limner to the king for Scotland, in consequence of the death of Sir Henry Raeburn. While fully occupied with the two great paintings above-mentioned, Wilkie, during the intervals, painted the portrait of Lord Kellie for the town-hall of Cupar, drew an old Greenwich pensioner under the character of Smollett's Commodore Trunnion, and executed a scene from Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," which he called "The Cottage Toilet." He also painted "Smugglers Offering Run Goods for Sale," for Sir Robert Peel, and "The Highland Family," for Sir George Beaumont, his affectionate friend and munificent patron.

The pressure of severe work, aggravated by the death of his mother and brother, made travelling once more necessary; and accordingly, in the middle of 1825, Wilkie set off to Paris, and afterwards proceeded to Italy. Milan, Genoa, and Florence were successively visited, and their galleries of paintings studied and admired. He then went to Rome, but the paintings in the Vatican failed to excite in him that supreme rapture which it was so much the fashion of our travelling artists to express. He seems to have been more highly gratified with the Sistine Chapel, from the ceiling of which Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" looked down upon him in all its richness, and with all its terrors. It was here that he especially loved to muse and study, while his journal of this period is filled with criticisms of this sublime production and its matchless author. Naples, Bologna, Padua, Parma, and Venice, were also visited by the earnest contemplative tourist, and the remarks of his journal evince the profound attention he bestowed upon the paintings of the ancient masters, that constitute the richest inheritance of these once illustrious cities. After a stay of eight months in Italy, Wilkie found his health no better than when he arrived, and resolved, for change of air, to make a visit to Germany. But, indeed, there were painful causes to retard his recovery, against which his heart could not easily rally. A company had become bankrupt in which the most part of his pecuniary savings for years had been invested; and in addition to this, a bond by which he had engaged to be security for his brother, who became insolvent, was forfeited. He had thus, while languidly moving from place to place in quest of health, the prospect of ruin meeting him wherever he turned. Finding no remedy from the climate of Germany, or the use of the baths of Toplitz and Carlsbad, he again returned to Italy, by advice of his physicians, to winter there in 1826-7.

If anything could lighten the weight of such an amount of suffering, Wilkie must have found it in the universal respect with which he was treated abroad, both by countrymen and strangers. His fame as an artist had been wafted over Europe by the admirable engravings of Raimbach and Burnet, in which his best productions had been faithfully copied; and in Rome, where he now took up his abode, the "Eternal City" was moved through all its ranks to welcome him, and do him honour. Alluding to a high festival made there by the British artists on his account, at which the Duke of Hamilton presided, he

writes to his brother in London: "If my history shall ever be written, it will be found, though in a different way, quite as wonderful as that of Benvenuto Cellini." Taking heart, and rallying amidst such kindly encouragement, he ventured to resume his labours; and although his progress was, as he says, "by little and by little, half an hour at a time, and three half hours a-day," he executed two small pictures, and nearly finished a large one in the course of five months. As only two out of the three years had been spent during which he was to reside abroad for the recovery of his health, Wilkie, who had sufficiently studied the Italian school of painting, was now anxious to devote his attention to that of Spain, and to study especially the productions of Velasquez and Murillo. Furnished with letters of introduction, and having already friends at Madrid, from whom he was sure of a hearty welcome, he set off upon this new journey, and arrived at Madrid in October, 1827.

This visit to Spain was in the highest degree influential upon Wilkie's future course as an artist, and in his letters at this time we recognize a new principle acting upon him in full vigour. "The five months I have passed here," he thus writes to his sister, "have, in point of society, been dull, but in point of pursuit and occupation far otherwise. For what I have seen I may almost be the envy of every British artist; and from what I have been doing, weak as I am, have again the happiness to say with the great Correggio, though on a far more humble occasion, '*Anch' io sono pittore.*'" To his brother he writes: "This winter, though as severely interrupted as ever by my malady, yet pictures are growing up under my hands with even greater rapidity than they used to do in Kensington; and if less laboured, the effect to the eye and impression on the mind seem not at all to suffer by it." The study of the Italian, and especially the Spanish school, had inspired him with the resolution to be less fastidious and more rapid in execution than before, and accordingly he dashed on with a fearlessness that formed a new trait in his character. The subjects also which he selected were in harmony with the inspiration, for they were Spanish, and connected with the war of independence. The first of three pictures on this subject he finished in ten short weeks, and then sat down astonished at his own rapidity. But he was heartened onward in this bold commencement of a new era in his life by the commendations of the artists and critics in Madrid, while his levee was crowded by dukes, counts, and solemn hidalgos, who looked on and worshipped his artistic doings, as if the old days of Spanish painting and Spanish national glory were returning side by side. All this adulation was gratifying in the highest degree; but still, Wilkie had an occasional recoil of doubt and misgiving. How the innovation might be relished by his brother artists was also a trying question, and he thus feels his way upon the subject in a letter to one of the academicians: "I need not detail to you what I have seen in the Escorial, in Madrid, or Seville: it is general ideas alone I wish to advert to. Being the only member of our academy who has seen Spain, perhaps it is to be regretted that I see it with an acknowledged bias or prejudice, in which I fear scarcely any will participate. With some of my kindest friends, indeed, much of what I have seen and thought will cast between us an influence like the apple of discord; and if some of our youths with less matured minds—while I write this with one hand, fancy me covering my face with the other—should venture, now that an entrance to the mysterious land has been opened, across the Bidassoa, what a conflict in testimony there would be!"



The return of Wilkie to England solved every doubt. Previous to his arrival, rumours were afloat of the change that had occurred in his style of painting, and of the stir which his new productions had occasioned in Madrid; but on his return to London in June, 1828, his friends were delighted not only to find his health restored, but the character of his paintings improved. Still, however, his Spanish pictures executed under the first outburst of the new inspiration, beautiful and admired though they were, needed, as he well knew, an elaborate revision before they could be committed along with his name to the public, and to posterity, and, therefore, he touched and retouched them with a careful hand in his studio at Kensington. Immediately on his arrival, the king wished to see the fruits of his Italian tour, and was so pleased with them that he purchased "The Pifferari," and "The Princess washing the Female Pilgrims' Feet," two paintings which Wilkie had executed at Geneva. The three Spanish pictures were equally approved of by the royal critic, and purchased for his own collection, besides a fourth which was still in preparation; and Wilkie felt not a little flattered by the resemblance which was traced in these paintings to Rembrandt, Murillo, and Velasquez. The public at large was soon after invited to judge in turn, as the pictures were sent to the Academy exhibition of May, 1829.

Of these productions, now so widely known by the art of the engraver, the most popular was "The Maid of Saragossa." This preference was occasioned not only by the romantic nature of the subject, which was still the theme of national eulogium, but the colouring and style of artistic execution in which the event was embodied; and the crowds that gathered before the picture knew not which figure the most highly to admire. Augustina stepping over the body of her fallen lover, to take his place at the gun—or Palafox (a correct likeness for which the hero himself sat) putting his shoulder to the wheel, to bring the gun into a right position—or Father Consolacion, the chief engineer in the defence, pointing out with his crucifix the object to be aimed at—or the martyred priest, Boggiero, writing the despatch, which is to be intrusted to the carrier-pigeon. The second, called "The Spanish Posada," represented a Guerilla council of war, in which a Dominican monk, a Jesuit, and a soldier—emblematic of the character of the Spanish resistance—are deliberating on the best means of rousing and directing the national patriotism. The third painting was "The Guerilla's Departure," where a young peasant, after being armed for battle, and shrived by his confessor, lights his cigar at that of the priest before he hies to the field. Besides these, there were four of Wilkie's paintings in the exhibition which he had executed in Italy, and the portrait of the Earl of Kellie, of which mention has been already made. And now the artist's dreaded ordeal had to be encountered and passed anew. It remained to be seen what the world at large, independently of the judgment of George IV., which was sometimes at fault upon the Fine Arts, would say of these paintings, and the new style of their author. The verdict was precisely what might have been expected from so marked a change. The many, who are pleased to be delighted without taking the trouble to analyze their feelings, only saw in the alteration a fresh source of admiration, and were accordingly both loud and unmeasured in their praise. But with the critical part of the public it was otherwise; and while some regretted that he had abandoned the minute and laborious finish of his earlier pieces, others thought that he was over-ambitious in thus seeking to occupy more than one field of excellence, and predicted

nothing but failure. In such contrariety, the aspirant for fame must listen to all or none, and Wilkie chose the latter alternative.

Allusion has already been made to two important commissions which Wilkie had received previous to his departure to Italy: the first of these was a picture of the entrance of George IV. into the Palace of Holyrood; the second, of John Knox preaching before the Lords of the Congregation. Upon these he had wrought for a considerable time before his tour commenced, until the state of his health obliged him to abandon them when they were little more than mere outlines. He now braced himself for the task of completing them, and in 1830 the "Entrance into Holyrood" appeared in the exhibition. It was successful both with the sovereign and the public, not only as a happily executed representation of a great public event, but a faithful portraiture of the living actors and feudal accessories that composed the well-known features of this splendid national ovation. During the same year that it was completed, the great personage who formed the grand central object of this pageant, and in whose honour it had been created, passed away to the tomb, after he had outlived the pomps and pageantries of royalty, which no king had ever more highly enjoyed; and with George IV. passed away from us, and perhaps for ever, those regal triumphs and processions so little suited to this matter-of-fact and utilitarian era of British history. How different, and yet how gratifying the visits of royalty have now become to their long forsaken home in Edinburgh! The Knox painting, which was finished after that of Holyrood, appeared in the exhibition of 1832. Into this painting, so truly Scottish in its subject, and so connected also with his own native country, Wilkie threw himself with his utmost ardour, and the result was a picture upon which the eye of Scotland will always rest with pleasure. The collection of so many personages renowned in the history of our Reformation; the tale which each countenance tells, as part and parcel of the great event; and the vehement impassioned preacher himself, whose sermon was the death-knell of the cathedral in which it was delivered, and the superstition of which that building was the great metropolitan representative, are now as generally known as the event itself, in consequence of the thousands of engravings that have been multiplied of the original. Besides this picture, which was painted for Sir Robert Peel, Wilkie sent to the exhibition a portrait of William IV., to whom he was now painter in ordinary, as he had been to his predecessor.

From 1832 to 1834 was a busy period with the artist, as every royal and noble personage was eager to sit for his portrait to such a limner, although Wilkie himself had no particular liking to portrait painting. In the exhibition of 1834, his diligence appeared in six pictures, which had their full share of approbation. These were, 1, "The Portrait of the Duke of Wellington, as Constable of the Tower, with his Charger;" which he executed at Strathfield-say, where both hero and horse were accessible to the painter. 2, "Not at Home." This is a usual incident, where a disappointed dun is departing from the door on being told that the master is abroad, while the master himself is watching unseen from the corner of a window, and waiting until the coast is clear. 3, "Portrait of the Queen, in the Dress worn at the Coronation." 4, "Spanish Mother and Child." 5, "Portrait of Sir John Leslie, Professor of Natural Philosophy." 6, "Portrait of a Lady." On the following year (1835) he sent other six pictures to the exhibition, of which the foremost in point of merit and importance was, 1, "Christopher Columbus submitting the

Chart of his Voyage for the Discovery of the New World to the Spanish Authorities." Here the great navigator, after being received in the convent, at the gate of which he had craved a morsel of bread and a cup of water for his child, who was wearied with the journey, is explaining at table to the prior his conviction that a new world yet remained to be discovered, and showing a chart of the voyage by which such a discovery might be effected. 2, "The First Ear-ring." Here a young girl, fluttering between love of finery and dread of pain, contemplates the glittering ornaments with which she is about to be adorned and the operator by whom her ears are to be pierced for the purpose. 3, "Portrait of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington in the Dress he wore on Active Service." 4, "Sancho Panza in the days of his youth." 5, "Portrait of Sir James M'Grigor, Bart., Director-General of the Army Medical Department." 6, "Portrait of the Rev. Edward Irving."

After having done so much in the illustration of Scottish and Spanish character, the attention of Wilkie was now directed to Ireland, where the picturesque scenery and semi-barbarous condition of the people, already become so popular through the writings of Miss Edgeworth, had as yet failed to attract the notice of our artists. He accordingly repaired to Dublin in August, 1835, and in his rambles through the country drew ten sketches in pencil, which were designed for future paintings; but of these none was executed except "The Peep-o'-Day Boy." This, with "The Interview between Napoleon and the Pope in 1813," and four other paintings, was sent to the exhibition in 1836. On the 16th of June, the same year, Wilkie received the honour of knighthood—a title which, high though it be, could scarcely aggrandize him who was already so eminent in Art. Such as it was, however, the artist received it with gratitude, and wore it with becoming gentleness. He was at this period so intent upon his professional labours, that on the removal of the Royal Academy from Somerset House to Trafalgar Square, in 1836, Wilkie had seven paintings in the first exhibition at the new buildings. These were, 1, "Portrait of William IV." 2, "Mary Queen of Scots Escaping from Lochleven;" this event was detailed according to the description of Sir Walter Scott in the tale of the Abbot, rather than the strict record of history. 3, "The Empress Josephine and the Fortune-Teller." This was the well-known incident of the black prophetess, or obi-woman of St. Domingo, foretelling to Josephine that she should become a crowned empress, while she was still an undistinguished girl. 4, "Portrait of the Earl of Tankerville." 5, "The Cotter's Saturday Night." 6, "Portrait of Sir William Knighton." 7, "Portrait of a Gentleman reading."

A still more important subject upon which Wilkie had been employed for some time past, was that of Sir David Baird discovering the body of Tippoo Saib under the gateway of Seringapatam, which he was commissioned to paint by Lady Baird. This task he had prosecuted at intervals since 1834, and his diligence in procuring the necessary materials for such a picture fully evinced the zeal with which he prosecuted it, and the importance he attached to it. For this purpose he sketched the trophies and arms connected with the event contained in Fern Tower, the habitation of Lady Baird; procured European arms from the cutlers' and gunsmiths' shops; and obtained the loan of a complete magazine of Oriental dresses, ornaments, and jewellery, from such of his friends as were connected with the East Indies. He was even so fortunate as to get a pelisse and pair of breeches that had been worn by Tippoo himself.

The chief difficulty was with the living models, a few native Indian soldiers, who happened to be in London, and were engaged for the task; but no sooner were they grouped, and placed in proper attitudes, than they were seized with a fit of horror, at the thought of personating the death-scene of the mighty Sultan, so that they would "play out the play" no longer. In spite of all difficulties, however, the painting was successfully finished at the close of 1838. Of this choice production of Sir David Wilkie, we would only notice one of the several striking incidents which the talent of the artist has brought out on this occasion. It is, that while Sir David Baird is contemplating with emotion the body of the tyrant who had so cruelly treated him when a captive, the feet of the dead man are lying beside the iron-grated door of the dungeon in which his conqueror had been unjustly immured.

Before this picture was finished, important political events had furnished Sir David with a new national subject. This was the death of William IV., and the accession of our present, gracious sovereign, Queen Victoria. As Wilkie's appointment of Painter in Ordinary was once more renewed, it was fitting that his talents should be exercised for the occasion, and accordingly he was commissioned to paint "The Queen Holding her First Council." He boldly commenced the subject, though with a full anticipation of the difficulty, where every member was unwilling to be placed in the back-ground, or be overshadowed by his neighbour. Notwithstanding the number of portraits it contained, it was finished in little more than six months, and introduced into the exhibition of 1838, along with five other paintings, four of which were portraits; and not the least remarkable of these was one of Daniel O'Connell. But the most congenial of all his occupations for a considerable period had been a picture of "John Knox Administering the Sacrament in Calder House," which Wilkie designed as a companion to that of the Reformer preaching before the Lords of the Congregation. Here he was again upon his own Scottish ground, and among congenial characters; so that from this, as well as the ardour with which he prosecuted the subject, and the maturity into which his artistic experience had ripened, it was hoped that it would prove the most successful of all his efforts. Nor was the hope unfounded, although he did not live to complete the picture; for in the two advanced sketches of it, which appeared in the auction of his paintings after his death, the promise was already more than half fulfilled.

We have thus brought Wilkie to the year 1840, at the exhibition of which he had eight paintings—and to the age of fifty-five, at which either a rapid decay of life commences, or such an invigoration as holds out the promise that the full threescore and ten of a healthy old age will be attained. The autumn of this year found him in the full bustle of preparation for a long and adventurous journey, in which the Continent, Turkey, Egypt, and the Holy Land, were to be successively traversed. At the intelligence, not only his brother artists but the public were astounded. Was it as a painter or a pilgrim that he meant to travel? Was the search of health or the Holy Sepulchre the *ultimatum* of his wishes? In the midst of all this wonder and inquiry Sir David Wilkie departed—and his country saw him no more!

As this was the last, it was also the most important of his journeys, and therefore cannot be briefly dismissed. He left England on the 15th of August, 1840, and was accompanied by Mr. William Woodburn, an attached friend, as well as a lover of the Fine Arts. Their place of landing was the Hague, after

which they passed through Leyden, Haarlem, and Amsterdam, visiting every collection of paintings in their way, and studying the scenery and inhabitants in the true spirit of artists. They then arrived at Cologne, chiefly to inspect "The Crucifixion of St. Peter" by Rubens, which was placed over the altar of the church of St. Peter. Mayence, Nuremburg, and Munich were next visited, where Dutch and German paintings were in abundance; and in the latter city, Wilkie's heart was warmed by the sight of his own production, "The Reading of the Will," which had once been nearly a bone of contention between the royalties of Britain and Bavaria. At Vienna, among several rich productions of art, he also saw his "Toilette of a Bride," and was pleased to find that the colours had acquired a richer tone. A rapid transit through Hungary brought the travellers into the Turkish dominions, and finally landed them in Constantinople, that city so enchanting in the distance, but almost as delusive, when reached, as the Fata Morgana itself. While he was exploring through the streets of Constantinople, Wilkie saw, in the outer court of a mosque, a venerable looking scribe who had just written a letter for two Turkish women, one of them very beautiful, to whom he was in the act of reading the finished scroll. The whole group was so picturesque, that the painter comprised it at a glance, and afterwards transferred it to the canvas, and although unfinished, the picture was of such a superior character, that it was finally bought at the sale of his paintings for 425 guineas. Another sketch which he executed was that of "A Tartar Narrating in a Turkish Café the Victory of the Taking St. Jean d'Acre." Besides these, he made no less than fifty-seven sketches of individuals or groups in Constantinople, and its infidel suburb, Pera, during his residence in the Turkish capital—a period of little more than three months. This, indeed, was the busiest period of his life, for he was now in a country where nature was the only picture gallery, while every object was worth copying. But the most important of his labours was a splendid portrait which he executed of the young Sultan, who sat with a docility unwonted in an Eastern sovereign, and was so well pleased with the result, that he rewarded the painter with a rich gold snuff box set with diamonds.

By the way of Smyrna, Rhodes, Beyrout, and Jaffa, Wilkie next proceeded to the Holy Land, occupying himself during the whole way in increasing that rich collection which was afterwards known under the title of his *Oriental Sketches*; and having in constant use, besides his sketch-book, a pocket Bible, which was the guide of his journey, as well as his director in the still more important pilgrimage of which, though unconsciously, he was already near the commencement. Every step in the land of revelation and miracle seemed to solemnize his thoughts, and on reaching Jerusalem, he found among its hallowed ruins materials enough both for delineation and devout solemn meditation. After a sojourn of six weeks at Jerusalem, Wilkie proceeded to Egypt, and arrived at Alexandria on the 26th of April, 1841. He had not been long here, when no less a personage than Mehemet Ali, the old and terrible, expressed a desire to sit to the distinguished British artist for his portrait. Wilkie, indeed, was told, that in this most energetic of modern potentates he would also find the most restless of sitters; but the case proved otherwise, for the pasha was as compliant as a child, and was rewarded with a portrait that satisfied his utmost wishes.

Having finished his long protracted and diversified journey, Wilkie now

turned his face homeward, and embarked on board the Oriental steamer. Besides the hope of meeting with his friends, who anxiously expected his return, he had collected such treasures of oriental scenery and costume as would suffice him for years of labour, as well as for such artistic productions as might raise his renown by surpassing all that he had yet accomplished. When the steamer reached Malta, he was unwell; but as he had rallied so often in similar cases, he felt no apprehension, and wrote to his sister a letter full of hopes of his return, and desiring that his home should be put in order for his arrival. Only four days after, he was no more! While at Malta, he had eaten fruit and drank iced lemonade, which produced such a derangement of stomach, that his whole system rapidly gave way; and notwithstanding the medical care of the surgeon on board, he sank into insensibility, and died without a struggle, on the 8th of June, 1841. The vessel that had started from Malta, only an hour previous, put back, and applied for permission to land the body; but as this was refused, a coffin was made at sea, and the remains were committed to the deep. On the arrival of the vessel in England with its unexpected tidings, the report spread sorrow over the whole island, but especially over Scotland, where Wilkie was considered as one of the noblest of our national representatives—as the Burns of Scottish painting. In London, a meeting was soon convened to do honour to his memory; and the result was a collection for a public statue of the artist, which was afterwards executed by Mr. S. Joseph, and erected in the inner hall of the National Gallery. May the eyes of our young Scottish artists be inspired with his spirit as they contemplate it; and may the chief memorial of Sir David Wilkie be a School of National Painting, such as Scotland even to the remotest period will be proud to cherish!

WILSON, JOHN, Professor of Moral Philosophy, Edinburgh.—In writing a memoir of John Wilson adequate to so eventful a career as his, and the wide literary reputation he obtained in his day, two difficulties almost insurmountable occur at the outset. The first arises from the absence of a regular narrative, as his biography has still to be written—a task which, it is hoped, some one of his distinguished cotemporaries will gladly and affectionately undertake. The second difficulty arises from the anonymous as well as miscellaneous character of his writings, which, thrown off as they were for the hour, and available for their especial purposes, have not yet stood the test of time, and been tried by their intrinsic merits, irrespective of the causes in which they originated, and the temporary or local effects they produced. Such, indeed, in the present age, must be the fate of genius, however transcendent, that devotes itself to periodical literature. The “Christopher North” or “The Thunderer” of to-day, may be supplanted by the “Ezekiel South” or “Jupiter Olympus” of to-morrow; and the newspaper or magazine of which they were the living soul, passes away, and gives place to the idols of a new generation. All this is but the natural price of such a mode of writing. The veiled author has laboured for the present, and, verily, he has had his reward.

Of such writers whose immediate influence was so wide and prevalent, but whose futurity is so questionable and uncertain, John Wilson holds, perhaps, with the exception of Francis Jeffrey, the most distinguished place in modern literature. He was born in or near Paisley, on the 19th May, 1785 or 1786, for we are unable to ascertain the precise year. He was the eldest, we believe, of three brothers. As his father was a thriving Paisley manufacturer, in which occupation he realized a considerable fortune, while his mother was of a wealthy

Glasgow family, the early youth of the future Christopher North was not subject to those privations that crush the weak, and nurse the strong into greater hardihood. Of the first stages of his education at a Paisley school he has left no account; but we learn from his "Recreations," that at a more advanced period he was placed under the tuition of a country minister, who, in those days of scanty teinds, eked out his stipend by receiving pupils into the manse as boarders. In this rural situation, the boy conned his lessons within doors; but the chief training for his future sphere consisted of many a long ramble among the beautiful scenery with which he was surrounded, and the frolics or conversation of the peasantry, among whom he soon became a general favourite. On reaching the age of fourteen he was sent to the university of Glasgow, where he studied Greek and Logic during three sessions under professors Young and Jardine. Few literary minds could pass under the training of such teachers, and especially the last, without finding it constitute a most important epoch in their intellectual history; and it was to Jardine that Wilson's great rival in critical literature—Jeffrey—acknowledged those first mental impulses which he afterwards prosecuted so successfully. In 1804, John Wilson went to Oxford, and was entered into Magdalen College as a gentleman-commoner; and there his diligence was attested by the knowledge of the best classical writers of antiquity which he afterwards displayed, and his native genius by the production of an English poem of fifty lines for the Newdigate prize of £50, in which he was the successful competitor. In another kind of college exercises he was also particularly distinguished, such as leaping, running, and boxing, and the sports of boat-rowing, cricket-playing, and coursing, with other amusements of a more boisterous and perhaps more questionable nature. But in the days of "Town-and-Gown," and with such iron strength of limb and fierce effervescence of animal spirits as Wilson possessed, the case could scarcely have been otherwise. It was hard therefore that these curious escapades, while an Oxford student, should have been numbered up against him, when he sought at a future period to become the guide and preceptor of students. On one occasion, it was said, he joined, during the college recess, a band of strolling players, with whom he roamed from town to town, enjoying their merry vagabond life, and playing every character, from the lover "sighing like furnace," to the "lean and slippered pantaloon." This we can easily believe; the event is no unfrequent recoil from the strictness of a college life; and more than one grave personage is yet alive, in whose venerated position, as well as awe-inspiring wrinkles, no one could read the fact, that once on a time they had drank small beer with king Cambysees, or handed a cracked tea-cup of gin to Cléopatra. On another occasion, he became waiter at an inn, that he might be within the sphere of one of its fair female residents, and in this capacity so endeared himself by his inexhaustible glee to the whole establishment, that they were disconsolate when he cast off his slough and disappeared. But the oddest of all the adventures attributed to him was his having fallen in love with a daughter of the sovereign of the gipsies, of whom he would fain have been the king Cophetua, and for whose sake he transformed himself into an Egyptian, and took a share in the wanderings of the tribe, until the successful pursuit of his friends restored him to civilized life. This incessant restlessness and love of desperate enterprise was accompanied with many a purpose of foreign travel, and while at one time he calculated upon a tour over the Peninsula in the rear of the British army, or a run through Turkey; at another, he meditated an African exploration that was to extend to Timbuctoo.

But he was not destined to tread the same path with Campbell or Byron, or even the humble missionary, John Campbell, and these resolutions ended like dissolving views or day-dreams. It is curious that one of such a stirring spirit was at last contented with Britain, beyond the limits of which he never carried his peregrinations. Having succeeded at the age of twenty-one to a considerable fortune by the death of his father, he purchased, in 1808, the small but beautiful estate of Elleray, in Cumberland, embosomed amidst the picturesque lakes, with their distinguished poets for his neighbours and companions.

Thus settled for the time as a border laird, Wilson was as yet too young to subside into regular study or peaceful meditation; and on many occasions the turbulence of life within him only burst out the more violently from the compression of such narrow limits. One specimen of his desperate frolics at this period is thus recorded: "A young man, name not given, had taken up his abode in the Vale of Grasmere, anxious for an introduction to Mr. Wilson, and strolled out early one fine summer morning—three o'clock—to that rocky and moorish common (called the White Moss) which overhangs the Vale of Rydal, dividing it from Grasmere. Looking southward in the direction of Rydal, he suddenly became aware of a huge beast advancing at a long trot, with the heavy and thundering tread of a hippopotamus, along the public road. The creature soon arrived within half a mile of him, in the gray light of morning—a bull apparently flying from unseen danger in the rear. As yet, all was mystery; till suddenly three horsemen emerged round a turn in the road, hurrying after it at full speed, in evident pursuit. The bull made heavily for the moor, which he reached; then paused, panting, blowing out smoke, and looking back. The animal was not safe, however; the horsemen scarcely relaxing their speed, charged up hill, gained the rear of the bull, and drove him at full gallop over the worst part of this impracticable ground to that below; while the stranger perceived by the increasing light that the three were armed with immense spears, fourteen feet long. By these the fugitive beast was soon dislodged, scouring down to the plain, his hunters at his tail, toward the marsh, and into it; till, after plunging together for a quarter of an hour, all suddenly regained *terra firma*, the bull making again for the rocks. Till then there had been the silence of phantasmagoria, amidst which it was doubtful whether the spectacle were a pageant of aerial spectres, ghostly huntsmen, imaginary lances, and unreal bull; but just at that crisis a voice shouted aloud—'Turn the villain—turn that villain, or he will take to Cumberland.' It was the voice of Elleray [Wilson] for whom the young stranger succeeded in performing the required service, the villain being turned to flee southwards; the hunters, lance in rest, rushed after him, all bowing their thanks as they fled past, except, of course, the frantic object of chase. The singular cavalcade swiftly took the high road, doubled the cape, and disappeared, leaving the quiet valley to its original silence; while the young stranger, and two grave Westmoreland statesmen just come into sight, stood quietly wondering, saying to themselves, perhaps,

'The air hath bubbles, as the water hath,  
And these are of them.'

It was no bubble however; the bull was substantial, and may have taken no harm at all from being turned out occasionally for a midnight run of fifteen or twenty miles—no doubt to his own amazement, and his owner's perplexity at the beast's bedraggled condition next day." Thus far goes the account of



one of Wilson's early frolics; and certainly it was "very tragical mirth;" but thus to hunt a poor domestic bull that from its earliest calf-ship has been snubbed and cudgelled into submission, has almost as little of the romantic in it as the flight of a terrified dog with a pan tied to its tail, and the whole village school in close pursuit. If a man must needs taurize, let it be in the appointed lists, where

"Spanish cavaliers with lances,  
At once wound bulls and ladies' fancies."

There, the chances are pretty fairly balanced between the bull and his bold antagonist, and when the career commences it is difficult to tell whether lance or horn shall have the better of it.

These rural pursuits of Wilson were oddly enough combined with the study of law, for on leaving the university of Oxford he had resolved to betake himself to the Scottish bar. Such was the case with many young gentlemen at this time, who, although of independent fortune, were desirous of passing as advocates, on account of the specific rank and literary standing with which the title was accompanied. Having finished the usual terms, Mr. Wilson was enrolled among the advocates in 1814. It will scarcely be imagined however, that he was either the most anxious or the most industrious of barristers; the "Stove School," if it then existed in the outer court of Parliament House, was more likely to enjoy his presence, than the solemn atmosphere of the inner halls. But already he had commenced his public literary career, and in the character of a poet, by a set of beautiful stanzas entitled the "Magic Mirror," which were published in the Annual Register for 1812. During the same year he also published, but anonymously, an elegy on the death of James Graham, author of the Sabbath, with which Joanna Baillie was so highly pleased, that she applied to Sir Walter Scott for the name of the author. Sir Walter sent the desired information, and added: "He is now engaged in a poem called the *Isle of Palms*, something in the style of Southey. He is an eccentric genius, and has fixed himself upon the banks of Windermere, but occasionally resides in Edinburgh, where he now is. . . . He seems an excellent, warm-hearted, and enthusiastic young man; something too much, perhaps, of the latter quality, places him among the list of originals." During the same year "The Isle of Palms, and other Poems" was published, a work that at once stamped their author as one of the poets of the Lake school—a class after which the whole host of critics were at present in full cry. It was much, therefore, that at such a period Wilson should have produced a poem that, according to the Edinburgh reviewers, promised "to raise its name, and advance its interests, even among the tribes of the unbelievers." Much however as the "Isle of Palms" was admired and beloved in its day, and abounding though it unquestionably did in touches of true feeling and passages of great poetical power, it has been unable to endure the test of time, and therefore it was quietly consigned to general forgetfulness long before the author himself had passed away. Such indeed has also been the fate of the "Curse of Kehama," upon which the versification of the "Isle of Palms" was evidently modelled. Still, the approbation which his effort excited was enough to encourage Wilson to a renewed effort in poetry; and accordingly, in 1816, he produced "The City of the Plague," a dramatic poem of a higher as well as more masculine character than his former production. But it too has failed to secure that enduring popularity

which has been accorded to the productions of the highest and even the second-rate poets of his own period. Perhaps he was unfortunate in the subject of his choice, which was the great plague of London in 1665. But indeed it would require the powers of a Milton, or even of a Shakspeare, to invest such a theme with fresh interest, after the descriptions of De Foe. In the same volume, among other smaller productions, was a dramatic fragment entitled "The Convict," in which Wilson was more successful, perhaps because the subject was less daring, and more within the usual scope of poetry.

Whatever might be his poetical merits, a sufficient proof had now been given that Wilson could scarcely establish a permanent celebrity by these alone. But he was fitted for greater excellence in a different sphere, and that sphere he was now to find. Blackwood's Magazine had been started as the champion of Tory principles in opposition to the Edinburgh Review; and as Thomas Pringle, its amiable and talented editor, was a Whig, he was obliged to abandon its management after the publication of a few numbers. On the disruption that ensued between the two rival publishers, Constable and Blackwood, Wilson, in company with Hogg and Lockhart, took part with the latter; and soon after the Chaldee Manuscript appeared, a production, the remarkable wit of which was insufficient to redeem it from merited condemnation, on account of its profanity. Its first draught in the rough had been drawn up by the Ettrick Shepherd, in which form it is said to have scarcely amounted to more than a third of its published bulk; but the idea being reckoned a happy one, it was expanded, chiefly, as has been supposed, by Wilson and Lockhart, until it finally grew into an article that raised the public excitement into an absolute uproar. After the storm had been successfully weathered, the character of the Magazine, notwithstanding its manifold trespasses, which on more than one occasion led to cudgelling, and even to bloodshed, continued to grow in reputation, until it reached the highest rank in the world of literature and criticism. And who was the veiled editor under whose remarkable management all this success had been achieved? The question was a universal one, and the answer generally given was—"John Wilson." The high reputation he had already won, and his well-known connection with Maga, made the public voice single him out in preference to all the other writers by whom its pages were enriched. It was a natural mistake, but a mistake after all. This important part of the business was retained by Ebony himself, who selected the articles, corresponded with the contributors, and discharged all the business duties of the editorship. But the living soul and literary spirit was Wilson himself, so that in spite of every disclamation he was proclaimed by the public voice the editor of Blackwood's Magazine until within a few years of his death.

While he was thus holding onward in his meteoric course, at one part of the year at Elleray and the other in Edinburgh alternately—running down bulls on the Scottish border, and *bore*s in the metropolis—and becoming loved, dreaded, or wondered at in his various capacities of hospitable country gentleman, rough-riding sportsman, gay, civic symposiarch, Abbot of Misrule, and Aristarchus of reviewers and magazine writers, his means of settled domestic tranquillity and happiness had been such as seldom fall to the lot either of meditative poets or belligerent journalists. For in 1810, after he had set his beautiful home among the lakes in order, and furnished it with all the comforts that wealth, directed by a classical taste, could devise, he married an English lady of great beauty, accomplishments, and amiable disposition, who further

enriched him with a fortune of £10,000. But only ten years thereafter, Wilson, now the father of two sons and three daughters, was reduced to a very limited income compared with his former resources. As profuse of his money as of his ideas, he had flung both about with reckless prodigality; but while the latter stock, like the purse of Fortunatus, underwent no diminution let him squander it as he pleased, it was otherwise with the former, which had dissolved he knew not how. Thus it was with him to the end of his days: he made little or no account of money while it lasted, and was one of those happy uncalculating spirits, to whom the difference between £10 and £100 is a mere *nothing*. Something more than the scanty relics of his fortune, with the additional profits of authorship, was necessary; and in 1820 a favourable prospect occurred, in consequence of the death of Dr. Thomas Brown, by which the chair of moral philosophy in the university of Edinburgh became vacant. Wilson presented his name among the candidates for the charge, and his friends commenced an active canvass in his behalf. But the proposal took Edinburgh aback. Wilson a teacher of morals! The religious remembered the unlucky Chaldee Manuscript, and the grave and orderly bethought them of his revels. Even those who took a more tolerant view of the subject, could not comprehend how the president of Ambrose's *noctes* could be fitted for the chair of Brown and Dugald Stewart. But what, perhaps, weighed more heavily with the citizen-electors was the fact of his Toryism, to which, like the generality of shopkeepers and merchants, they were decidedly hostile. All these obstacles, Sir Walter Scott, who had long known and admired the genius of the applicant, fully calculated, and thus expressed in his usual tolerant manner: "You are aware that the only point of exception to Wilson may be, that, with the fire of genius, he has possessed some of its eccentricities; but did he ever approach to those of Henry Brougham, who is the god of Whiggish idolatry? If the high and rare qualities with which he is invested are to be thrown aside as useless, because, they may be clouded by a few grains of dust which he can blow aside at pleasure, it is less a punishment on Mr. Wilson than on the country. I have little doubt he would consider success in this weighty matter as a pledge for binding down his acute and powerful mind to more regular labour than circumstances have hitherto required of him; for indeed, without doing so, the appointment could in no point of view answer his purpose. . . . You must of course recommend to Wilson great temper in his canvass—for wrath will do no good. After all, he must leave off sack, purge and live cleanly as a gentleman ought to do; otherwise, people will compare his present ambition to that of Sir Terry O'Fagg, when he wished to become a judge. 'Our pleasant follies are made the whips to scourge us,' as Lear says; for otherwise, what could possibly stand in the way of his nomination? I trust it will take place, and give him the consistence and steadiness which are all he wants to make him the first man of the age." The nomination did take place according to Sir Walter's wish, notwithstanding an amount of opposition seldom offered in such elections; and Wilson, to the general surprise of all classes, became professor of moral philosophy, a grave and important charge which he occupied thirty-two years.

In this manner, at the early age of thirty-four, a man esteemed so reckless in temper and unfixed in purpose, so devoted to the whim of the passing hour and careless of the morrow, had yet by sheer force of talent fought his way to an eminence of the highest literary as well as moral responsibility. As a

reviewer, his dictum in the world of authorship was the guide of thousands, who received it as an oracle; as a general essayist, he directed the public taste, and imbued it with his own feelings; and now, as a national teacher of moral truth, he was to train the characters and direct the minds of those who were in turn to become the guides and instructors of a future generation. Was this the same man who but yesterday, was the midnight tauridor upon the wilds of Cumberland? That the old spirit had neither died nor become deadened within him, his *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, to speak of no other token, were sufficient evidence. As a professor, his elevation introduced a remarkable change in the chair of moral philosophy in Edinburgh. Hitherto, metaphysics, that science so congenial to the Scottish intellect, had there obtained full predominance, whether propounded according to Aristotelian rule, or the innovations of Locke and Bacon; but Wilson, though he could dream like Plato himself, was no practised metaphysician. It also behoved him to establish a theory of morals, and demonstrate it with all the exactness and nicety of a mathematical problem; but with Wilson it was enough that he knew what was right—and was not wholly ignorant of its opposite. Whence, then, was he to derive those materials for which his pupils were hungering and thirsting? Even from the resources of that fertile mind which as yet had never failed him. He could enter into the very pith and marrow of a subject, and detect truth or error however concealed. And all this he could illustrate with a poetical array of imagery and eloquence of language, such as has seldom issued from the lips of an expounder of hard things in ethical and metaphysical philosophy. Such was the kind of teaching in which his classes delighted—a suggestive and impulsive course, in which, after having been kindled with his ardour, each pupil might start off upon the career of inquiry best suited to his own tastes and capacities. This, indeed, was not science, properly so called—but was it not something as good? The toils of lecturing during each session, were combined with the more onerous labour of examining some hundreds of class essays; and it is perhaps needless to add, that in such a work Professor Wilson was completely in his element. In this way he taught the young ideas how to shoot; and if they did not produce rich fruits, the cultivator at least was not to blame. At the close of the season, the official gown was thrown off and Christopher North was himself again. He hied away during the spring to Ellersay, and spent the summer and autumn in the districts of the Tweed or the Highland hills, while his exploits in fishing and shooting, or his musings among the varied scenery, came pouring in close succession and rich variety into the pages of his magazine.

Among these recreations by land and water which were so dear to the heart of Wilson, we must not omit that from which he derived his title of "Admiral of the Lake." This he enjoyed in consequence of his taking the lead in those splendid regattas which were held upon the lake of Windermere, when his yacht was commonly to be seen at the head of the gay armada. One of these, held in honour of a visit from Mr. Canning, the premier, and Sir Walter Scott, in 1825, is thus chronicled in the life of the latter by his son-in-law:—"There were brilliant cavalcades through the woods in the mornings, and delicious boatings on the lake by moonlight; and the last day 'the Admiral of the Lake' presided over one of the most splendid regattas that ever enlivened Windermere. Perhaps there were not fewer than fifty barges following in the professor's radiant procession, when it paused at the point of Storrs to admit into the place

of honour the vessel that carried kind and happy Mr. Bolton and his guests. The bards of the lakes led the cheers that hailed Scott and Canning; and music and sunshine, flags, streamers, and gay dresses, the merry hum of voices, and the rapid splashing of innumerable oars, made up a dazzling mixture of sensations as the flotilla wound its way among the richly-foliaged islands, and along bays and promontories peopled with enthusiastic spectators." On one occasion, Wilson's rank of admiral promoted him to an office at which Nelson, Collingwood, Howe, and Jervis would have laughed with sailor-like merriment: it invested him with the command of a real fleet, instead of an armament of cockleshells. "I remember," he said in his old days, "being with my friend, Sir Pulteney Malcolm, when he commanded the experimental squadron in the Channel—in 1832, I think—one day on the flag-ship's quarter-deck, amidst the officers and ladies, Sir Pulteney suddenly took me rather aback by saying, in his loudest official tone, 'Professor Wilson will now put the ship about!' It was really expected of me, I believe; so setting the best face upon it, and having previously paid attention to such evolutions, I took voice, and contrived to get through it very creditably—in a fine working breeze, when the worst of it was that the eyes of thousands of people were upon us, and the whole column of ships were to follow in regular succession. The flutter of that critical moment when the helm was put down, and the least error in seizing it must have hung the noble line-of-battle-ship in stays, I shall never forget. I had rather have failed in carrying the class—nay, ten thousand classes—through a point of casuistry in moral philosophy. Yet the sensation was glorious; there was a moral grandeur in the emotion. The feelings of a great admiral in difficult weather bringing on a battle must, in some respects, surpass even those of Shakespeare imagining Hamlet or Lear!"

In this way the life of Wilson went onward for years, of which unfortunately no memorial has as yet been published; while of the ten thousand rumours that have endeavoured to supply the deficiency, scarcely a tithe would be worthy of the least attention. He so largely occupied the public notice, that every literary gossip had some tale to tell of him, either fabricated for the purpose or picked up at second hand, and each story-teller endeavoured to establish the veracity of his narrative, by its superior amount of romance and extravagance. After the death of Blackwood in 1834, Wilson took little further concern in the magazine; indeed, he had already done so much for it, and placed it in so firm a position, that he may have felt as if his task in that department had ended, and might be safely intrusted to younger hands. His class also was sufficient to occupy his full attention, more especially when the increase of intellectual demand, and the growing improvements in public education, required every teacher to be up and doing to his uttermost. His private life, tamed down to the gravity of age, without losing its health or vivacity, continued to be enlivened with the society of the learned and talented, of whom a new generation was fast springing up, and among whom he was venerated as a father, while he was loved as a companion and friend. His chief public exhibitions were now at the Burns' Festival, where he was a regular attendant as well as chief orator. In 1851, that profitable literary distinction now so generously accorded by government in the form of a substantial pension, was bestowed upon him, amounting to £300 per annum; and on the spring of the following year he resigned his professorship, after holding it thirty-two years, and without making the usual claim of a retiring allowance. After this, he

was almost daily to be seen upon his accustomed walk in Prince's Street, until the beginning of the present year (1854), when paralysis, and a dropsical affection, laid him wholly aside, and he died in his house in Gloucester Place, on the morning of the 3d of April. His remains were interred in the Dean Cemetery on the 7th, and the funeral, which was a public one, was attended by thousands, consisting of every rank and occupation, who thus indicated their respect for one so universally known and esteemed. Proceedings for a monument to his memory in the city of Edinburgh have been so successful, that its site and particular character are now the only subjects of question.

The poetical productions of Wilson, by which he commenced his career as an aspirant for the honours of authorship, we have already enumerated. The oblivion into which they are even already sinking, shows that it was not by his poems that he was to build for himself a name, admired though they were at their first appearance before the public. They satisfied a certain temporary taste which at that time happened to be predominant; and having done this, they had fulfilled their purpose, and were therefore quietly laid aside. Neither was the matter greatly amended by his subsequent attempts as a novelist; and his three productions in this capacity—the "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," "The Foresters," and the "Trials of Margaret Lyndsay," have been placed by public estimation in the same category with the "Isle of Palms" and "City of the Plague." In fact, he lacked that quality of inventiveness so essential for the construction of a tale, whether in poetry or prose, and therefore his narratives have little or no plot, and very few incidents—a defect which neither fine writing nor descriptive power is sufficient to counterbalance. It is upon Blackwood's Magazine that his claims to posthumous distinction must fall back; for there we find his whole heart at work, and all his intellectual powers in full action. Of these productions, too, his critical notices can scarcely be taken into account—vigorous, just, and often terrible though they were; nor even his *Noctes Ambrosianae*, though these for the time were by far the most popular of all his writings. But it is as Christopher North, whether in his shooting-jacket, or with his fishing-rod, or "under canvas," that he will be best remembered and most highly valued. The scenery which in that character he has so beautifully painted, and the deep emotions to which he has given utterance, are not things of a day, but for all time, and will continue to be read, admired, and cherished, when the rest of his numerous writings have passed away.

WILSON, WILLIAM RAE, LL.D.—This popular traveller, whose agreeable narratives of foreign countries obtained such general acceptance, was born in Paisley on the 7th of June, 1772. He was the eldest of a numerous family of the name of Rae, whose grandfather held the office of Provost in the town of Haddington. His uncle, John Wilson, who was town-clerk of Glasgow, bred the future traveller to the profession of the law, and thus William Rae practised as a solicitor for some years before the supreme courts; but in 1806, Mr. Wilson having died without issue, left to his nephew the whole of his fortune, who, in consequence, assumed the name of Wilson in addition to his own. In 1811, Mr. W. Rae Wilson married Frances, fourth daughter of the late John Phillips, Esq., of Stobcross, originally a merchant in Glasgow; but only eighteen months after this happy union his partner died childless, and he felt himself alone in the world. As a solace for his loss, as well as an affectionate memorial, he wrote and printed for private circulation a very interesting record

of the deceased, which was afterwards published in one of Gisborne's volumes of "Christian Female Biography."

It was not, however, from the mere passive exercise of writing a book that the enthusiastic temperament of Rae Wilson was to derive consolation. The same event that had made him an author, was now to convert him into a traveller; and his choice happily fell upon the Holy Land, at this time more than others a subject of paramount literary and scientific inquiry in the Christian world, although the present condition of the country itself was but little understood. On this account he has the distinguished merit of being one of the earliest modern travellers who have done so much for the illustration of the Sacred Writings by their explorations in Palestine. The result of his journey was published in London in 1823, under the title of "Travels in Egypt and the Holy Land," a work, of which the following short critique, from the many equally or still more eulogistic, that have been published, gives a fair estimate:—"We shall never forget the pleasure with which we perused Dr. Wilson's 'Travels in Palestine' when first published. The style, though somewhat rugged and careless, is vigorous and energetic; the scriptural quotations are remarkably apposite and instructive; and what is of far greater importance than mere elegance of language, the sentiments are warm and fresh from a heart that was evidently deeply impressed with the sacred and memorable scenes of the blighted land of promise—the land of miracle and revelation, but over which, with its many natural beauties, a withering curse has been shed, in which the intelligent traveller reads the fulfilment of prophecy, and thus exclaims, in the beautiful language of the poet—

'Lord, thou didst love Jerusalem,  
Once she was all thine own;  
Thy love her fairest heritage—  
Her power thy glorious throne—  
'Till evil came and blighted  
Thy long-lov'd olive tree,  
And Salem's shrines were lighted  
For other gods than thee.'

His tour in the East, and the public approbation with which it was rewarded, as well as a natural love of change and adventure, seem to have so confirmed Mr. Wilson's tendencies as a traveller, that the greater part of his life was afterwards spent in journeys through the more interesting countries of Europe, and in drawing up accounts of their results, which were published under the following titles:—

"A Journey through Turkey, Greece, the Ionian Isles, Sicily, Spain, &c." London. 8vo. 1824.

"Travels in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Hanover, Germany, Netherlands, &c." London. 8vo. 1826.

"Travels in Russia." London. 2 vols. 8vo. 1828.

"Records of a Route through France and Italy; with Sketches of Catholicism." London. 8vo. 1835.

During this active life, Mr. Wilson was a second time married, to Miss Cates, an English lady of good family, who was his devoted companion through all his after career, and in all his sojournings in many lands. Impressed with a sense of his merits as a traveller and author, the university of Glasgow, a few years before his death, honoured him with the diploma of Doctor of Laws, a

distinction of which he marked his due sense, by the bequest of a sum to the university for an annual prize among its students of divinity, for competition on an essay on the following subject:—"The life of our adorable Redeemer, Jesus Christ; his righteousness, atoning death, and that everlasting benefit arising from these blessings to a lost and sinful world." In addition to his literary title, Dr. Wilson was also a Fellow of the Antiquarian Society. His death occurred in South Crescent, Bedford Square, London. By his own expressed wish, his remains were brought to Glasgow, and, after a temporary interment in one of the Egyptian vaults of the Necropolis, were removed to a tomb that had been erected for the purpose, under the superintendence of his trustees. It was an appropriate resting-place, the model having been taken from the sepulchral monuments that formerly contained the ashes and recorded the deeds of the famous of old in Jerusalem, and whose ruins still greet the eye of the traveller in his approach to the Holy City; and the stranger who visits this most picturesque of human resting-places in our fair city of the west, and wonders at the Asiatic appearance of the stately mausoleum which seems to have been wafted thither from a strange land, is satisfied with the fitness of its form, when he reads on it the following inscription:—

"In Memory of  
William Rae Wilson, LL.D.,  
Late of Kelvinbank,  
Who died 2d June, 1849, aged 76;  
Author of  
'Travels in the Holy Land,'  
And editor of  
Works written in that and other countries  
During many years.  
'Thy servants take pleasure in her stones,  
And favour the dust thereof.'  
This Tablet is inscribed by his affectionate Wife."

Such is but a scanty record of one whose life, long though it was, is rather to be found extended over several volumes of travels, than in any condensed narrative. But such is the usual biography of a modern traveller: he can no longer find a *terra incognita* of which he may fable as he pleases, or take a tremendous leap "at Rhodes," which he is unable to achieve at his own threshold. Many there are, however, who still remember with affection the enthusiastic yet truthful delineations of other countries with which he was wont to animate their imaginations and enlighten their judgment, and how earnestly his society was sought, especially by the young, who regarded him as their companion, friend, and father, all in one. "In private life," thus one of his relations writes to us, "Dr. Rae Wilson was eminently social. Gifted with a most active mind, and having had his talent for conversation sharpened by much exercise in the course of his travels, he was a most interesting and instructive companion. It was no ordinary treat to listen to his animated descriptions of the remarkable places and persons he had visited; and to the close of his long life he continued to take the greatest pleasure in retracing his steps, particularly over the Holy Land, happy in the idea of communicating some portion of his own knowledge and zeal to his friends. He was ever ready in the best sense to do good, as he had opportunity; and he was not only a distributor of religious tracts, but the writer of some that are highly esteemed." It is enough to add, that not only his conversation, but his whole course of action, evinced his recol-



lections of Galilee and Jerusalem, and the sacred lessons of which they are so impressive a memorial.

WOOD, SIR ANDREW, Admiral to James III. and James IV.—While the war between England and Scotland was at the fiercest, both countries seem to have been unconscious of the particular arm in which the secret of their great strength lay. Hence their vessels were entirely fitted, not for war but merchandise, and their battles at sea were nothing more than paltry skirmishes, which occurred when two ships crossed each other's track, instead of the wholesale encounter of opposing fleets; while the only naval tactics of the time was for the strongest to board, and the weakest to run away. But between two such nations this state of things could not always continue; and when they found that they could not only defend themselves, but annoy each other, as effectually by sea as by land, ships became stronger and better manned, and the art of working and fighting them more perfect. It was full time, indeed, that it should be so, when the continental nations were immeasurably our superiors in navigation, and when an "Invincible Armada" might at any time be landed upon the shores of England or Scotland, not for the conquest of one or other of the rival countries, but the island at large. Fortunately, therefore, it happened that, coeval with the opening of India to Portugal, and the discovery of America by Spain, the Scots and English were making such improvements in nautical science as were ultimately to fit them for being the first of maritime powers. This, indeed, was a prospect as yet too remote to occur to them, and therefore the prevailing motive was a merely immediate advantage—the power of inflicting on each other the greatest amount of mischief, and having a Bannockburn or Chevy Chase on sea as well as land. Into this new contention the Scots pressed with their wonted ardour, and so successfully, that towards the end of the 15th century it seemed as if they, and not their more wealthy neighbours, were to possess the ocean-flag of the island. This superiority they owed to the two Bartons, and especially to Sir Andrew Wood, of Largo.

Until this brave admiral emerged into public notice, the name of Wood had acquired no place in Scottish history, so that we are unable to determine the family from which he sprung. Abercromby, in his "Martial Achievements of the Scots Nation," supposes him to have been a cadet of the ancient family of Bonington, in Angus. Even of the early life and exploits of Sir Andrew Wood nothing can be ascertained, owing to the scantiness of our Scottish historical records of this period. It is commonly asserted that he was born about the middle of the 15th century, at the old kirk-town of Largo, in Fifeshire. He appears to have commenced life as a trader; and as he was captain, supercargo, and ship-owner in his own ventures, like many of the chief merchants of the day, he was obliged to fight his way from port to port, and combine the daring courage of a bold privateer, and the science of a skilful navigator, with the gentle craft of a trafficker and bargain-maker. His chief place of residence when on shore was Leith, at that time rising in consequence as one of the principal ports of Scotland; and there his growing wealth as a merchant, and renown as a skipper, gradually raised him to consideration among the high-born and powerful of the country. He was now the possessor of two ships, called the Flower and the Yellow Caravel, each of about 300 tons burden, but superior to most vessels of their size, in men, arms, and sailing equipments, with which he traded to the Dutch and Hanse towns, then the chief commercial marts of Scotland. As he had soon riches enough, his mind aspired to higher

objects, and fortunately he served a king by whom his claims could be appreciated. James III. granted to him, as his pilot, a lease of the lands of Largo, on the tenure of keeping his ship, the *Yellow Caravel*, in repair, for conveying his Highness and the queen to the Isle of May, when they should make a pilgrimage thither; afterwards these lands and the town of Largo were granted to him hereditarily and in fee, in consideration of his public services, and especially his defence of the royal castle of Dumbarton, when it was besieged by the English navy. This grant, which was made to Wood by James III. in 1483, was afterwards confirmed by James IV. in 1488, and 1497. Soon after the first of these dates, and before 1488, he received the honour of knighthood, and married Elizabeth Lundie, a lady belonging to an ancient family of Fifeshire, by whom he had several sons. He was now a feudal baron, who could ride to a national muster with a train of armed followers at his back; a redoubted admiral, whose ships had cleared the seas of every foe that had opposed them; a skilful financier and wise counsellor, in consequence of his past habits and experience; and in every way a man whom nobles would respect, and kings delight to honour. From this period he abandoned trading, and devoted himself to those great public interests in which his rank as well as talents required him to take a part.

Events soon occurred that conferred upon the admiral a species of distinction which he was far from coveting. A rebellion, headed by some of the principal nobles of the kingdom, broke out, and James III., one of the most pacific of sovereigns, found himself dragged into the field, and compelled to fight for crown and life against his own subjects. On this occasion Sir Andrew Wood received the king on board one of his vessels lying in Leith Roads, and crossed to the coast of Fife, where his ships lay at anchor. The previous destination of the fleet was Flanders; and on hoisting sail, the report was spread abroad that James was escaping to the Netherlands. Enraged at this, the rebels seized his baggage and furniture, which were on their way to be shipped at the Forth, and committed great outrage upon the persons and property of the sovereign's best adherents. But no such flight was contemplated, for the king landed in Fife, and summoned a military muster of his subjects, after which he joined the northern lords who adhered to his cause, and prepared for battle. He was now at the head of such an imposing force that the rebels were daunted, and after a trifling skirmish at Blackness, they proposed peace, which was granted to them on terms more favourable than they had merited. This, however, was the more necessary on the part of the king, as the insurgent lords had taken his eldest son, the Duke of Rothesay, now scarcely seventeen years old, from under the care of his guardians, and placed him at their head, under the title of James IV. After this pacification, the king rewarded the most trusty of his adherents with fresh grants of crown lands, and among those whose loyal services were thus requited, was Sir Andrew Wood, of Largo.

But this return of tranquillity was a short and treacherous interval, for James III. had scarcely settled down to his wonted pursuits of poetry, music, and the fine arts—pursuits better fitted for a sovereign of the 19th century than one of the 15th—than the insurgent lords mustered in greater force than ever, while the royal army had dispersed to their homes. Until his troops could be assembled, James repaired to Stirling Castle for refuge, but was there denied entrance, and obliged to abide the issue with such an army as could be mustered upon a hasty summons. During the interval, Wood was cruising in

the Forth, with the Flower and Yellow Caravel, while the contending forces were mustering near Stirling—landing occasionally with his brother and armed followers, to aid the royal party should the battle be fought in the neighbourhood, but still keeping near his shipping, to hold the command of the sea, and be ready to receive his master in the event of a reverse. The affair was soon decided, by the battle of Sauchieburn, in which the forces of James were defeated, and himself foully assassinated while flying from the field. The deed was done so secretly, that both friends and enemies supposed he was still alive, and had taken shelter in the Yellow Caravel, a supposition strengthened by the fact that boats had been employed all day in conveying wounded men from the shore to the vessels. The victorious insurgents, who had now reached Leith, and were aware of Wood's fidelity to his master, resolved to remove the king from his keeping; and accordingly, in the first instance, they sent messengers to inquire if James was in his ship. He replied that he was not, and gave them leave to search it if they were still unconvinced. Not satisfied, however, with the assurance, the insurgent lords, now masters of Scotland, sent him an order to appear before their council, and there state fully how matters stood; but this he boldly refused to do, without receiving sufficient pledges for his safe return. Powerful though they were, he was upon his own element, where he could annoy them, or escape from them at pleasure. Aware of this, they were obliged to give hostages, in the persons of Lords Fleming and Seton, that he should come and return unharmed. The lords being safely housed in his cabin, Sir Andrew landed from his barge at Leith, and presented himself before the council. On his entrance an affecting incident occurred. Young James IV., who had seen so little of his murdered parent that he had grown up ignorant of his person, and now beheld a stately, noble-looking man, clothed in rich armour, enter the hall, went up to him, and said, "Sir, are you my father?" "Sir, I am not your father," replied the admiral, while tears fell fast from his eyes at the question; "but I was a servant to your father, and shall be to his authority till I die, and enemy to those who were the occasion of his down-putting."

The dialogue that occurred between him and the lords, after this affecting incident, was brief and stern. They asked if he knew of the king, or where he was, to which he answered, that he neither knew of his highness, nor where he was at present. They then demanded who those persons were who had retired from the field, and been conveyed to his ships; to which he answered, "It was I and my brother, who were ready to have spent our lives with the king in his defence." "He is not, then, in your ships?" they rejoined; to which he answered boldly, "He is not in my ships, but would to God that he were in my ships in safety; I should then defend him, and keep him scatheless from all the treasonable creatures who have murdered him, for I hope to see the day when they shall be hanged and drawn for their demerits." These were hard words to digest, and when we remember the names of those proud magnates of whom the council was composed, and how unscrupulous they were in dealing with their enemies or resenting an affront, we can the better appreciate the boldness of the man who, though alone, thus rebuked and denounced them. They writhed under his bitter words, but dared not resent them, for they knew that their brethren, Fleming and Seton, were in the Yellow Caravel, and that the good ship had ropes and yard-arms. They dismissed him, therefore, in safety, and it was well that they did so; for when the lords who were in pledge

returned, it was in great dismay, for the sailors had become impatient at the detention of their commander, and were fully prepared to hang them if his stay on shore had been continued much longer.

In this way the brave Wood had bearded a whole troop of lions in their den, and retired with impunity; but still they were determined that he should not escape unpunished. He might be denounced as a public enemy, and assailed with the same power that had sufficed to crush the king. It was dangerous, too, that such a man should go at large, and repeat among others those threats which he had thrown in their own teeth. Accordingly, with the new sovereign, James IV., at their head, they applied to the skippers of Leith, desiring them to proceed against Wood, and apprehend him, offering to furnish them with sufficient ships, weapons, and artillery for the purpose; but one of their number, Captain Barton—probably one of those bold Bartons who, like Wood himself, were famed at this time for exploits of naval daring—declared that there were not ten ships in Scotland that could give battle to the admiral with the Flower and Yellow Caravel alone, so high was his skill, and so completely seconded with good artillery and practised seamen. Reluctantly, therefore, they were obliged to remit their designs of vengeance, and pass on to the subject of the young king's coronation. Wood also turned his attention to his own affairs, the chief of which was a quarrel with the good citizens of Aberdeen towards the close of 1488, concerning the forest of Suckett and the castle hill of Aberdeen, which, he alleged, had been granted to him by James III. On this occasion the Aberdonians denied his claim, and stood to their defence, which might have been followed by a cannonade, had not the privy council interfered between the angry admiral and the equally incensed citizens. It was then found that the property in question had been granted to the city in perpetuity by Robert Bruce, upon which Wood abandoned his claim.

All this was but sorry practice, however accordant with the spirit of the age, and the high talents of Wood were soon employed in a more patriotic sphere of action. James IV., one of whose earliest proceedings was to distinguish between his selfish partizans, that had made him king for their own purposes, and those who had generously espoused the cause of his unfortunate father, received the latter into favour; and among these was the ocean hero, with whose first appearance he had been so mournfully impressed. Having himself a high genius for naval architecture, and an earnest desire to create a national navy, he found in Wood an able teacher, and the studies both of sovereign and admiral, for the building of ships that should effectually guard the coasts of Scotland and promote its commerce, were both close and frequent. An event soon occurred to call their deliberations into action. About the commencement or earlier part of the year 1489, a fleet of five English ships entered the Clyde, where they wrought great havoc, and chased one of the king's ships, to the serious damage of its rigging and tackle. As this deed was committed during a season of truce, the actors were denounced as pirates; and James, who felt his own honour sensibly touched in the affair, commissioned Sir Andrew to pursue the culprits, after he had proposed it to the other naval captains, but in vain. The knight of Largo undertook the enterprise, and set off in his favourite vessels, the Flower and Caravel, in quest of these dangerous marauders. He fell in with the five English ships off Dunbar Castle, and a desperate conflict commenced. But though the English were so superior in force, and fought with their wonted hardihood, the greater skill, courage, and seamanship of Wood prevailed, so that all their

ships, with the captains and crews, were brought into Leith, and presented to the king.

This event was most unwelcome to Henry VII. of England, and all the more especially, that on account of the truce he could not openly resent it. Still, the flag of England had been soiled, and something must be done to purify it. He therefore caused it to be announced underhand, that nothing would please him so much as the defeat or capture of Wood, and that whoever accomplished it should have a pension of £1000 a-year. This was a tempting offer, considering the value of money at that period; but such at the same time was the renown of the Scottish captain, that the boldest of the mariners of England shrunk from the enterprise. At length, Stephen Bull, a venturesome merchant and gallant seaman of the port of London, offered himself for the deed, and was furnished with three tall ships for the purpose, manned with numerous crews of picked mariners, besides pikemen and cross-bows, and a gallant body of knights, who threw themselves into this daring adventure as volunteers. Bull directed his course towards the Frith of Forth, and cast anchor behind the Isle of May, where he lay in wait for the Scottish admiral, who had gone as convoy of some merchant ships to Flanders, and was now on his return home; and to avoid the chances of mistake, the Englishman seized some fishing-boats, and retained their owners, that they might point out to him the expected ships as soon as they came in sight. In the meantime, Sir Andrew was sailing merrily homeward, little anticipating the entertainment prepared for him (for the truce with England still continued), and had already doubled St. Abb's Head. No sooner did he appear in sight, than Stephen Bull ordered his prisoners to the mast-head, to ascertain if these ships were the Flower and Yellow Caravel; and on their hesitating to answer, he promised to set them free should these be the ships in question. On learning that his expected prey was within reach, he prepared for battle with great glee, being confident of victory. He caused a cask of wine to be broached, and flagons handed among the crews; drank to his captains and skippers, bidding them be of good cheer, for their enemy was at hand, and ordered the gunners to their posts. In this trim he weighed anchor, and bore down with hostile signal upon the Scots. It was well on this occasion that Wood possessed one of the best attributes of a good sailor—that he was not to be caught napping. Unexpected though this breach of the truce was, his ships were kept in such admirable order, that a few minutes of preparation sufficed. "My merry men," he said, "be stout against these your enemies, who have sworn and avowed to make you prisoners to the king of England, but who, please God, shall fail of their purpose. Therefore, set yourselves in order every man at his own station, and let your guns and cross-bows be ready. But above all, use the fire-balls well from the main-tops, keep the decks with your two-handed swords, and let every good fellow here think of the welfare of the realm and his own honour. For mine own part, with God to help, I shall show you a good example." He then distributed wine among the sailors, who blithely pledged each other, and stood to their weapons prepared for immediate action.

And now commenced an engagement such as, taking the numbers of the combatants into account, the ocean had seldom as yet witnessed; it was a fearful meeting, where skill and undaunted courage, and the determination to do or die, were animated by such professional rivalry and national hatred. The battle was commenced on the part of the English by a distant cannonade, but the Scottish vessels being smaller in size, the shot passed above their decks without

doing mischief. In the meantime, Wood, who had got to windward of his adversary, bore down upon him under a full press of sail, closed upon him, threw out his grappling-irons, and even lashed the ships together with strong cables, that all might be settled by a hand-to-hand encounter. The battle, that commenced at sunrise, continued during the whole of a summer day with such desperate determination, that nothing but the darkness of night parted them. when they separated on equal terms, and lay-to, waiting for the morning to renew the combat. The morning came, the trumpets sounded, the ships again grappled with the pertinacity of bull-dogs, and the fight became so keen, that the vessels, left to their own management, drifted into the mouth of the Tay, while the crews were engaged in close struggle upon the deck. Roused also by the din, the inhabitants, men, women, and children, crowded to the shore, and cheered their countrymen by their shouts and gesticulations. "Britannia, rule the waves"—yes, when these rival flags shall be blended together, and these gallant combatants be fighting side by side! At length, the superior skill of Wood and the practised seamanship of his crews prevailed over equal courage and far superior numbers; the three English vessels were compelled to strike, and were carried into the port of Dundee, while Sir Andrew brought his gallant antagonist to the king as prisoner. James IV., who was one of the last of the flowers of chivalry, received Stephen Bull and his followers with courtesy, enriched them with princely gifts, and after praising their valour, set them at liberty, and sent them home in their own ships without ransom. He also desired them to tell their royal master, that he had as manly men in Scotland as there were in England, and was fully able as well as determined to defend his own coasts and merchantmen. The significant hint was added, that if they came again to Scotland in such hostile fashion, they would neither be so well entertained, nor be allowed to skip homeward so dry-shod. This at least the prisoners averred when they had reached London in safety. Henry VII., whatever might be his private feelings, expressed his gratitude for the kindness of the Scottish king. While enemies were thus rewarded, Sir Andrew was not forgot, for he was guerdoned with fresh grants of lands, and received into greater favour than ever.

Sir Andrew Wood, now incontestably the greatest naval hero of his age, had done enough for fame, and no further exploits like those off Dunbar or St. Abb's Head remained to be achieved. In 1503, he was employed against the turbulent chiefs of the isles, who were always breaking into rebellion, and was so successful, that the inhabitants were reduced to submission wherever his ships appeared. Afterwards we find him captain of that enormous pageant ship, the Great Michael, with Robert Barton as his lieutenant. This vessel, upon which not only the greater part of the timber, but also of the wealth of Scotland had been expended, was found, when finished, to be as useless as Robinson Crusoe's boat, on which he had bestowed such labour, and made it so large, that he could neither navigate nor even launch it. With all this expenditure upon eight or ten good ships, and these two heroes to command them, Scotland might have sent out such a fleet as no naval power in Europe could have equalled. We suspect that even Wood, in bringing such a ship into action, would have been as much encumbered as David was when he was equipped in the armour of Saul. Fortunately, no opportunity occurred for such a hazardous trial, as the Great Michael was afterwards wrecked on the French coast, and suffered to rot in the harbour of Brest, after it had been carried off to sea under a different

commander. After the disastrous battle of Flodden, Sir Andrew again appears in the character of ambassador at the court of France, whither he was sent to invite the Duke of Albany, nephew of James III., to assume the regency of Scotland. In 1526, he was present at the battle of Linlithgow Bridge, one of those feudal conflicts that were so frequent during the minority of James V.; and so late as 1538 he was still alive, as appears from a deed of remission of that date. By this time he must have been a very aged man, and perhaps the perplexed witness of those striking events by which the reformation of religion in Scotland was heralded, and a new world introduced. But during his retirement from active life, his affection for the sea appears to have clung to him like a first love, and he evinced it by causing a canal to be made from his castle to the kirk of Upper Largo, on which he was rowed in a barge every Sunday by his old boat's crew, when he went to the church to attend mass. The year of his death is uncertain, as no record can be found of it. He was buried in Largo kirk, where his family tomb still arrests the eye of the historian and antiquary.





## CHRONOLOGICAL INDEX.

\*. The first date indicates the Birth, the latter the Death, of the individual.—When the dates are doubtful, they are put in parentheses.—The names followed by an *italic* (*s*) are in the Supplemental Volume.

A. D.			A. D.		
372	458	Saint Patrick.	(1449)	(1514)	Archibald, earl Douglas ( <i>s</i> ).
(600)	651	Saint Aidan.	14—	15—	Andrew Barton ( <i>s</i> ).
(820)		John Scotus, Erigena.	(1450)		Sir James Inglis or English.
(10—)	1093	Malcolm III., king of Scots ( <i>s</i> ).	(1450)		Henry, Blind Harry.
(1100)	1153	David I.	(1450)		Robert Henryson.
1143	1214	William the Lion.	(1460)	(1540)	Sir Andrew Wood ( <i>s</i> ).
(1150)		Alexander I.	1465,6	1536	Hector Boece.
1198	1249	Alexander II.	(1465)	1500	William Dunbar.
(12—)	1332	Thomas Randolph, earl Moray ( <i>s</i> ).	1469	(1549)	John Mair or Major.
1214	1292	Michael Scott.	(1470)	1539	James Beaton.
1241	1286	Alexander III.	1472	1513	James IV.
(1250)		John Blair.	1474	1521,2	Gavin Douglas.
(1250)		Thomas Rymer.	(1480)		Walter Chepman.
(1250)		John Holybush.	(1490)	1552	Alexander Barclay.
(1259)	1314	John Baliol.	1490	(1567)	Sir David Lindsay.
1264	1303	John de Duns (Scotus).	1494	1546	Cardinal David Beaton.
1270	1305	Sir William Wallace.	1496	1586	Sir Richard Maitland.
(1270)	1327	Bernard, abbot of Aberbrothick.	1500	1565	Alexander Ales or Alesse.
1274	1329	Robert Bruce.	(1500)	1571	John Hamilton, archbishop of St. Andrews.
(1290)	1347	John Bassol.	(1500)	1558	David Panther.
1293	1363	Edward Baliol.	1500	1546	Florence Wilson.
(13—)	1388	James, earl Douglas ( <i>s</i> ).	(1500)	1545,6	George Wishart.
(13—)	1391	William Douglas ( <i>s</i> ).	1503	1527	Patrick Hamilton.
(1330)	1395	John Barbour.	1505	1572	John Knox.
(1350)		Sir James Douglas.	1506	1572	Henry Scrimger.
(1350)		John Fordun.	1506	1582	George Buchanan.
(1370)	1440	Henry Wardlaw, bishop of St. Andrews.	1508	1591	John Erskine, of Dun.
1385		Walter Bower.	(1510)	1550	John Ballentyne.
1394	1438	James I.	(1510)	1574	Alexander Cunningham, fifth earl of Glencairn.
(1400)	1454	William Turnbull, bishop of Glasgow.	(1510)	1579	Henry Balnaves.
1405	1466	James Kennedy, bishop of St. Andrews.	(1510)	1568	Peter Bissat.
1431	1514	William Elphinstone.	(1510)	1573	William Kirkaldy.
V.			(1510)	(1580)	Edward Henryson, LL.D.
			1510	1585	John Spottiswood.
			1512	1542	James V.
			1512	1600	John Craig.

A.D.  
 1617 1603 James Beaton, archbishop  
 of Glasgow.  
 (1520) 1583 Sir James Balfour (legist,  
 statesman).  
 (1520) 1568 John Bassantin.  
 (1520) 1581 James Douglas, fourth  
 earl of Morton.  
 (1525) 1596 Thomas Jack or Jacheus.  
 1526 1596 John Leslie, bishop of  
 Ross.  
 1527 1606 Robert Pont.  
 (1530) 1613, 4 Henry Blackwood.  
 1533 1570 James Stuart, earl of  
 Murray.  
 1535 1607 Sir James Melville.  
 1536 1583 Thomas Smeton.  
 1538 1583 Alexander Arbuthnot.  
 1538 1608 Thomas Craig.  
 1539 1623 Adam Blackwood.  
 (15—)(15—) Johnny Armstrong (s).  
 (1540 1578) James, earl Bothwell (s).  
 (1540) 1592 David Chambers.  
 (1540) 1571 John Hamilton.  
 1541 1605 William Barclay.  
 1542 1587, 8 Mary Stuart, queen of  
 Scots.  
 1543 (1600) James Gordon.  
 1543 1591 Patrick Adamson.  
 1545 (1607) George Bannatyne.  
 1545 1623 Andrew Melville.  
 (1550) Robert Lindsay.  
 (1550) John Winram.  
 (1550) John Willock.  
 (1550) John Abercromby.  
 (1550) 1621 Andrew Hart.  
 (1550) 1623 George Keith, fifth earl  
 Marischal.  
 1550 1617 John Napier.  
 (1550) 1604 John Davidson.  
 (1550) (1610) Alexander Montgomery.  
 (1550) 1612 John Johnston.  
 1554 1631 Robert Bruce.  
 1555 1598 Robert Rollock.  
 1556 1615 James Melville.  
 1560 (1582) James Crichton, the *Ad-  
 mirable Crichton*.  
 (1560) 1609 Alexander Hume.  
 (1560) (1624) William Bellenden.  
 1561 1613 Dr. Duncan Liddel.  
 1562 1601 Mark Boyd.  
 1563 1624 George Hariot.  
 1564 1635 Patrick Forbes.

A.D.  
 1565 1639 John Spotswood, arch-  
 bishop of St. Andrews.  
 1566 1625 James VI.  
 (1566) 1644 Sir Alexander Gibson,  
 lord Durie.  
 1568 1644 Rev. Alexander Leighton.  
 (1569) 1671 John Leslie, bishop of  
 Clogher.  
 1570 1637, 8 Sir Robert Ayton.  
 (1570) 1622 John Welch.  
 (1570) (1645) David Wedderburn.  
 (1570) 1646 Sir Thomas Hope.  
 (1570) Robert Balfour.  
 1573 1620 James Bonaventura Hep-  
 burn.  
 1575 1639 Alexander Ross.  
 (1578) 1651 David Calderwood.  
 1578 1654 Robert Ker, earl of An-  
 crum.  
 1578 1628 Gilbert Jack or Jackeus.  
 1578 1627 Robert Boyd.  
 (1580) 1640 William Alexander.  
 1580 1661 Robert Gordon (geo-  
 grapher).  
 (1580) 1625 Thomas Dempster.  
 (1580) 1645 Walter Balcanquel, D.D.  
 1582 1621 John Barclay.  
 1583 (1630) William Lithgow.  
 1583 1646 Alexander Henderson.  
 1583 1663 David Dickson.  
 1584 1654 Dr. John Strang.  
 1585 1649 William Drummond of  
 Hawthornden.  
 1586 1657 William Guild.  
 1587 1641 Dr. Arthur Johnston.  
 (1587) 1644 George Jamesone.  
 (1590) Alexander Anderson.  
 (1590) 1661 Alexander Leslie.  
 (1588) 1653, 4 Zachary Boyd.  
 1590 1654 Alexander Ross.  
 1593 1666 Robert Blair.  
 (1593) 1657 Sir James Balfour (annalist).  
 (1593) Rev. Thomas Forrester.  
 1593 1648 John Forbes.  
 1594 1657 Sir William Mure.  
 1596 1646 Sir Robert Spotswood.  
 1598 1661 Archibald Campbell, mar-  
 quis of Argyll.  
 1599 1685 Thomas Dalryell.  
 1599 1662 Rev. Robert Baillie.  
 (1600) Christopher Irvine.  
 (1600) Walter Donaldson.

A.D.		A.D.	
(1600)	Robert Douglas.	1630 1714	George Mackenzie, first earl of Cromarty.
1600 1639	Henry Adamson.	1633 1689	William Annand.
1600 1649	Charles I.	1635 1700	Sir Roger Hog, lord Harcarse.
(1600) 1661	James Guthrie.	1636 1691	Sir George Mackenzie.
(1600) 1664	Andrew Cant.	1638 1675	James Gregory.
1600 1661	Samuel Rutherford.	1640 1666	Rev. Hugh M'Kail (s).
(1600) 1663	Sir Archibald Johnston.	1641 1724	Patrick Hume, first earl of Marchmont.
1600 1676	John Ogilvie.	1642 1716	Rev. Robert Traill (s).
1603 1672	John Livingstone.	1643 1715	Gilbert Burnet, bishop of Salisbury.
1606 1648	James, first duke of Hamilton.	(1645) 1700	William Dunlop.
1609 1671	George Wishart or Wiseheart.	(1646) 1720	Count Anthony Hamilton.
(1610)	George Lesley.	1646 1722	Sir John Lauder, lord Fountainhall.
(1610)	Timothy Pont.	1648 1788	John Logan.
(1610) 1673	Sir Robert Murray.	1648 1690	Robert Barclay.
(1610) 1676	Henry Guthrie, bishop of Dunkeld.	1649 1715	William Carstairs.
(1610) 1678	James Wallace.	(1650)	John Craig.
(1610) 1679	Sir James Dundas.	(1650)	John Row.
1610 1681	Donald Cargill.	(1650)	Sir Thomas Urquhart.
(1610) 1684	Robert Baillie (Jerviswood).	(1650)	Patrick Hume.
(1610) 1689	Sir George Lockhart.	(1650)	Robert Johnstone.
1611 1684	Robert Leighton, archbishop of Glasgow.	(1650)	Michael Geddes.
1612 1650	James Graham, marquis of Montrose.	(1650)	Sir Robert Sibbald.
1613 1646	George Gillespie.	1650 1722	Charles Leslie.
1613 1679	James Sharp, archbishop of St. Andrews.	1650 1678	Henry Scougal.
1615 1685	John Blackadder.	(1650) 1689	John Graham, viscount of Dundee.
(1615) 1673	John, earl Middleton (s).	1650 1693	Henry Erskine, third lord Cardross.
1616 1682	John Maitland, duke of Lauderdale (s).	1652 1711	Rev. John Sage.
1619 1695	James Dalrymple, viscount Stair.	1652 1713	Dr. Archibald Pitcairne.
1620 1665	Rev. William Guthrie.	1652 1722	Alex. Pennycuik, M.D.
1620 1680	Robert Morrison.	1653 1716	Andrew Fletcher, of Salton.
(1620) 1699	George Sinclair.	1654 1737	Alexander Cunningham.
(1620)	William Gordon.	1656 1716	Patrick Abercromby.
1620 1682	David Leslie.	1657 1713	James, fourth duke of Hamilton.
(1620) 1680	David Hackston.	(1660) 1726	Sir Francis Grant.
(1620) 1680	Richard Cameron.	(1660) 1736	John Arbuthnot, M.D.
(1620) 1685	Archibald Campbell, ninth earl of Argyll.	1660 (1706)	William Paterson.
1621 1675	Sir William Lockhart.	1661 1701	David Gregory.
1622 1699	Lady Anne Halket.	1662 1728	James Anderson.
1622 1658	James Durham.	1662 1688	James Renwick.
(1626) 1687	George Dalgarno.	1665 1732	Robert Gordon.
1627 1653	Hugh Binning.	1665 1726	David Crawford.
(1630)	James Kirkwood.	1667 1747	Simon Fraser, 12th lord Lovat.
1630 1694	Sir Andrew Balfour, M.D.		

A.D.			A.D.		
1670	1749	Alexander Robertson.	1690	1712	Robert Hepburn.
1670	1755	David Erskine, forensic lord Dun.	1691	1780	John Bell, of Antermony
(1670)	1716	Robert Fleming.	1692	1765	Adam Anderson.
(1670)	1723	John Anderson.	1692	1766	Andrew Fletcher, lord Milton.
1671	1743	George Cheyne.	(1693)	1757	William Maitland.
1671	1689	William Clelland.	1695	1750	John Love.
1671	1721	John Keill.	1695	1773	John Glass.
1671	1729	John Law.	1695	1768	John Erskine.
1673	1731	George Lockhart.	1695	1779	John Rutherford.
1673	1747	John Dalrymple, second earl of Stair.	1696	1782	Henry Home, lord Kames.
1673	1719	James Keill.	1696	1758	James Keith, marshal Keith.
1674	1712	Thomas Halyburton.	1697	1771	Dr. Robert Wallace.
(1674)	1754	James Gibbs.	1697	1738	Dr. Monro, <i>primus</i> .
1674	1757	Thomas Ruddiman.	1698	1746	Colin MacLaurin.
1675	1732	John Erskine, 18th lord Erskine, earl of Marr.	1699	1746	Robert Blair.
1675	1742	James Douglas, M.D.	1699	1784	Alexander Ross.
1675	1740	Alexander Hume, second earl of Marchmont.	(1700)		John Douglas.
1676	1732	Thomas Boston.	(1700)		James Anderson, D.D.
1678	1762	Alexander Forbes, lord Pitaligo.	(1700)		Thomas Innes.
1678	1755	George Logan.	(1700)	1747	Alexander Blackwell.
1678	1743	John Campbell, first duke of Argyle.	(1700)		Elizabeth Blackwell.
1679	1734	Rev. Robert Wodrow.	1700	1770	Alexander Cruden.
(1680)	1728	Patrick Blair, M.D.	(1700)	1750	Alexander Gordon.
1680	1750	John Willison.	1700	1743	James Thomson.
1680	1756	Rev. Ebenezer Erskine.	(1700)	1779	Dugald Graham.
(1680)	1727	Robert Dundas.	(1700)	1749	William Ged.
1681	1757	Robert Keith, bishop Keith.	(1700)	1765	David Mallet, <i>otherwise</i> Malloch.
1682	1731	William Aikman.	(1700)	1758	John Cockburn.
1682	1744	James Craig.	1701	1757	Thomas Blackwell.
1683	1760	Charles Alston, M.D.	1702	1749	John Lindsay, earl of Crawford.
(1684)	1738	Joseph Mitchell.	1703	1778	Patrick Murray, lord Eli- bank.
1685	1747	Duncan Forbes, of Cullo- den.	1703	1785	Sir Alexander Dick, Bart.
1685	1752	Ralph Erskine.	1704	1793	William Murray, earl of Mansfield.
1685	1753	Robert Dundas.	1704	1754	William Hamilton, of Bangour.
1685	1732	John Horsley.	1706	1766	Walter Goodal.
1686	1766	Archibald Bower.	1706	1790	General William Roy.
(1686)	1750	Andrew Baxter.	1707	1782	Sir John Pringle.
1686	1743	Andrew Michael Ramsay.	1707	1776	Robert Foulis.
1686	1757	Allan Ramsay.	(1707)	1784	Dr. Alexander Webster.
1687	1766	George Drummond.	1708	1770	William Guthrie.
1687	1768	Dr. Robert Simson.	1708	1774	Rev. Thomas Gillespie.
1688	1745	Colonel James Gardiner.	1708	1794	Hugh Campbell Hume, third earl of Marchmont.
1688	1745	William Meston.	1708	1775	John Campbell, LL.D.
(1690)	1750	Thomas Gordon.	1709	1788	James Brown.

A.D.		A.D.	
1709	1789 John Callander.	1721	1809 James Elphinstone.
1709	1779 John Armstrong, M.D.	1721	1807 Rev. John Skinner.
1710	1796 Dr. Thomas Reid.	1721	1772 Wm. Wilkie, D.D.
(1710)	1768 Dugald Buchanan.	(1721)	1805 Alexander Carlyle.
(1710)	1771 William Lauder.	1721	1791 Thomas Blacklock.
1710	1790 James Bayne.	1721	1774 Tobias Smollett.
1710	1790 William Cullen.	1721	1800 Dr. James Macknight.
1710	1768 James Short.	1722	1787 Rev. John Brown.
(1710)	1789 Sir Charles Douglas.	1722	1802 John Home.
1710	1779 James Moor, LL.D.	1722	1794 Rev. Dr. John Witherspoon.
1710	1776 James Ferguson.	(1723)	1767 James Grainger.
1710	1749 James Geddes.	1723	1806 George Chapman.
1711	1792 William Tytler, lord Woodhouselee.	1723	1790 Adam Smith, LL.D.
1711	1776 David Hume.	1724	1773 Dr. John Gregory.
1711	1776 Robert Hay Drummond, archbishop of York.	1724	1812 Duncan Macintyre.
1711	1751 David Fordyce.	1724	1816 Dr. Adam Ferguson.
1712	1775 Andrew Foulis.	1724	1792 Sir William Fordyce.
1713	1787 Robert Dundas.	(1724)	1768 Alexander Russell, M.D. (historian, &c.).
1713	1784 Allan Ramsay.	1726	1797 Dr. James Hutton.
1713	1792 John Stuart, third earl of Bute.	1726	1796 Professor John Anderson.
1713	1788 Adam Gib.	1726	1792 Sir David Dalrymple, lord Hailes.
1713	1780 Sir James Steuart.	1727	1807 Neil Gow.
1713	1786 Rev. Alexander Bryce.	1728	1795 Alexander Gerard, D.D.
1714	1799 James Burnet, of Monboddo.	1728	1793 Dr. John Hunter.
1715	1785 William Strahan.	1728	1792 Robert Adam.
1716	1789 George Cleghorn.	1728	1799 Joseph Black, M.D.
1717	1760 William Duncan.	1729	1805 William Buchan, M.D.
1717	1791 Charles Bisset.	1730	1795 Sir Robt. Murray Keith (s)
1717	1785 Dr. Matthew Stuart.	(1730)	1800 Walter Anderson, D.D.
1718	1783 Dr. William Hunter.	1730	1802 Dr. John Moore.
1718	1788 Rev. Dr. John Drysdale.	1730	1794 James Bruce.
1718	1800 Hugh Blair, D.D.	(1730)	1783 William Berry.
1718	1790 George Augustus Elliot, lord Heathfield.	1730	1802 James Johnstone.
1719	1796 Dr. George Campbell.	1730	1803 Sir William Hamilton.
1719	1800 Dr. David Doig.	1730	1781 Dr. Robert Watson.
1718	1790 Dr. Robert Henry.	(1730)(1769)	William Falconer.
(1720)	Edmund Stone.	1731	1793 William Aiton.
(1720)	1775 Gavin Hamilton.	1731	1822 Thomas Coutts.
(1720)	1783 John Blair, LL.D.	1731	1804 Lord Viscount Duncan.
1720	1796 James Fordyce, D.D.	1732	1810 David Herd.
1721	1793 Rev. Dr. William Robertson (the historian).	1732	1781 Thomas Alex. Erskine, sixth earl of Kellie.
1721	1793 Francis Garden.	1733	1817 Dr. Alex. Munro, M.D.
1721	1792 Sir Robert Strange.	1733	1814 John Ogilvie, D.D.
1721	1803 Rev. Doctor John Erskine.	1733	1805 Alex. Wedderburn, first earl of Rosalyn.
1721	1807 John Douglas, D.D.	1734	1801 Sir Ralph Abercromby.
		1734	1811 Robert Mylne.

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1734	1804	Robert Macfarlane.	1745	1800	William Cruikshanks.
1734	1798	John Barclay.	1745	1815	William Creech.
1734	1788	William Julius Mickle.	1745	1813	William Craig.
(1735)	1788	John Brown, M.D.	1745	1820	Patrick Colquhoun.
1735	1818	George Dempster.	1746	1818	Hector Macneil.
1735	1801	John Millar.	1746	(1798)	George Low.
(1735)	1820	General Sir David Dundas.	1746	1817	(Hon.) Henry Erskine.
1735	1803	James Beattie, LL.D.	1746	1767	Michael Bruce.
1735	1788	Sir Samuel Greig.	1746	1817	Dr. William Thomson.
1736	1785	Alexander Runciman.	1746	1823	George Keith Elphinstone, viscount Keith.
1736	1819	James Watt.	1747	1813	Alex. Fraser Tytler, second Lord Woodhouselee.
1736	1802	George Fordyce.	1747	1836	Dr. John Gillies (s).
1737	1801	John Donaldson.	1747	1792	Paul Jones.
1737	1802	Alexander Geddes.	1747	1803	James Sibbald.
1737	1804	William Forsyth.	1748	1819	John Playfair.
1737	1808	Alexander Dalrymple.	1748	1788	Rev. Dr. John Logan.
1738	1791	Elspeth Buchan.	1748	1831	Archibald Cochrane, earl Dundonald.
1738	1796	James Macpherson.	1749	1834	Sir Gilbert Blane, M.D (s).
1739	1806	David Dale (s).	1749	1786	Hugo Arnot.
1739	1808	James Anderson.	1749	1806	Benjamin Bell.
1739	1805	Dr. John Robison.	1750	1830	Robert Anderson, M.D.
1739	1806	Sir William Forbes.	1750	1843	Thos. Graham, lord Lynedoch (s).
1740	1804	John Ker, third duke of Roxburghe.	(1750)	1812	John Clark.
1740	1818	Rev. Robert Balfour (s).	(1750)	1829	Sir David Baird.
1740	1795	James Boswell.	1750	1823	Thomas Erskine, lord Erskine.
1740	1795	William Smellie.	1750	1793	Lord George Gordon.
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1745	1818	Sir Robert Calder (s).			
1745	1831	Henry Mackenzie.			
1745	1794	Robert Alves.			
1745	1795	Alexander Abercromby.			

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1754	1827	Dr. Alexander Waugh.	1764	1824	Alexander Campbell.
1755	1838	Mrs. Grant (born Macvicar (s)).	1764	1838	Rev. Dr. Dick.
1755	1788	Andrew Macdonald.	1765	1840	Rev. Dr. Stevenson Macgill (s).
1755	1813	Robert Kerr.	1765	1842	Dr. James Ivory (s).
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1756	1821	James Perry.	1766	1813	Alexander Wilson.
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17—	18—	Sir Alexr. Mackenzie (s).	1772	1849	Dr. William Rae Wilson (s).
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1760	1815	Gilbert Gerard, D.D.	1773	1836	James Mill (s).
1761	1808	Sir John Moore.	1773	1854	Dr. Thos. Thomson, M.D. (s).
1761	1821	John Rennie.	1773	1850	Francis (lord) Jeffrey (s).
1761	1823	Matthew Baillie, M.D.	1773	1832	Andrew Duncan, jun., M.D.
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1776	1801	Richard Gall.	1788	1838	Andrew Picken (s).
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(1786)	1821	John Ballantyne.	1818	1851	Colonel J. Fordyce (s).
1787	1844	Rev. Dr. Robert Balfour (s).	(17—)	1748	Donald Cameron (s).
1788	1827	Hugh Clapperton.	(17—)	1832	Thomas Trotter, M.D (s).
1788	1828	George Cunningham Monteath.	1795	1837	Walter Geikie (s).
			(17—)	1843	Sir Archibald Campbell (s).
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## PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

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THE SCOTTISH BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY was originally printed in four volumes, and completed in the year 1834, as will be seen from the Editor's Preface, which is subjoined. A New Edition, including memorials of the many eminent individuals deceased since that date, having been called for, the Publishers, besides reprinting from stereotype the four volumes of which the Work was primarily composed, have added a fifth volume, including the later lives adverted to, under the editorship of the Rev. Thomas Thomson, author of the "History of Scotland for the use of Schools," &c.

The stereotypes of the original Work have been revised under the inspection of the Publishers. The alterations required to be made consisted chiefly in bringing references to passing events, and individuals living when the Work was written, into chronological harmony with the more advanced period of time in which it now appears; the emendation of several verbal inaccuracies; the correction of some erroneous statements; and the interfusion of the original Supplement. In executing this latter part of the revision, it has been found needful, in a few cases to retrench, in others to amplify, individual lives; two or three biographies have likewise been wholly re-written; one additional memoir added—that of St. Aidan; and seven, of persons who appeared to have insufficient claims, have been suppressed. In Mr. Thomson's

SUPPLEMENTARY VOLUME, besides the lives of individuals recently deceased, a few belonging to more ancient times have been inserted, which were casually omitted in the original Work.

In order to enhance the value of this edition, the series of Illustrations has been greatly extended; and the Work, in fact, now presents a very complete Scottish Portrait Gallery. It need scarcely be added, that by this combination of pictorial representation with biographic delineation, the reader is made familiar at once with the actions, the character, and the countenances of many of those distinguished persons whose genius or exploits have increased the fame of our native land.

GLASGOW, *August*, 1855.

## PREFACE

TO THE

ORIGINAL EDITION BY MR. ROBERT CHAMBERS.

A BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY of eminent natives of Scotland has been regarded as a desideratum in our national literature, for the greater part of a century. Such a work was successively contemplated by Sir David Dalrymple and Mr William Smellie, each of whom proceeded so far with the design as to write a few of the articles. When the editor of the present work began a few years ago to inquire into the literary and historical antiquities of his country, he found the desire of possessing a dictionary of this kind not in the least abated, but very little hope entertained that, under the existing prospects of literature, it would be possible to present such a book to the public. He proceeded, nevertheless, perhaps rather under the influence of a peculiar enthusiasm, than any wiser or more considerate motive, to take upon himself a task which at least two of his predecessors had failed to accomplish, and for which he could not but feel himself to be in many respects imperfectly qualified. Sometime after beginning his labours, a fortunate alliance with his present publishers, who had projected a similar work, removed many of the original difficulties, and he was enabled to commence the publication in 1832.

In now taking a retrospective view of his labours, he sees, with some regret, passages which he could amend, and even one or two articles which, upon a more rigid estimate of merit, he would be disposed to omit. He has much satisfaction, however, in reflecting that very few instances of error in point of fact have been indicated to him; so that he is enabled to hope that his work, upon the whole, makes that near approach to correctness, which is the most valuable feature in a book of reference.

With regard to one very important point in the composition of the work, he trusts he may be permitted to hazard an observation. Of the many hundreds of persons whom he has commemorated, there are men of all denominations, religious and political, and even some who were the direct antagonists of each other, either in controversy or in civil war. He is aware that the most of writers, under his circumstances, would have felt it to be a duty, wherever there was occasion to allude

to points of controversy, to express their own views, and adjust the estimate of every character by a reference to certain standards erected in their own minds. Such the present editor did not feel to be his duty. Considering that there can hardly be a Scottish Biographical Dictionary on each side of the great questions, and, furthermore, disposed to such a course by a sincere though humble desire to take a mild view of the opinions and proceedings of all honourable men, he studied, on the contrary, to confine himself to a simple *representation* of the prepossessions of the various individuals under his notice, even to the extent, occasionally, of what may appear a tenderness, or perhaps something more, for the opinions of various opposite thinkers, and the deeds of various contending partizans. Such a method of memoir-writing may expose him to some degree of censure, in an age characterized so much as the present by party heats; but he trusts that it is the course which will be most approved of by those who may chance to consult his pages in future times, when it is to be hoped that the most of the now existing controversies will only be matter of historical curiosity.

While he experiences a natural, and, he hopes, allowable satisfaction in thus bringing to a close the greatest literary undertaking of his life, he cannot suppress a simultaneous feeling of regret at observing, throughout his volumes, the names of so many men who, at the time he commenced his undertaking, seemed little likely to go so soon through that solemn change which was to fit them for commemoration in his pages. Some of these he had the pleasure of considering as his friends; and the pain with which he found himself called upon to narrate their biography, was proportionally great. Even in such a matter as this, humanity may read a touching lesson of the frailty and uncertainty of all that here belongs to it.

He cannot conclude without gratefully acknowledging the kindness of many eminent and respectable individuals, in supplying him with the information which he required, and also the zeal and talent displayed by various gentlemen in assisting him in the details of the work.

Anne Street, Edinburgh, }  
November 7, 1834. }

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AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF SCOTLAND FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS," ETC., ETC.

WITH NUMEROUS PORTRAITS.

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VOL. II.

CRICHTON—HAMILTON.

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A  
BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY  
OF  
EMINENT SCOTSMEN.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

ORIGINALLY EDITED BY  
ROBERT CHAMBERS.

NEW EDITION, REVISED UNDER THE CARE OF THE PUBLISHERS.

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VOL. V.

ABERCROMBIE—WOOD.

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## PREFACE

TO THE

### FIFTH, OR SUPPLEMENTAL VOLUME.

WHILE a national Biography is so fitted to arrest the general attention, and endear itself to the patriotic feelings of those people whose great and good men it commemorates, a national SCOTTISH Biography possesses such advantages of this nature, as must always impart to it an especial interest. For it exhibits a country the least populous in Europe, and originally the most remote and neglected, producing, in spite of these disadvantages, such a multitude of leading minds in every department of thought and action, as have advanced it into the very foremost rank of nations, and given it an imperishable name in history. The men by whom such a change has been achieved must have left a memorial of no ordinary importance.

Something more, however, than a merely intellectual and historical interest belongs, in a peculiar degree, to Scottish Biography. Those men of whom it is the record, were in most instances of humble origin and scanty resources—men who were obliged not only skilfully to use, but in many cases absolutely to *create* the means by which they were borne onward—and who yet, by their talents, their energy, and their moral worth, won their way to eminence in every department of human excellence. While patriotism is ennobled and purified by the study of such examples, how persuasive a lesson they contain for the ingenuous youths by whom the manhood of Scotland in a few years will be represented! It is by such reading that they can best be taught—by the example of such precursors that they will be best animated and directed. In these instances they have full proof, that however adverse their own circumstances are, everything may be compelled to give way to indomitable resolution, unwearied industry, and steady upright integrity.

A full national Biography for Scotland, from the earliest period till 1834, was accomplished by the work, the publication of which was completed during that year, under the title of "LIVES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTINGUISHED SCOTSMEN," of which the first four volumes of the present is a re issue. But since the period of its first publication, circumstances have occurred, through which a large addition to the original collection was urgently demanded. The close of the last, and the earlier

part of the present century, have constituted an epoch in the history of the Scottish mind, such as our country, prolific though it has been of eminent men, has never previously enjoyed. But of these illustrious Scotsmen of our own day, the greater part have died since the year 1834, while they were so numerous as well as distinguished, that nothing less than an entire volume seemed necessary for their memorial. If in this estimate it should be alleged that a mistake has been made—that the worth which our own eyes have beheld, and over which the grave has so recently closed, has in some instances been rated higher than a future time, and the increasing experience of society will ratify—still we trust, it is a mistake which the succeeding generation will be easily disposed to pardon. In this additional volume they will read the record of men whom their fathers delighted to honour, and by whom, in no small degree, their own characters have been moulded. In such an extended mode, also, of writing a national Biography, a mass of information is bequeathed to posterity, in which the excess can be easily reduced to those dimensions which it ought to occupy in future history. This is certainly a more venial error than that of a too compendious narrative, the defects or omissions of which, in the course of a few years, it might be difficult, or even impossible to rectify.

The author of this additional volume of the “LIVES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTINGUISHED SCOTSMEN” has only to add, that the following memoirs owe nothing more to him than the care of editorial revision: viz., those of Joanna Baillie, Rev. Dr. Robert Balfour, James Bell, John Burns, M.D., David Dale, Colonel John Fordyce, George Gardner, Charles Mackintosh, James Montgomery, and Thomas Thomson, M.D., F.R.S.

These were derived from sources of information to which he either had no ready access, or were connected with subjects to which he thought he could not render such ample justice as they merited. For the authorship of the rest of the volume, whatever may be its merits or defects, he claims the entire responsibility.

THOMAS THOMSON.



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admired; and it must be added, that the same liberal and just ideas which, on all occasions, guided his conduct as an individual, ruled him in his many public duties: he never countenanced any measures which had the appearance of oppression or hostility towards the members of his profession. Men seldom act, collectively, with the same honour and integrity as they would do individually; and a member of a public body requires an unusual share of moral courage, who opposes those measures of his associates, which he may not himself approve of; but if there was one qualification more than another, which gave Dr Baillie the public confidence he enjoyed, and raised him to the zenith of professional distinction, it was his inflexible integrity.

In 1799, Dr Baillie commenced the publication of "A Series of Engravings, to illustrate some parts of Morbid Anatomy," in successive *fasciculi*, which were completed in 1802. The drawings for this splendid work were done by Mr Clift, the Conservator of the Hunterian Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields; and they were creditable at once to the taste and liberality of Dr Baillie, and to the state of art in that day. Dr Baillie afterwards published "An Anatomical description of the Gravid Uterus;" and throughout the whole course of his professional life, he contributed largely to the transactions and medical collections of the time. When he was at the height of his popularity, he enjoyed a higher income than any preceding physician, and which was only inferior to the sum received by one particular contemporary. In one of his busiest years, when he had scarcely time to take a single meal, it is said to have reached £10,000. He was admitted to have the greatest *consultation business* of his time; and it was known that he was applied to for medical advice from many distant quarters of the world. From his arduous, and to his mind, often irksome duties, he enjoyed no relaxation for many years, till at length he began to indulge in an annual retirement of a few months to the country. On one of the first of these occasions, he paid a visit to the land of his birth, which, during an absence of thirty years, spent in busy and distracting pursuits, he had never ceased to regard with the most tender feelings. The love of country was, indeed, a prominent feature in his character; and he was prepared on this occasion to realize many enjoyments which he had previously contemplated with enthusiasm, in the prospect of once more beholding the land and friends of his youth. The result was far different from his expectations. He found most of his early companions either scattered over the world, in search, as he himself had been, of fortune, or else forgotten in untimely graves; of those who survived, many were removed beyond his sympathies by that total alteration of feeling which a difference of worldly circumstances so invariably effects in the hearts of early friends, on the side of the depressed party as well as the elevated.

Dr Baillie was introduced to the favourable notice of the royal family, in consequence of his treatment of the duke of Gloucester. Being subsequently joined in consultation with the king's physicians, upon his majesty's own unhappy case, he came more prominently than ever into public view, as in some measure the principal director of the royal treatment. The *political* responsibility of this situation was so very weighty, that, if Dr Baillie had been a man of less firmness of nerve, he could scarcely have maintained himself under it. Such, however, was the public confidence in his inflexible integrity, that, amidst the hopes and fears which for a long time agitated the nation, on the subject of the king's health, the opinion of Dr Baillie ever regulated that of the public. On the first vacancy, which occurred in 1810, he was appointed one of the physicians to the king, with the offer of a baronetcy, which, however, his good sense and unassuming disposition induced him to decline.

Dr Baillie at length sunk under the weight of his practice, notwithstanding

that for several years he had taken every possible expedient to shift off his duties to the care of younger aspirants. At the last quarterly meeting of the College of Physicians before his death, when there was a full assemblage of members, in the midst of the affairs for the consideration of which they were called together, Dr Baillie entered the room, emaciated, hectic, and with all the symptoms of approaching dissolution. Such was the effect of his sudden and unexpected appearance, that the public business was suspended, and every one present instantly and spontaneously rose, and remained standing until Dr Baillie had taken his seat; the incident though trivial evinces the effectionate reverence with which he was regarded. Besides the natural claim he had upon this body, from his unapproached anatomical and medical skill, and the extraordinary benignity and worth of his character, he had entitled himself to its peculiar gratitude by leaving to it the whole of his valuable collection of preparations, together with the sum of six hundred pounds to keep it in order. Dr Baillie died on the 23d of September, 1823.

Dr Baillie had married, 5th May, 1791, Miss Sophia Denman, second daughter of Dr Denman of London, a distinguished physician, and sister of Mr., subsequently Lord Denman and Lord Chief-Justice of England. By her he left one son, to whom he devoted his estate of Dantisbourne, in Gloucestershire, and one daughter. The sums and effects destined by his will, many of which were given to medical institutions and public charities, were sworn in the Prerogative Court at less than £80,000.

Dr Baillie is thus characterised in the *Annual Obituary* for 1824. "He seemed to have an innate goodness of heart, a secret sympathy with the virtuous, and to rejoice in their honourable and dignified conduct, as in a thing in which he had a personal interest, and as if he felt that his own character was raised by it, as well as human nature ennobled. He censured warmly what he disapproved, from a strong attachment to what is right, not to display his superiority to others, or to give vent to any asperity of temper; at the same time he was indulgent to failings; his kindness to others leading him on many occasions to overlook what was due to himself; and even in his last illness he paid gratuitous professional visits which were above his strength, and was in danger of suddenly exhausting himself by exertions for others. His liberal disposition was well known to all acquainted with public subscriptions; the great extent to which it showed itself in private benefactions is known only to those who were nearly connected with him, and perhaps was fully known only to himself."

BAIRD, (the Right Honourable, General Sir) DAVIN, a distinguished commander during the wars of the French Revolution, was the second surviving son of William Baird, Esq., heir, by settlement, of his second cousin Sir John Baird, of Newbyth, Bart. He entered the army, December 16, 1772, as an ensign in the 2nd foot, joined the regiment at Gibraltar, April 1773, and returned to Britain in 1776. Having been promoted to a lieutenancy in 1778, he immediately after obtained a company in the 73rd, a regiment then just raised by Lord Macleod, with which he sailed for India, and arrived at Madras, January 1780.

This young regiment was here at once ushered into the trying and hazardous scenes of the war against Hyder Ally, whom the English company had provoked by a shameful breach of faith into a hostility that threatened to overwhelm it. In July 1780, while the company, exclusive of Lord Macleod's regiment, had only about 5,000 men under arms, Hyder burst into the Carnatic with an army of 100,000 men, disciplined and commanded by French officers, and laid siege to Arcot, the capital of the only native prince friendly to the British. Sir Hector Munro, commander-in-chief of the Company's troops, set out to relieve this city on the 25th of August, expecting to be joined on the 30th, by a large detachment then in the northern circles under Colonel Baillie. On learning this

scientific calculation, he never could carry into practice. Owing to an imperfection in even his mechanical skill, he scarcely ever made one part of a model suit the rest, so that many designs, after a great deal of pains and expense, were successively abandoned. He was, in short, the hero of a thousand blunders and one success." The idea of propelling vessels by means of steam early took possession of his mind. "In 1800 (he writes) I applied to Lord Melville, on purpose to show his lordship and the other members of the Admiralty, the practicability and great utility of applying steam to the propelling of vessels against winds and tides, and every obstruction on rivers and seas, where there was depth of water." Disappointed in this application, he repeated the attempt in 1803, with the same result, notwithstanding the emphatic declaration of the celebrated Lord Nelson, who, addressing their lordships on the occasion, said, "My Lords, if you do not adopt Mr Bell's scheme, other nations will, and in the end vex every vein of this empire. It will succeed (he added), and you should encourage Mr Bell." Having obtained no support in this country, Bell forwarded copies of the prospectus of his scheme to the different nations of Europe, and to the United States of America. "The Americans," he writes, "were the first who put my plan into practice, and were quickly followed by other nations." The various attempts which preceded that of Bell are briefly noticed in the "Fifth Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Steam-Boats, June, 1892, Sir Henry Parnell, chairman." Mentioning the following as experimenters, namely, Mr Jonathan Hulls, in 1736; the Duke of Bridgewater, on the Manchester and Runcorn canal; Mr Miller of Dalswinton; the Marquis de Jouffroy (a French nobleman), in 1781; Lord Stanhope, in 1795; and Mr Symington and Mr Taylor, on the Forth and Clyde canal, in 1801-2; the Report proceeds—"These ingenious men made valuable experiments, and tested well the mighty power of steam. Still no practical uses resulted from any of these attempts. It was not till the year 1807, when the Americans began to use steam-boats on their rivers, that their safety and utility were first proved. But the merit of constructing these boats is due to natives of Great Britain. Mr Henry Bell of Glasgow gave the first model of them to the late Mr Fulton of America, and corresponded regularly with Fulton on the subject. Mr Bell continued to turn his talents to the improving of steam apparatus, and its application to various manufactures about Glasgow; and in 1811, constructed the Comet steam-boat."

The launching of the first American steam-boat on the Hudson, and the first British steam-boat on the Clyde, was the commencement of the application of Watt's great discovery as a *locomotive power*. Already the improvement of the steam-engine had given a new impulse to manufacturing industry, which only required a more peaceable era to develope itself in boundless progression. But the improved steam-engine was now also to be employed in increasing the rapidity and regularity of conveyance by water, and in uniting the most remote parts of the globe in social and commercial relationship. It was destined also, before the lapse of many years, to accelerate the speed of travelling by land to a degree which had not been imagined by the most sanguine; and from the united influence of both was to be evoked that most astonishing discovery of all, which, literally annihilating time and space, makes the lightning itself the medium of communication throughout continents, and across arms of the sea. It is remarkable, as Dr. Lardner has observed, that the introduction of steam navigation is due to the intelligence of men "none of whom shared those privileges of mental culture enjoyed by the favoured sons of wealth; none of whom grew up within the walls of schools or colleges, drawing inspiration from the fountains of ancient learning;" but "sustained by that innate consciousness of power, stimulated by that irrepressible force of will, so eminently characteristic of minds of the first order, they, in their humble

and obscure positions, persevered against adverse and embarrassing circumstances, against the doubts, the opposition, and not unfrequently the ridicule of an incredulous world, until at length, truth was triumphant, and mankind now gathers the rich harvest sown by these illustrious labourers."

In 1808, Bell removed to the modern village of Helensburgh, on the Firth of Clyde, where his wife undertook the superintendence of the public baths, and at the same time kept the principal inn, whilst he continued to prosecute his favourite scheme, without much regard to the ordinary affairs of the world. In 1812 he produced his steam-boat, the *Comet*, of 30 tons burthen, with an engine of three horse-power. The *Comet*, so called from the celebrated comet which appeared at that time, was built by Messrs John Wood and Co., at Port-Glasgow, and made her trial trip on the 18th of January, when she sailed from Glasgow to Greenock, making five miles an hour against a head-wind. In August of the same year we find Bell advertising the *Comet* to ply upon the Clyde three times a-week from Glasgow, "to sail by the power of air, wind, and steam." In September the voyage was extended to Oban and Fort-William, and was to be accomplished to and from the latter place in four days. Mr Bell lived to see his invention universally adopted. The Clyde, which first enjoyed the advantages of steam-navigation, became the principal seat of this description of ship-building; and, at the present time, Clyde-built steamers maintain their superiority in every port in the world. Steam-ships are now launched from the building-yards of Glasgow and Greenock of 3000 tonnage and 800 horse-power; and Clyde-built ships, with Glasgow engines, make the voyage betwixt Liverpool and New York in ten days. Steam-boat building and marine-engine-making received their first powerful impulse from the solution of the problem of ocean steam-navigation. From tables, constructed by Dr Strang from returns furnished to him by the various ship-builders and engineers in Glasgow, Dumbarton, Greenock, and Port-Glasgow, it appears that, during the seven years from 1846 to 1852, there were constructed at Glasgow and in its neighbourhood, 123 vessels, of which 1 was of wood, 122 of iron, 80 paddle, and 43 screw; consisting of 200 wooden tonnage; 70,441 iron tonnage; 6610 horse-power engines for wooden hulls, 22,539 horse-power engines for iron hulls, and 4720 horse-power engines for vessels not built on the Clyde. During the same period there were constructed in Dumbarton, 58 vessels, all of iron, 20 being for paddles and 38 for screws, and having a tonnage of 29,761; and during the last three years of the same period 3615 horse-power engines were made there for iron hulls, and 200 horse-power engines for vessels not built on the Clyde. During the same period, from 1846 to 1852, there were constructed at Greenock and Port-Glasgow, 66 steam-vessels, of which 13 were of wood, and 53 of iron, 41 paddle, and 25 screw; consisting of 18,131 wood tonnage, and 29,071 iron tonnage, 129 horse-power engines for wooden hulls, 5439 horse-power engines for iron hulls, and 4514 horse-power engines for vessels not built on the Clyde. For the whole ports in the Clyde, the steam-vessels built and the marine engines made, from 1846 to 1852, were as follows:—Number of steam vessels built—Wood hulls, 14; iron hulls, 233; in all, 247; of these 141 were paddles, and 106 screws. The tonnage of the wooden steamers amounts to 18,331, of the iron to 129,273. The engines' horse-power in wood hulls was 6739, the engines' horse-power in iron hulls was 31,593; while there was of engines' horse-power for vessels not constructed on the Clyde, 9434, making a grand total of 247 steamers, amounting to 147,604 tons, and of engines 47,766 horse-power. The steam communication which has, for several years, existed betwixt our West Indian and North American colonies and the mother country, has recently been extended to Australia and the Cape of Good Hope, thus uniting Great Britain to her most distant dependencies by new and powerful ties, and literally realizing the vivid description of George Can-



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